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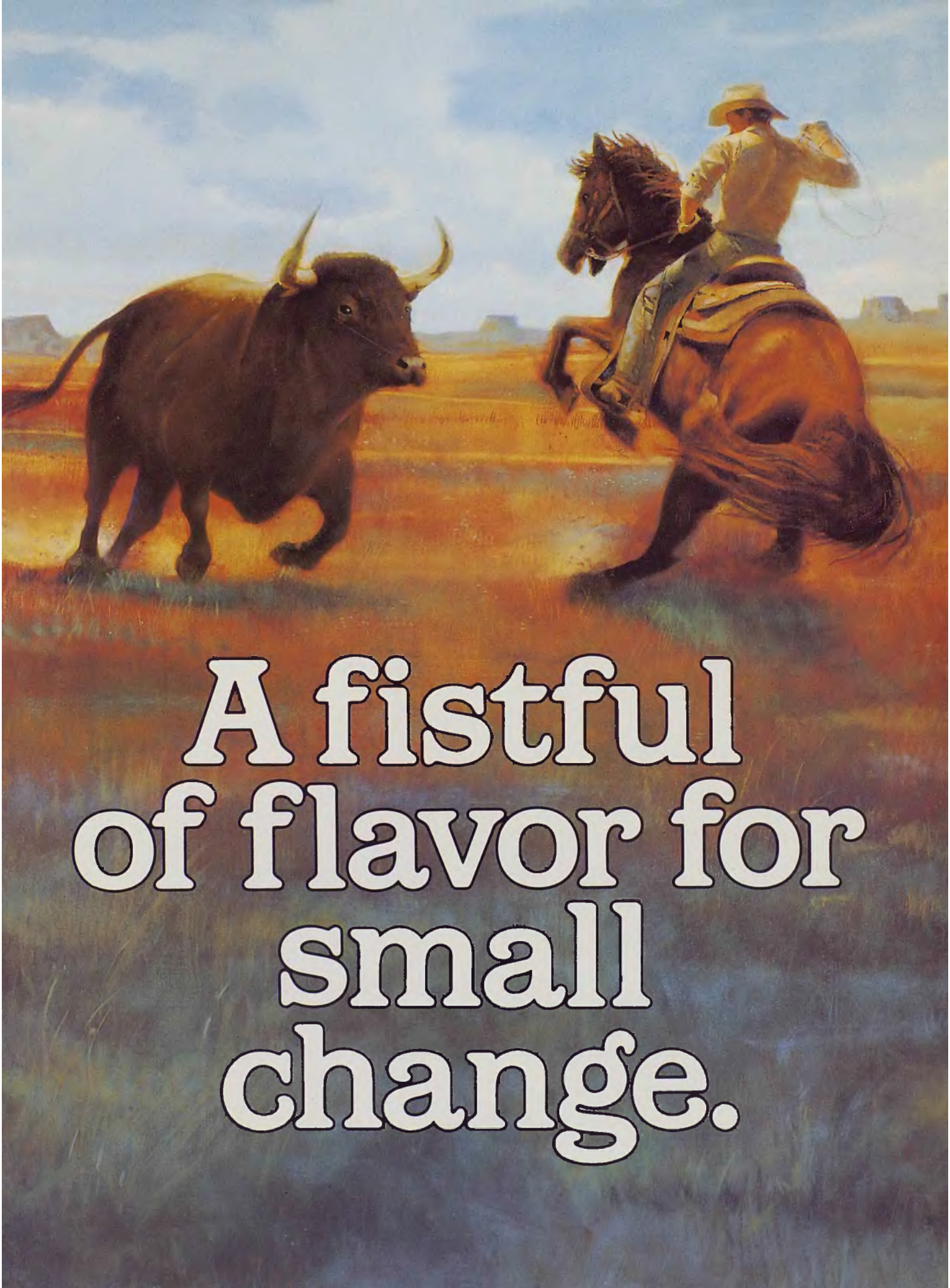
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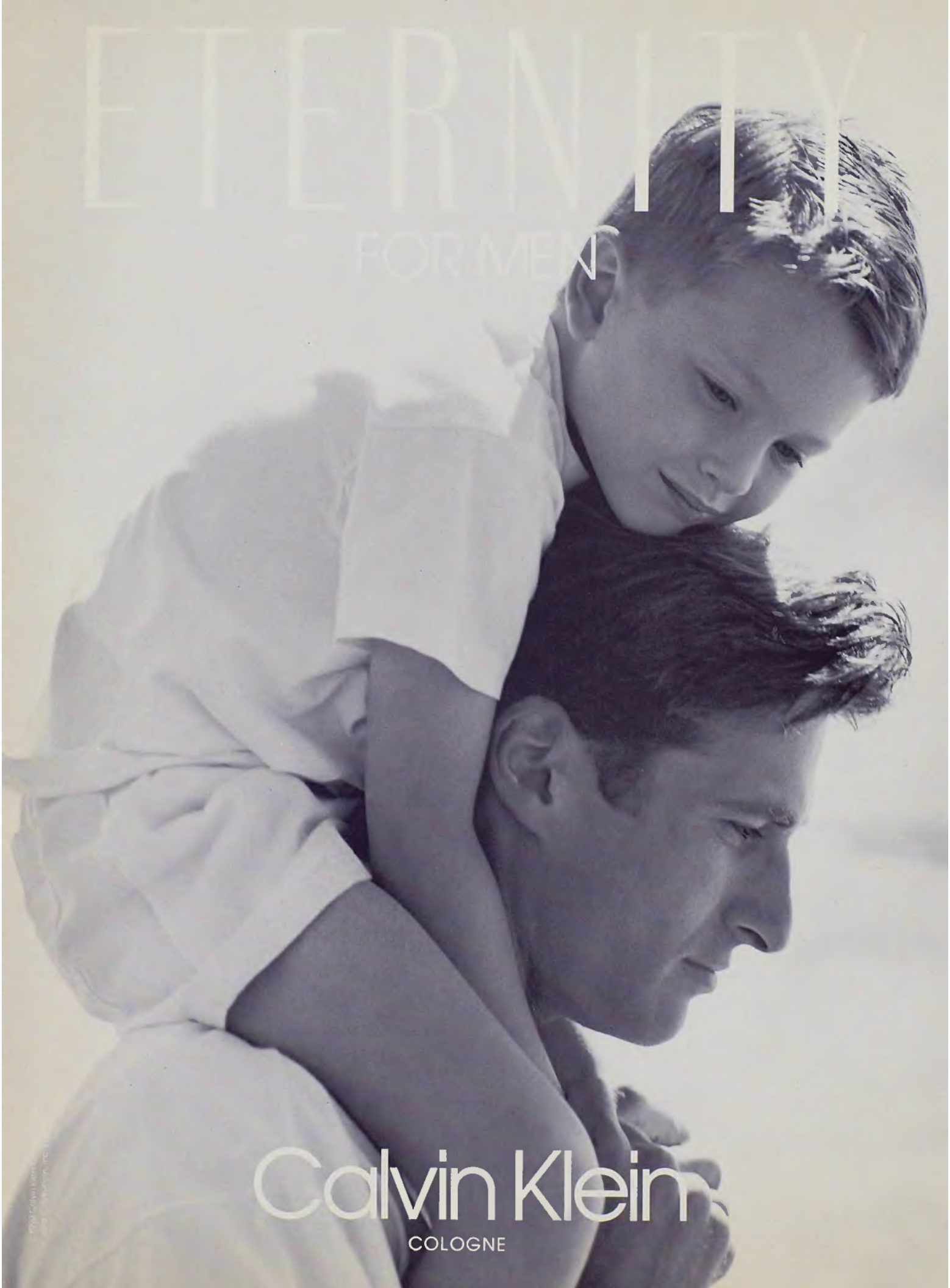
ETERNITY
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PLAYBILL

THERE'S NOTHING like having to mail a big check made out to the Internal Revenue Service on April 15 to really tick a guy off. This month, *Playboy* profiles the man who's costing you a sizable chunk of that money: **Charles Keating,** self-professed moral crusader turned prince of moral bankruptcy and squire of the $2.6 billion debt we, the people, will have to pay. In *Profit Without Honor*, Contributing Editor **Joe Morgenstern** exposes the monster of greed who inaugurated the biggest financial debacle in recent history.

Keating's victims aren't the only ones being shortchanged by warped priorities. A threat of a different sort is the way in which our children are cheated of their right to an education. Author and teacher **Jonathan Kozol** has been sounding the alarm against this inequity for more than two decades—but it appears we still aren't listening. In our *Playboy Interview*, Kozol talks to Contributing Editor **Morgan Strong** about the findings that led to Kozol's latest book, *Savage Inequalities*. Revisiting the public schools, an outraged Kozol found they're getting worse. This time he prods his readers to get angry.

In *Dating in the Nineties*, **David Seeley** assures us that, even though the rules have changed, mutual attraction is alive and well. Our real-life campus tales from **Shane Dubow** should be required reading on *The Dating Game*.

William Kennedy Smith might also have picked up some trouble-saving tips. Instead, he faced the icy wrath of Palm Beach prosecutor Moira Lasch. We sent **Harry Stein** to the scene of the alleged crime; in *It Happened One Night*, he ponders the discarded pantyhose, the media circus and a tattered feminist agenda. The illustration is by **Arnold Roth.**

An unrelated **William Kennedy** (the Pulitzer Prize–winning author of *Ironweed*) weaves a tale of a painter who gains inspiration from his family's corrupted history in *Very Old Bones*, an excerpt from the novel of the same name to be published by Viking. **Kinuko Y. Craft's** illustration captures the eerie reality.

In *Adventures in Cyberspace*, Contributing Editor **Walter Lowe, Jr.,** creates his own reality. With the latest computer technogear—a magic glove and helmet—it's a cinch to fly over buildings, walk through walls and even, yup, have sex.

Miss April, **Cady Cantrell,** lived her own fantasy when she took to the stage of Chicago's Second City for her acting debut. **Shelley Michelle,** meanwhile, restores reality—hers is the actual body behind many Hollywood stars. You probably know Shelley best as the willowy torso in bikini panties doubling for **Julia Roberts** in the opening shot of *Pretty Woman*. We took one look and thought it was time to get the full Shelley effect in *Double Vision*.

We found another way to double our pleasure with a return to the *Girls of the Big Eight*. Managing Photo Editor **Jeff Cohen** and Contributing Photographer **David Chan** put it together.

Bobcat Goldthwait, our favorite frenzied comic, talks with **Warren Kalbacker** in *20 Questions* about how his stint with a punk rock band made him even funnier, while the *Playboy Jazz and Rock Poll* reveals—the envelope, please—who won what. The winning illustration is from **Joe Fournier.**

Wanna look sharp? **Hollis Wayne,** our Fashion Director, compiled an expanded 13-page *Spring and Summer Fashion Forecast*, photographed by **John Goodman.** *Getting It at Home* keeps you on another cutting edge, as **Lawrence B. Johnson** reveals all you need to know to create a state-of-the-art home-theater system without breaking the bank.

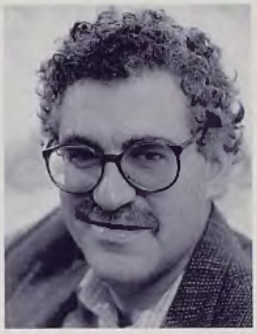
It's all designed to get you through the craziest days of April with a dollop of humor and style. When the tax man gets ready to bite, we recommend a cosmic perspective. Don't forget, there's always cyberspace.

MORGENSTERN

STRONG

SEELEY

LOWE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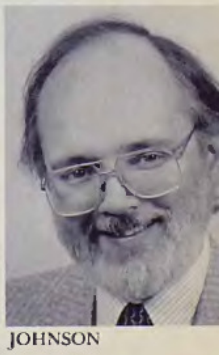
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PLAYBOY®

vol. 39, no. 4—april 1992

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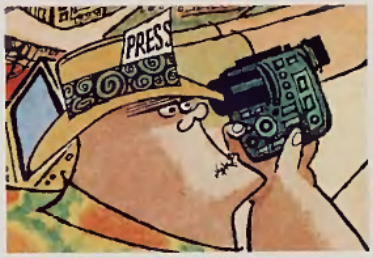

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COVER STORY

Playmate Wendy Kaye invites you to meet middle America's stunning student body—the *Girls of the Big Eight*. Our cover was designed by Assistant Art Director Kristin Korjenek, styled by Lee Ann Perry and shot by Contributing Photographer Richard Fegley. Wendy's hair was styled by John Victor; her makeup by Pat Tomlinson. Thanks to Swatch for Wendy's watches, Belle Pointe for her sweater and M. A. Rabinowitz for her G string. Three cheers for the Rabbit!

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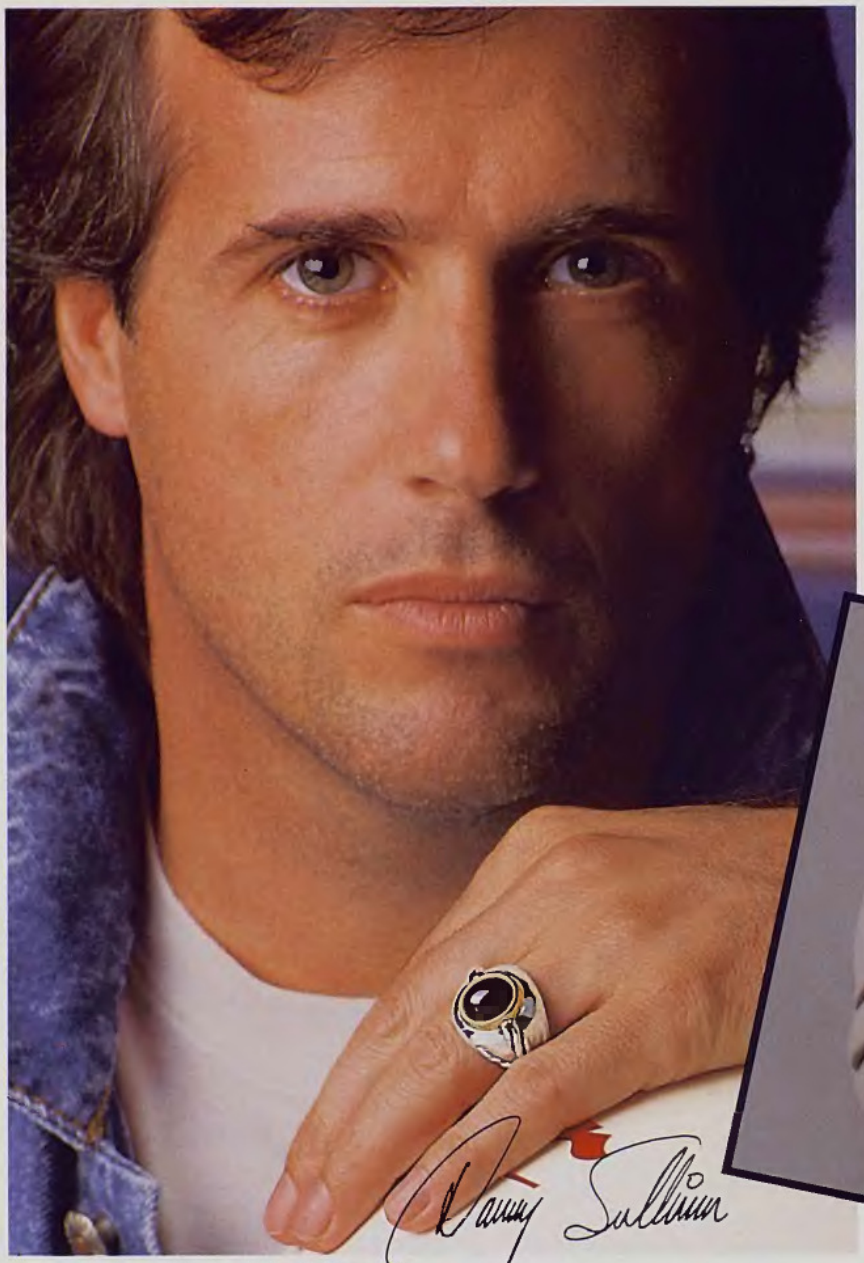

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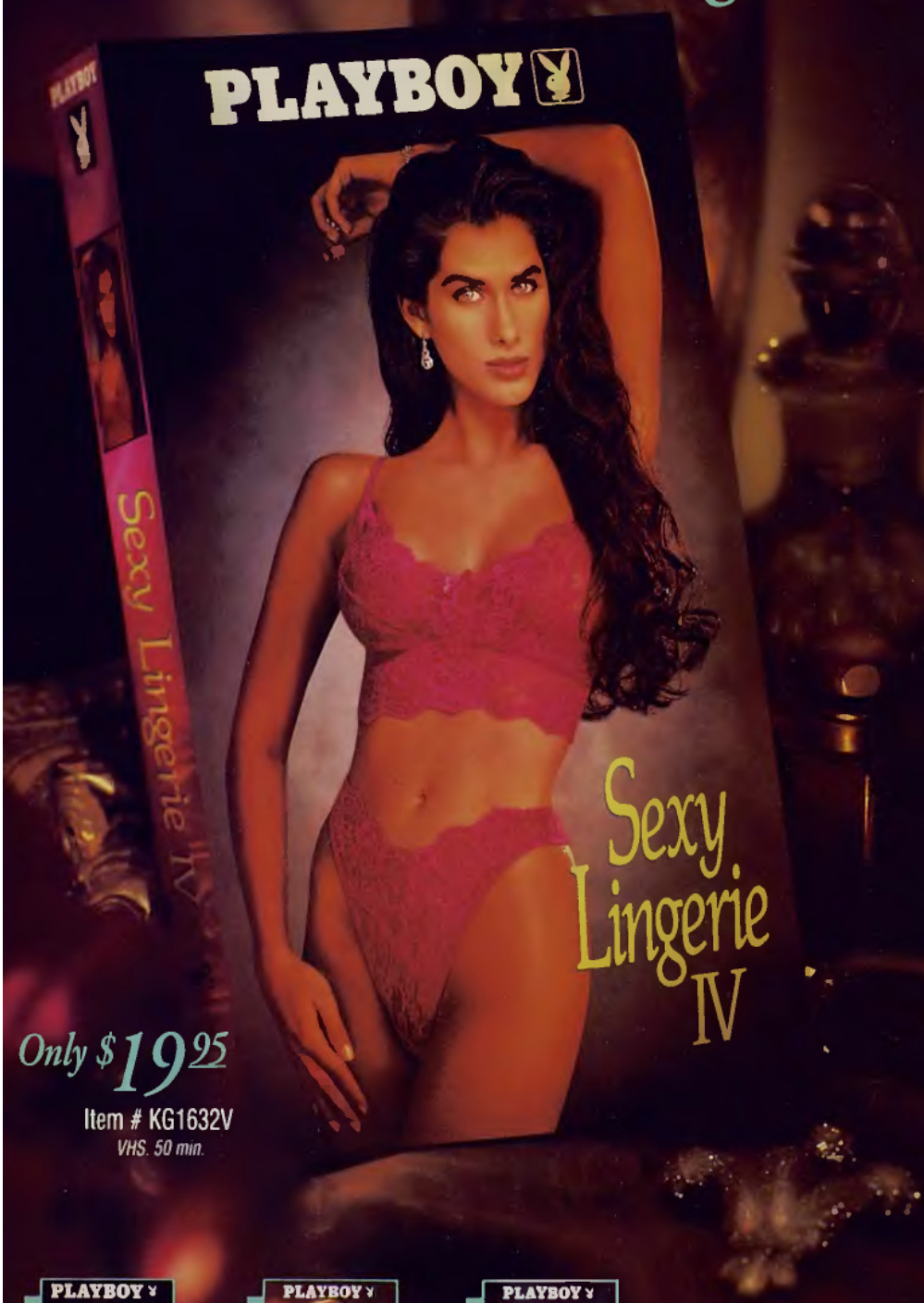

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ROBIN WILLIAMS

Contributing Editor Lawrence Grobel's *Playboy Interview* with Robin Williams (January) is a start-to-finish masterpiece. It reveals the brilliance of Williams' free-flowing consciousness.

Thanks also for asking Williams his opinion of the pro-life movement and the abortion issue. My own thought is that we need to develop a technique for a fetal transplant operation. That way, when a woman with an unwanted pregnancy seeks an abortion, a female pro-lifer could step forward and volunteer to take the fetus into her own body, birth it and give it a home.

Jim Palmer
Clarkston, Washington

Brilliant idea, Jim. We hope that pro-choice and pro-life advocates, as well as medical researchers, take heed.

ARNOLD, WHATEVER YOU SAY

I don't recognize Arnold Schwarzenegger as he is described in your January issue by Joe Bob Briggs (*Whatever You Say, Arnold*). Your Arnold looks like a guy who does nothing but gains everything. In my opinion, Schwarzenegger is an illustration of exactly the opposite idea: Work hard and you will earn what you get.

If he has a slogan, it's "Stop resting. Do your absolute maximum, then push yourself beyond it and everything will come." That's why I admire him—he emits so much creative energy that everyone feels stronger just looking at him and asks himself, "Have I already reached my ceiling? If not, why am I resting?"

Yuri Diomin
Bothell, Washington

Why am I the only person I know who can see through the smarmy, blatantly condescending phoniness of Arnold Schwarzenegger?

He has carefully cultivated his nice-guy image to throw a naive American public off guard, while behind the scenes, with a cold, calculating arrogance, he slickly maneuvers himself into position to be elected to political office. He stumps for President Bush in return for the physical-fitness post, marries into an American political institution (the Kennedys) and associates with all the right people in high places.

That the public is allowing itself to be lulled to sleep while this fox invades the henhouse scares the hell out of me.

James Portanova
Fresh Meadows, New York

WRAPPING UP THE EIGHTIES

I enjoyed the January issue of *Playboy*. The *Playmate Review*, *The Swedish Bikini Team* and one more photograph of Lisa Matthews all made it a stimulating experience, indeed. I also read *Wake Up and Smell the Nineties*, by Joe Queenan, with the accompanying *Navigating the Nineties Quiz*, by Peter N. Nelson, and *The Politics of Everything*, by Roger Simon. I was amused until I read your list of "Nineties Garage Sale" items on page 110. I agree that some items need to go. We never needed acid-washed jeans, sushi rollers or Beta videos. But, to my horror, I saw that you included Pictionary on the list. Nothing in the Eighties, except maybe Donald Trump, kept people more entertained, and while *his* value has diminished, Pictionary's has not.

Pictionary plans on being around well into the Nineties and beyond. From the way the decade has started, the world could use a smile right now.

Robert S. Angel
Inventor, Pictionary
Seattle, Washington

My heartiest thanks to Queenan, Simon and Nelson for their humorous roundup of what the past decade was and wasn't. I haven't laughed so much in a long time.

Isolated to a certain extent out here in the old West, I can appreciate the concerns of the politically correct guardians,

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participation subject to tournament rules

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but I think the prevailing attitude here is "Don't bother us and we won't bother you." In light of this, may I say I will continue to wear my sheepskin coat, will not throw away my Frisbee, will have a cigarette and a cup of coffee whenever I want and will add fried bacon to my homemade beans.

Craig L. Lancaster
Custer, South Dakota

"THE LADY KILLERS"

Jeez! Now Cynthia Heimel doesn't want to be called a lady (*Women*, *Playboy*, January). No more speeches beginning with "Ladies and gentlemen," I guess. She suggests using "guy" for both men and women, as if this were some creation of her own. *Au contraire*, Ms. Heimel. The *Webster's* on my desk defines "guy" as "a person; used in plural to refer to the members of a group regardless of sex." Maybe Heimel should spend less time complaining about frivolities and a bit more time browsing through the dictionary.

Ray Uhler
Irvine, California

THE SWEDISH BIKINI TEAM

On the same day my January *Playboy* arrived with the greatest cover in publishing history, Contributing Photographer Arny Freytag's masterpiece photo of the Swedish Bikini Team, the *San Francisco Examiner* revealed its Golden Turkey Awards for the worst ads of 1991. Taking the award for second-worst ad was Old Milwaukee Beer's Swedish Bikini Team. Needless to say, I have canceled

my subscription to the *Examiner* and extended my subscription to *Playboy*.

Lanny R. Middings
San Ramon, California

Your pictorial on the Swedish Bikini Team exemplifies your usual terrific coverage of important sports personalities.

Lee Fieseler
Peekskill, New York

"GOING LEGIT"

Within two days of receiving your January issue, I had devoured half the articles. The interviews with Robin Williams and Woody Harrelson and Garry Wills's article on Columbus bashing (*Columbus, Go Home*) were great. My favorite item, however, was Robert Scheer's *Reporter's Notebook:* "Going Legit," a heartfelt commentary on so-called illegitimate—pardon, out of wedlock—persons.

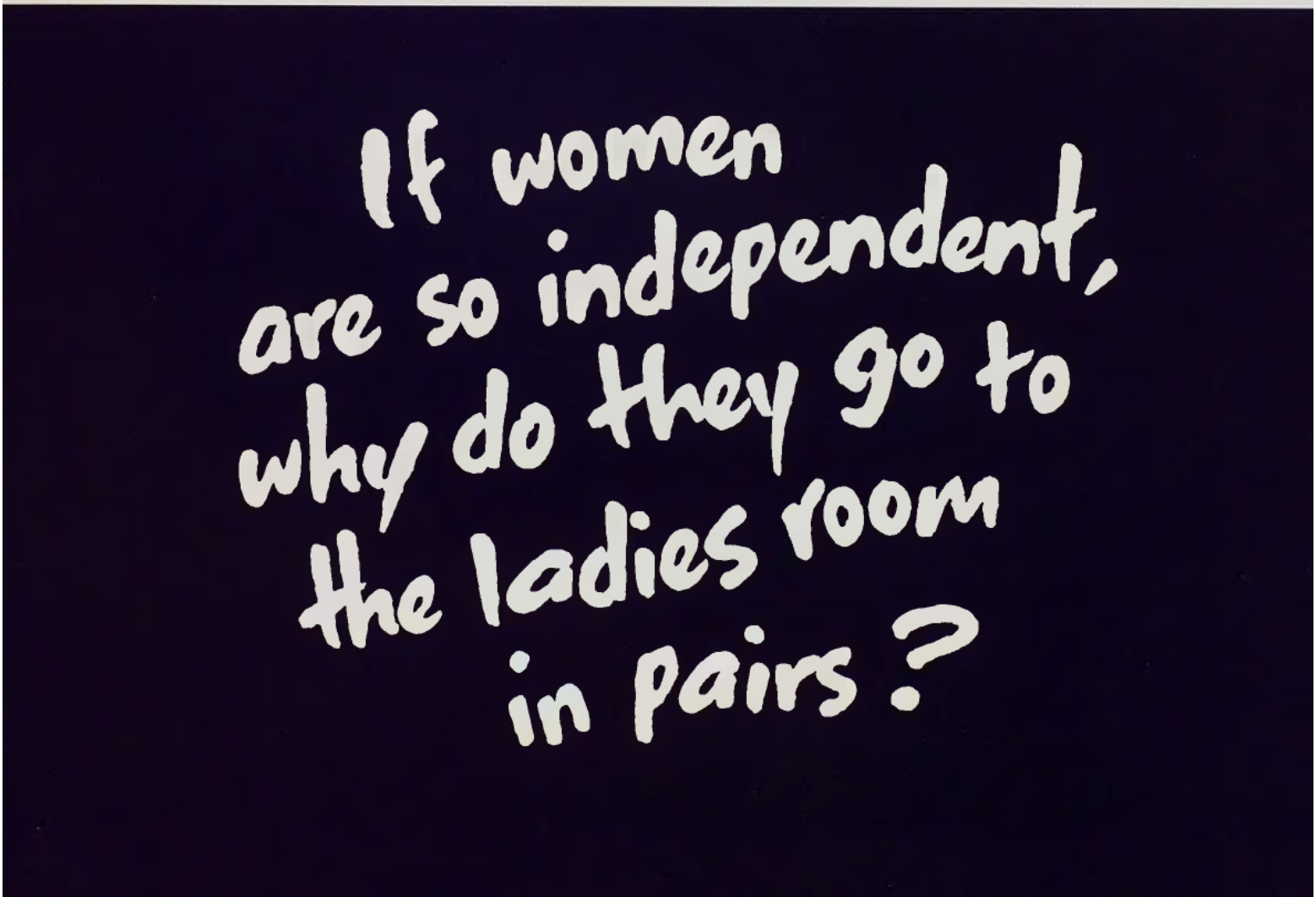
As a member of a family with its share of persons born on the wrong side of the blanket—myself included, as I discovered late in my life—it is a treat to see somebody standing up for us and a lot of other decent people who have been treated as second-class citizens throughout history. We have put up with too many derogatory terms coined by people who thought themselves superior because they weren't conceived until after their parents made it to the altar.

The newspapers are filled with people whining about sexual harassment and the Tomahawk chop, but we so-called children of the mist have stood by too long letting ourselves be put down (and bearing the ensuing guilt) about the circumstances of our birth.

Bill Lindau
Hamlet, North Carolina

RANDALL ON THE MEN'S MOVEMENT

The context in which West Coast Editor Stephen Randall presents the men's movement in his *Media* column (*Playboy*, January) is not entirely accurate. The true men's movement is only tangentially related to wild-man weekends and



banging drums in order to find oneself. Responsible men, like members of any other special-interest group, are distressed by the vast array of injustices and the discrimination they experience on the sociopolitical front.

Those struggling for men's rights are no more represented by men who put on loincloths and bay at the moon than are all women represented by the National Organization for Women.

Robert J. Correia
Braintree, Massachusetts

Randall will not be the only man unwilling to call the wild man out. As a feminist, I have known more than a few women who didn't want to worry their pretty little heads with facing their truest selves. As a human, I'd trust Contributing Editor Asa Baber more than Randall because of that.

Melody Barnhart
Lewisville, Texas

SPIRITUALITY AND SEXUALITY

As an ordained Presbyterian minister and a doctor of clinical psychology, I want to give special thanks for Craig Vetter's article *The Serpent in the Chapel* (*Playboy*, January). It should be read by sincere Christians, including my more conservative fellow clergy colleagues. I especially appreciated what I feel is an accurate observation concerning the difference between the actual teachings of Jesus and what the Christian church has done with those teachings.

I'm reminded of a professor of religion I had who observed that, if we divide sin into two categories, there are the "hard and cold" sins such as greed, selfishness, cruelty, insensitivity and lack of compassion, and the "soft and warm" sins that have to do with misguided efforts to love—fornication, adultery, sexual offenses and the like. And he observed that Jesus obviously had a hard-and-cold response to hard-and-cold sins and a soft-and-warm response to the soft-and-warm sins, for he roundly condemned the rigidity of the Pharisees, while forgiving the woman caught in adultery. But the church does exactly the opposite, turning a blind eye to greed, callousness and dishonesty, while becoming harshly indignant about all things sexual.

Perhaps Vetter's article will help us be aware of the personal anguish that is caused when we are too afraid to deal positively with the power of human sexuality.

The Rev. Forrest Fitzhugh
San Antonio, Texas

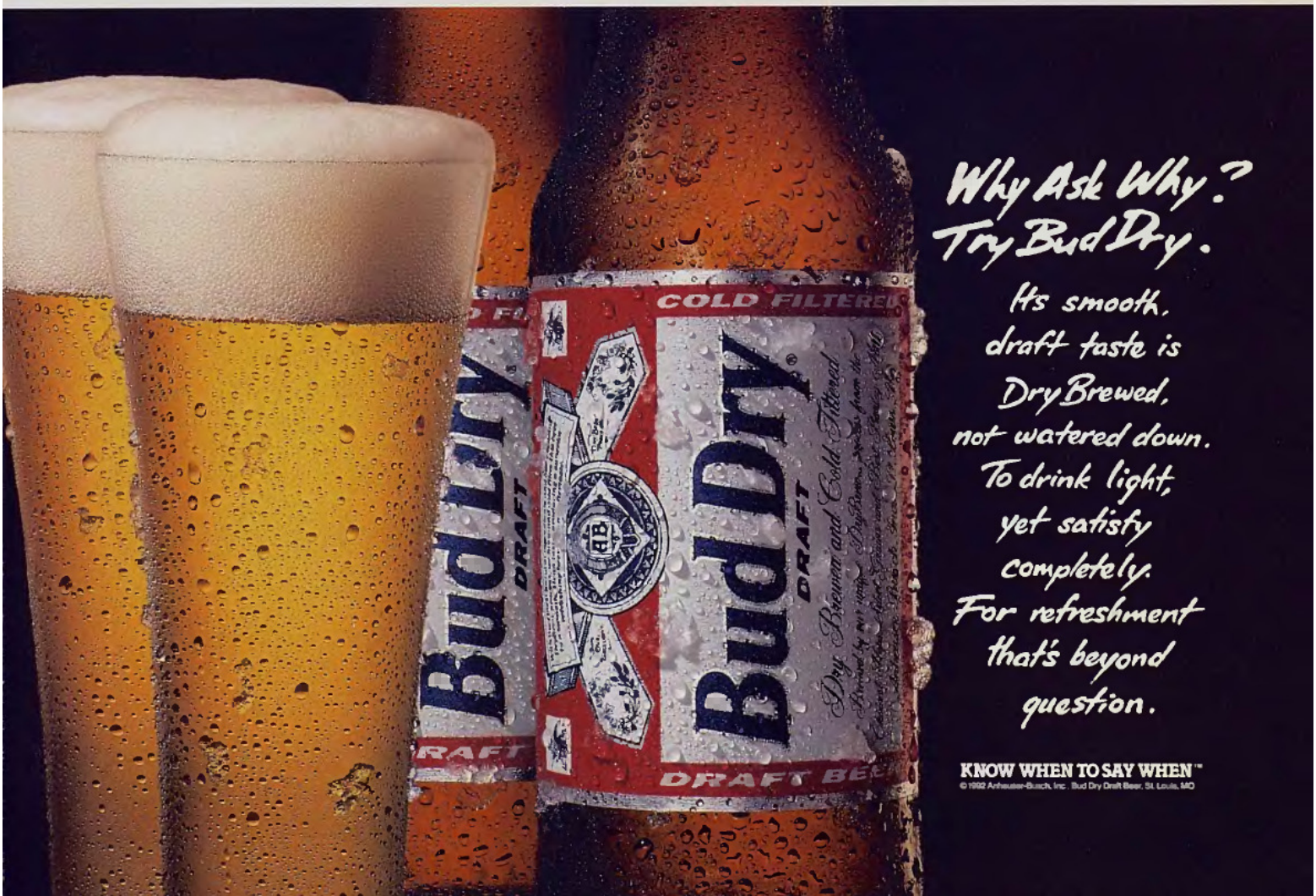
SAFARI (NOT!) SO GOOD

I am writing in reference to the short story *The Safari*, by Malcolm Bosse, that appeared in the September *Playboy*. The story was not good publicity for my tribe, the Waorani, also known in the Quechua language as the Aucas. We have a hard enough time with our reputation without having silly stories written about us. My people defended our land for thousands of years simply by spearing invaders, not by cutting off their fingernails and pulling teeth. We were never into torture.

Currently, we no longer spear foreigners but accept them into our land as visitors. We are struggling to achieve legal title to our land and to protect our diminishing rain forest and wildlife. We are in the process of building tourist cabanas in our open-zoo animal protectorate. We have a wide assortment of tamed jungle animals, including tapirs, monkeys, parrots, macaws and otters. I'm hoping to improve the economy of the Waorani through ecotourism so that we won't be dependent on working for the oil companies, or have to enter modern society at the lowest economic level. I'm also hoping to make a safe area for rapidly disappearing wildlife.

Your magazine has great distribution to the people of the world and I would appreciate more positive propaganda on my tribe in the future.

Samuel Caento Padilla
Quito, Ecuador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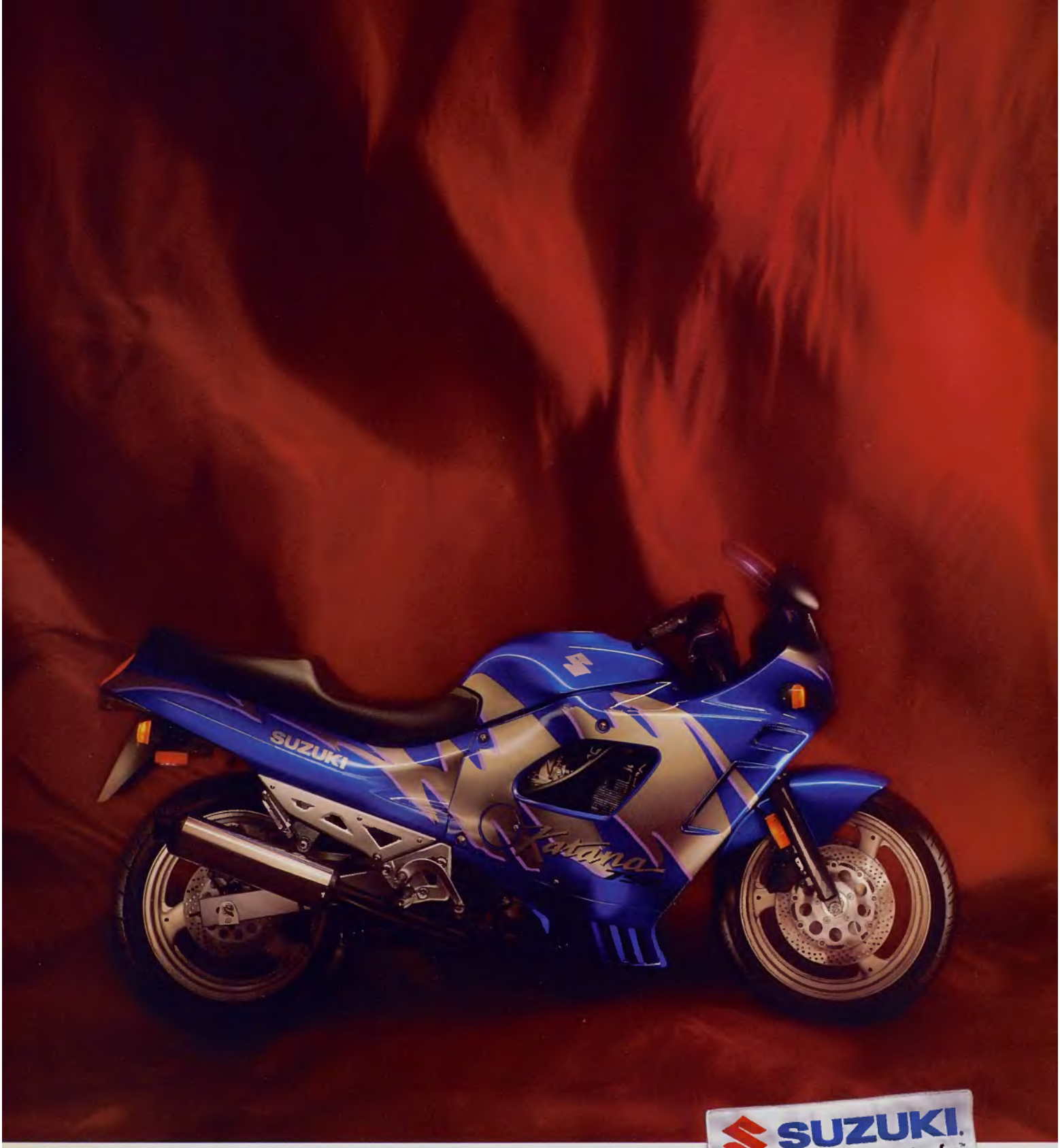

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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

OUR KIND OF MEN'S ROOM

Sasha Kazachkova, a 20-year-old Russian émigrée long of leg but short on cash, has landed a job with flexible hours, large tips—and, besides, it's next to a stream: She's the new men's-room attendant at Laura Belle, a trendy dinner-dance club in Manhattan. While Sasha is not the first lady to skip to the men's loo in a New York disco, she may be the first hired by management to do so.

How do the patrons react to the sexy slavatory attendant? "Europeans are happy to see me," says Sasha, who once worked in the gents' john in Moscow's National Hotel. "But American men keep coming back twenty times or so a night." Some bring cameras or friends; some, intoxicated by the heady atmosphere, try an old routine ("Haven't I seen you someplace before?"). Then again, others are disturbed. "This is a hot babe and I had a panic reaction," griped an overgrown club kid. "I was unable to urinate." But Ms. Kazachkova pooh-poohs the intolerant few. "I think there will be more female bathroom attendants," she predicts. "Lots of girls tell me they want my job." We anticipate a flood of applicants. Probably from Flushing, Queens.

HIS KIND OF MEN'S ROOM

Returning from the restroom of a West Virginia Mountaineer Mart, a South Carolina man hopped into his van and hit the highway. It wasn't until he reached Maryland that police stopped the van and asked if he was missing something. Apparently, he'd left his wife standing in the Mountaineer Mart parking lot. "I'd been talking to her the whole way," mused the driver, "and wondered why she didn't answer."

INSIDE THE WEIRDO LOBBY

Capitol Hill receptionists have a tough job. Perhaps their trickiest responsibility—next to making nice to Senator Strom Thurmond—is guarding our elected officials from slightly deranged citizens who send "urgent" messages to their Congressmen. We've heard for years about these characters, and recently we've managed to get some snippets from their missives, which range from examples of extremely woolly thinking to paranoid ramblings:

- "I need to find out if I have a household account with the Senate. I need about $4000. Can I get a check from Congress, or do they have money orders?"
- "My neighbors have told me that my house is transmitting me into their TV sets." (The author then lists 61 places where her personal transmission is sent, including Mexico, the National Hockey League and, inexplicably, four out of every five adults.)
- "It seems a renegade cult of CIA operators has experimented on me with a secret government weapon. . . . The device apparently uses pulsed microwave radiation that can be focused on a single unwitting recipient even from a great distance. . . . The operators are now focusing on our dog and two of our cats."
- "Five years ago, I discovered racketeering in the CIA. I have since been under physical threat. My newspapers, mail, telephone, radio and TV reception have been intercepted. Proof is attached." (Clipped to the note was an article about a liver transplant and another about a heart transplant in a baboon.)

We understand Oliver Stone is gathering this material for his upcoming docupic, *Rotunda!*

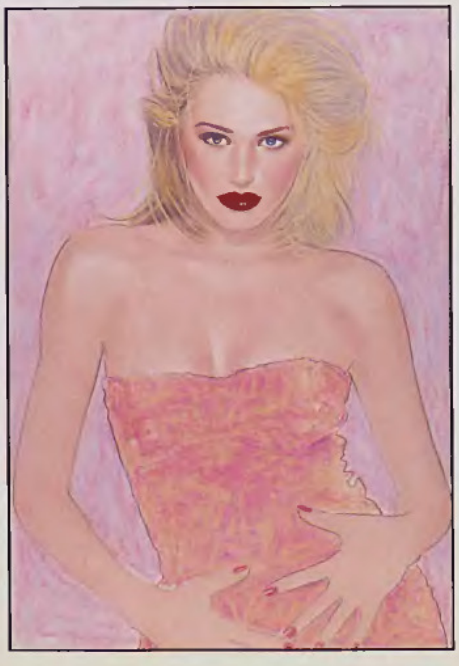

ILLUSTRATION BY PATER SATO

LAUDERDALE BY LAND YACHT

Writers Daniel Neiden and Thomas Patrick have evaluated the big rust-buckets of yesteryear in terms of their suitability to transport sun-starved students to Florida for spring break. Here's their assessment of their favorite older cars:

"1979 Pontiac Parisienne Wagon: Seats six, with basketball-player-size legroom. Fold-down backseat is top selling point.

"1970 AMC Pacer: What this Scooby-Doo special lacks in power and class, it makes up for in its 'what-kind-of-car-is-that?' factor.

"1982 Fleetwood Luxobarge: Big American V8s like these may Hoover gas, but they'll run forever as long as you keep pouring the oil.

"1973 Buick Electra Deuce-and-a-Quarter: Dial in your favorite FM station, kick back the power seats, swing down the armrests—and head down I-75 in the *ultimate* land yacht."

What do you do when you reach the beach? We recommend using the heap as a deposit on a keg of beer.

•

A University of Illinois study of children's letters to Santa concluded that there are distinct gender-based negotiating techniques—even at the age of seven. We won't bore you with the particulars, but according to researcher Cele Otnes, "Girls suck up to Santa and boys don't." Take that, Catharine MacKinnon!

•

Lloyd's of London offered coverage for Mary Hart's legs and Bruce Springsteen's voice. Now, for those who think frequent-flyer mileage is a better investment than health-sector mutual funds, a consortium of European insurance companies is underwriting the Frequent

RAW DATA

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

QUOTE

"It's the main job of a young man between nineteen and twenty-six to find out which girls are marriageable. It's much more important than an A in English."—AUTHOR JAMES MICHENER, REFLECTING ON STUDENTS IN HIS CREATIVE WRITING CLASS AT ECKERD COLLEGE

READ MY 1040

In 1979, number of taxpayers who reported to the Internal Revenue Service adjusted gross incomes of $200,000 or more, 94,000; in 1989, 790,000. Federal income-tax rate (percentage of income) the IRS charged these taxpayers in 1979, 45.3; in 1989, 24.1.

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Additional revenues that could have been realized from these taxpayers in 1989 if taxed at the 1979 rate: $82 billion.

HUNT, PECK AND PLAY

Percentage increase in number of American households with personal computers from 1984 to 1989: 87.

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Percentage of adults who own a computer but never use it: 42.

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Percentage of adults who use computers at home, office or school, 28; of children who do so, 46.

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Percentage of adult owners who use home computers for word processing, 62; to play games, 44; for keeping household records, 36.

1-900-DATA

Number of 900-number lines in the U.S. in 1988, 3703; in 1991, 19,081.

•

Percentage of 900-number lines that offer dating services, 20; news, weather or sports updates, 20; sexually explicit material, 15; fund-raising pitches, 15; horoscopes, 10.

PAUL JACKSON

FACT OF THE MONTH

Howdy, partner. Then again, maybe that should be ex-partner. According to the 1990 census, Dallas and Houston lead the nation in marriages and divorces.

FAT FACTS

Maximum amount of fat that average American man should eat per day: 60 to 80 grams.

•

Grams of fat in a Burger King Double Whopper with cheese, 61; in two Hostess Twinkies and a glass of milk, 18; in a croissant, 15; in a chocolate candy bar, 14; in a slice of cheese pizza, 10.

TO THE BRIM

Percentage of all hats sold in the U.S. that are baseball caps: 70.

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Number of caps made in the U.S. annually: between 250,000,000 and 300,000,000.

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Percentage of caps sold with licensed pro sports logos, 10; with promotional or product logos, 50.

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Price of a leather baseball cap sold at Chanel Boutique in Manhattan, $810; of a multicolored baseball cap topped with a propeller sold at F.A.O. Schwarz, $15.

YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU?

According to a recent audit, amount of money each month that the U.S. government mails to dead people: $4,300,000.

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Number of dead people who receive benefits from the Department of Veterans Affairs: 1212.

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Percentage of cases in which decedent payments exceed $10,000: 60.

—CHIP ROWE

Flyers Club Award Guard service. For $79 a year, your award miles are protected against the bellying-up likes of Midway Airlines. Unfortunately, the plan only covers airline failure. What can you do if your mileage credits are simply devalued when one carrier (say Pan Am) is taken over by another (say Delta) whose program is not so generous? Amtrak, we suppose, is ready when you are.

•

We are sometimes reminded that if England didn't exist, we would have to invent it. A friend recently spotted a condom dispenser in a Kensington pub that bore the following warning: "This machine is wired to an alarm that will inform the management of any unauthorized entry."

HIGH VOLUME

Now that the Eighties are over, we've noticed more than a few mergers-and-acquisitions types singing the blues after work at the Off Wall Street Jam, a service that allows nine-to-fivers to turn from heavy trading to heavy metal. Started by musicians Doug Berlent and John Watts, the Jam assembles brokers-who-would-be-rockers into groups with similar skill levels and has them congregate at a downtown studio. "Sometimes we put together Grateful Dead, Pink Floyd or Led Zeppelin sessions," Berlent says. Once a month the Jam hosts a live stock-rock gig at a downtown club. "The biggest kick is when you're performing," says participant Greg Manning, who's a marketing veep during the day, "though I don't think I'm a threat to Guns n' Roses." With 700 clients in New York, 90 percent of them men, the Jam plans to open branches in Boston, San Francisco, Chicago and Tokyo. Our prediction for the first breakaway act? Gordon Gekko and the Raiders.

ICE CAPADES I: THE HEARTBREAK OF HIGH-STICKING

After the scoreboard at the Vancouver Canucks' home arena flashed the message NOT EVEN SADDAM WOULD FIGHT GINO ODJICK, a referee overheard enforcer-in-residence Odjick ask a teammate, "What number is Saddam?"

ICE CAPADES II: HAVE YOU DRIVEN A FORD LATELY?

When Esa Tikkanen of the Edmonton Oilers had the pleasure of meeting Gerald Ford at a charity golf tournament in Palm Springs, California, he had no trouble coming up with small talk. Tikkanen broke the ice by asking the former President what new cars his company was coming out with this year.

MUSIC

VIC GARBARINI

AS EVERYONE from Wynton Marsalis to AC/DC will attest, the blues is the cornerstone of modern popular music. The late Stevie Ray Vaughan was arguably the best bluesman of his generation. And fortunately for him (and for us), his talented brother Jimmie has enhanced his legacy by refusing to submit to the posthumous-album syndrome of tossing out whatever half-baked material the record company could find in the vaults. Instead, ***The Sky Is Crying*** (Epic), with Stevie's band Double Trouble, is a remarkable mosaic, not only representative of his stylistic influences but also a showcase for some of his best recorded work. Early on, Vaughan was saddled with the curse and blessing of being hailed as the next Hendrix. And if Stevie never equaled the master's raging incandescence and otherworldly leaps, he did have the reach to "kiss the sky," though Hendrix would meld notes together while Vaughan tended to weave them instead, as on his brilliant rendition of *Little Wing* here. But he's at his best when he just plays loose and raw, especially on the amazing *May I Have a Talk with You*, *So Excited* and the Lonnie Mack rave-up *Wham*, on which his Texas balls-to-the-wall attack makes you swear this antique was written on the spot. Finally, his pure, compelling vocals on the acoustic *Life by the Drop*, a farewell to the substance-abuse problems he had overcome during the last few years, leave you feeling that this was an artist whose potential was just beginning to flower. He is truly missed.

FAST CUTS: Cliffs of Dooneen's ***The Dog Went East and God Went West*** (Critique): *Achtung*, Beantown? Vintage U2 from a Boston band sideswiped by Nirvana. Lou Reed's ***Magic and Loss*** (Sire): Grim but glorious.

NELSON GEORGE

Tevin Campbell, whose debut album is curiously titled ***T.E.V.I.N.*** (Qwest), is a young veteran. At the age of 15, he has already recorded for Prince (*Round and Round*) and Quincy Jones (*Tomorrow*). Moreover, both of those musical trailblazers touted him as a future star. That may well be true, but right now this teenager is more a work in progress than a focused artist. His light, sweet, boyish delivery seems best suited for more wistful, contemplative material. Which is why a song like *Tell Me What You Want Me to Do*, a mid-tempo ballad produced by

PAUL BOCH

The Sky Is Crying for Stevie.

The best bluesman of this generation plays loose and raw and Michael gets *Dangerous*.

Michael Narada Walden, is so effective. In a similar vein, another Walden production, *Look What We'd Have (If You Were Mine)*, is rather touching. But on the uptempo material, some of it provided by groove masters Al B. Sure and Arthur Baker, Campbell can't muster the necessary grit. This isn't a bad record, but wherever Tevin Campbell is going, he's not there yet.

To sample some totally soul-satisfying singing, pick up ***The Spinners: A One of a Kind Love Affair*** (Atlantic), a 30-song anthology of perhaps the greatest vocal group of the Seventies. Under the guidance of producer Thom Bell and with the contributions of a slew of great Philadelphia-based songwriters, including the little-known Joseph B. Jefferson, this quartet recorded such classics as *One of a Kind (Love Affair)*, *Mighty Love* and *Love Don't Love Nobody*.

FAST CUTS: ***Jimi Hendrix Stages '67–'70*** (Reprise): In the course of Hendrix' *Stages*, a four-CD live set, the musical innovator performs all over the world. While there's considerable repetition (e.g., *Fire* is performed four times), this collection documents the growth of rock's premiere axman. Tim Dog's ***Penicillin on Wax*** (Ruffhouse): The revenge of old-school Bronx hip-hop, led by the notorious *Fuck Compton*, makes Marky Mark sound as hard as cotton candy.

ROBERT CHRISTGAU

Michael Jackson can't win. Stuck forever with the hopeless task of topping the best-selling album of all time, he came as close as anyone had a right to expect with *Bad*, the number-two album of the Eighties. But imagewise, *Bad* was just some strange superflop because it followed *Thriller*, the sound track to his coming-of-age.

So here comes ***Dangerous*** (Epic), 14 songs and 77 minutes' worth of intensely ambitious pop. Co-produced by new jack swinger Teddy Riley, the first half is all rhythm, the specialty of the world's greatest dancer since he went solo in 1971. The second half, dominated by tortured ballads, is mostly Michael. Despite a few icky social-consciousness lyrics, this is original stuff—the new jack stuff trickier than anything Riley has done on his own, the ballads bringing Michael's personal terrors ever closer to the surface. Yet the buzz is that this star-struck miracle of medical science is repeating himself. Out of it. Over.

Commercially, one never knows, but musically, that rumor is hogwash. *In the Closet* is Michael's most convincing sex song, and the breakup triptych that follows could actually have happened. Though the new jack could be catchier, that's just his instinct for the rhythmic edge. The slow ones have tunes, and even when the gasps slip into self-parody, he's some singer. So if you're bored with Michael, well, that's your privilege—but not his fault.

FAST CUTS: ***Guitar Paradise of East Africa*** (Earthworks): From Kenya and environs, dance-pop catchier than C&C Music Factory. ***New Edition's Greatest Hits*** (MCA): For those who believe Michael never surpassed *ABC*.

CHARLES M. YOUNG

During the years it lost to drug abuse, Aerosmith allowed its catalog to fall into extreme disarray. Three live albums and two greatest-hits collections were issued while no one was paying attention, and who needed them? So who needs ***Pandora's Box*** (Columbia), the three-CD boxed set that provides a musical biography of the band up to its signing with Geffen in 1985? If you have any interest in the creative process—how potential becomes talent—get the box. "That's a big part of being in a band—building something up from a riff," says Steven Tyler in the liner notes, and that's what Aerosmith shows you by including raw demo-tape riffs like *Let It Slide* and *Cheese Cake*. Joe Perry's starkly beautiful slide guitar is

FAST TRACKS

ROCKMETER

	Christgau	Garbarini	George	Marsh	Young
Aerosmith *Pandoro's Box*	7	8	7	4	9
Jimi Hendrix *Stages '67–'70*	6	10	10	10	9
Michael Jackson *Dangerous*	8	8	8	6	6
Nirvana *Nevermind*	8	8	8	9	8
Stevie Ray Vaughan *The Sky Is Crying*	7	9	7	9	8

BETTER THAN A SLEEPING PILL DEPARTMENT: The Boring Institute's eighth annual wrap-up of boring, overexposed celebrities has **Madonna** at the top of its list. It says that the more she shares her views on life, the less appealing she becomes. The only other musician to make the list? You guessed right, the **Jackson** family, all of them.

REELING AND ROCKING: Producers of the **Bob Marley** film bio hope to find a talented unknown to play the role of the reggae master. . . . *Alice in Wonderland* for the Nineties: The producers of *Yo, Alice* plan to suck their heroine into a VCR in this hip-hop musical, described as a wild urban adventure. The movie will, of course, have a sound-track album featuring both top and up-and-coming artists. A nationwide talent search for Alice is on, even though several established actresses have expressed interest in the role. . . . **Dylan** as a movie producer? He has optioned **Mel Tormé's** bio of drummer **Buddy Rich,** which spans seven decades. Don't look for Bob in the film. . . . MTV's **Pauly Shore** has been shooting his first big-screen starring role in *Encino Man,* a story about a caveman found frozen alive in a block of ice. . . . Producers of **Miles Davis'** first—and last—movie, the Australian-made *Dingo,* say that the trumpet great had a "distinctive acting style" that lights up the screen.

NEWSBREAKS: Producer **Phil Spector** had such a good time working on his boxed set *Back to Mono* that he's seriously thinking of going back to work. His last record was the **Ramones'** *End of the Century* in 1980. He admits he's worried about those "people out there who'll be waiting for you to strike out, but you've got to go up to the plate anyway." . . . Audio-Forum, the leading publisher of spoken-word audiocassettes, has released *A History of Music of the Western World, 1100–1980* on 12 tapes for $89.50. For more information: Audio-Forum, 96 Broad Street, Guilford, Connecticut 06437. . . . **Mötley Crüe** is buying an L.A. building that it plans to convert into a work and play space with rehearsal rooms, recording studio and a sound room. . . . **David Bowie** is recording with producer **Nile Rodgers,** who did his comeback album in 1983. Rodgers' **Chic** reunion album, *Chicism,* is due out any day now. . . . Predicting that before the end of the decade consumers will be able to buy TVs with built-in computers, **Todd Rundgren** says he's planning to concentrate on interactive music and video technology instead of a recording career. Rundgren wants to launch a new label for artists who are interested in making interactive music. . . . At presstime, **Bryan Adams'** *(Everything I Do) I Do It for You* has sold 6,500,000 copies worldwide, making it one of the biggest-selling singles in the history of pop music. . . . We like **Paula Abdul** as much as the next person, but we were amazed to hear that her L.A. Laker Girl uniform was being hung from the Forum rafters along with **Kareem's** and **Wilt the Stilt's.** That really *is* showbiz. . . . Finally, for all you **Ted Nugent** fans out there, he has written a book, *Blood Trails—The Truth About Bowhunting,* which you can pick up for $29.95 from Ted Nugent World Bowhunters, 4008 West Michigan Avenue, Jackson, Michigan 49202. Along with the wit and wisdom of Ted, it includes recipes for venison Stroganoff and wild-boar chops. —BARBARA NELLIS

better with less production. The other story here is how Aerosmith rose to the top and fell apart and rose again. It's a wonderful story that you can read about and hear on *Pandora's Box.*

My favorite recent reissue is ***Kick Out the Jams*** (Elektra) by the MC5, one of the prime influences on early punk. On the original, issued in 1969, Rob Tyner screamed, "Kick out the jams, motherfuckers." On subsequent editions, the phrase was bleeped in favor of "brothers and sisters," an especially ham-handed act of censorship. The reissue has restored "motherfuckers" and all who are nostalgic for the days when revolution and massive feedback were synonymous can know that history is set right.

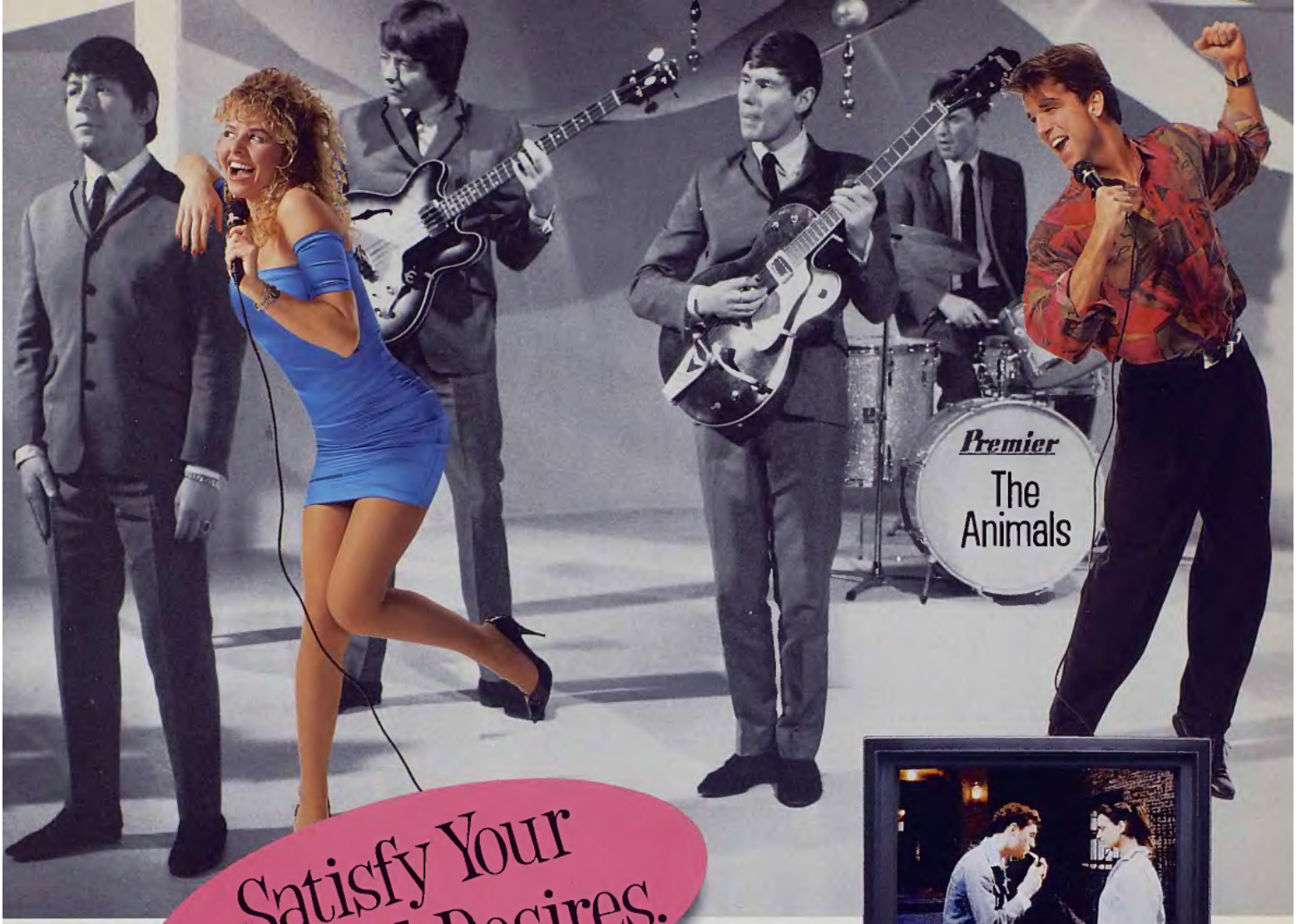
FAST CUTS: ***John Lee Hooker: The Ultimate Collection 1948–1990*** (Rhino); ***Lightnin' Hopkins: The Complete Aladdin Recordings*** (EMI); The Cramps, ***Look Mom, No Head!*** (Restless).

DAVE MARSH

One way to make a great rock record is by screaming "Fuck you if you don't get it"—but that only works if you can sustain that level of disdainful rage for 45 minutes and have something to offer that's worth getting. Thanks to a storehouse of actual melodies and Kurt Cobain, the most talented hard-rock singer since Axl Rose, that's the triumph of Nirvana's ***Nevermind*** (DGC). Even if Nirvana never reaches anybody who's over 30 except me, it has already reached number one on the charts. This is a rare and rapturous kind of glory, the grand and grandiose triumph found in a blaring but tuneful antagonistic wall of noise.

Sadly, the great adolescent bands—the MC5 (whose newly reissued *Kick Out the Jams* is indispensable), the New York Dolls and the Sex Pistols—never outlived their own adolescence. They were (at least in America) Next Big Things only in the eyes of a cult audience, abetted by a claque of critics. Nirvana updates the same sound, but it's a real N.B.T.—the first rock band of this decade to make an impact equal to that of U2 or Guns n' Roses. The power of its music is as enduring as the agonies of puberty, crossing generations even though (most) grown-ups hate it. Be there or be square.

FAST CUTS: ***You're Gonna Miss Me: The Best of Roky Erickson*** (Restless): A great Texas rocker à la Buddy Holly—only this one practices (and sings about) intimate personal contact with Satan and space aliens. ***Lynyrd Skynyrd*** (MCA): The opening acoustic *Free Bird* redeems a song FM overkill has all but buried by showcasing it as pure blues. Gerald Levert, ***Private Line*** (Atco/East-West); Babyface, ***A Closer Look*** (Solar): The return of the soul man—rough or smooth, take your pick.



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MOVIES

By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

NOT ONE BUT TWO new movies adapted from E. M. Forster novels follow in the picturesque pathways blazed by *A Room with a View* and *A Passage to India*. The best of the latest duo is **Howards End** (Orion Classics), from *Room*'s producer/director team of Ismail Merchant and James Ivory, working again with Ruth Prawer Jhabvala, whose spirited screenplay turns a fine book into cinematic quicksilver.

Anthony Hopkins, Emma Thompson and Helena Bonham Carter stand out in a stellar cast that also features Vanessa Redgrave, James Wilby and Sam West in the absorbing tale of two Bohemian sisters (Thompson and Carter) whose do-gooder instincts lead to love, infidelity and murder. Opposite Thompson (*Dead Again*'s leading lady clinching her claim to stardom), Hopkins is superb as her callous husband, who looks at the poor as people to be sorry for and forget in short order. Carter is at least a match for them as the neurotic Helen, progressing from social protest to unwed pregnancy. All the action is linked to the ownership of a house, the titular Howards End, where this elegantly photographed, unabashedly bookish movie just pauses to catch its breath, smooth its costumes and press on. ¥¥¥¥

•

Based on Forster's first novel, **Where Angels Fear to Tread** (Fine Line) is more like *Room with a View*: a portrait of staid Brits overwhelmed by the heat and passion of Italy. Helena Bonham Carter shows up again as the traveling companion of a widow (Helen Mirren), whose in-laws back in England are horrified when she marries a much younger Italian. When she dies in childbirth, two stalwart family members hasten to the scene to save the baby from being raised in a self-indulgent southern clime. Judy Davis and Rupert Graves play the rescue team with great style, but *Angels* nonetheless emerges as second-string melodrama, hardly a match for its distinguished predecessors in the Forster canon. ¥¥

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Reappearing, in **Spotswood** (Miramax), is Anthony Hopkins, who makes the most of fewer opportunities as a cut-and-dried English efficiency expert named Wallace. He is sent to the town of Spotswood to tell a local factory owner what's wrong with his production of slippers and housecoats. He's such a stick, this Wallace, that even his wife (Angela Punch McGregor) can't stand him. But before the movie ends he has learned to be a regular guy, just one of the blokes. Hopkins handles it all with his usual aplomb, but he and all his colleagues work up a sweat to little effect. ¥¥

Howards End's Carter, West.

A trio of doubleheaders for E. M. Forster, Anthony Hopkins and Helena Bonham Carter.

•

A recent theatrical release, director Barbara Kopple's **American Dream** (Prestige) won a 1991 Academy Award as Best Feature Documentary. Back in 1977, Kopple took the same Oscar for *Harlan County, U.S.A.* and she has not lost her skill at igniting the screen with social issues. This time, she treats the plight of meat-packers during the Eighties strike at the Hormel plant in Austin, Minnesota, where salaries were drastically slashed in the same year the company made a $29,000,000 profit. Union-busting is her theme and Kopple spells out a saga of economic civil strife that turns brother against brother, friend against friend. *American Dream*'s ironic title lays a caustic dressing on an unhealed wound. Seekers of escapist film fare should look elsewhere. ¥¥¥

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Director Zhang Yimou's **Raise the Red Lantern** (Orion Classics) is an exotic Oriental treasure as visually striking as his 1990 *Ju Dou*, the first film from China to win an Oscar nomination. Gorgeous Gong Li stars once again as the fourth wife of a wealthy 50-year-old man named Chen, whose quartet of wives occupy separate houses in a family compound (a red lantern is raised outside the house of the wife he favors on any given night). Set in northern China in the Twenties, the movie amounts to a hypnotic social statement about the tragic lot of women in that era. Gong Li, against eye-filling cinematography, creates a stunning portrait of a young virgin bride who becomes cruel and sexually manipulative before she finally sinks into drunken ravings as an outcast. Zhang Yimou makes subtitled movies of breathtaking beauty, with splashes of acid between the lines. ¥¥¥½

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There is nothing on the film scene today quite like **Toto the Hero** (Triton), a French-language lark written and directed by Belgian-born Jaco Van Dormael. A moviemaker whose feature debut lifts him straight to the top of the heap, Van Dormael sums up the entire cradle-to-cremation existence of an old guy named Thomas (Michel Bouquet). Thomas sees himself as an extraordinary secret agent named Toto, but also believes he must have been accidentally switched at birth with a more fortunate friend named Alfred (Peter Bohlke). Cutting freely forward and back in time—with four other actors playing Thomas and Toto at earlier ages—and from what's real to what Thomas imagines, *Toto* touches on such subjects as life, death and envy, with emphasis on Thomas' late beloved sister and her look-alike (who happens to be married to Alfred). Van Dormael uses rinky-dink music along with loop-the-loops of imagination to make one man's fate look like Everyman's mad, mad fantasy. ¥¥¥¥

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An arrogant male movie star (Anthony Michael Hall) visits an American base in Sicily to train with a hot U.S. pilot (Michael Paré) for a *Top Gun*–type role. The airman hates the actor, with good reason. That's how **Into the Sun** (Trimark) takes off on a comic high adventure full of nose-thumbing irreverence. The comely public-affairs officer who issues the orders that move the plot is played by Deborah Maria Moore (Roger's daughter, who doesn't embarrass her dad). Hall makes obnoxiousness oddly appealing when he and his angry mentor stray into a dogfight—there seems to be a war in progress in the Middle East—and are forced down in the desert, where they are soon captured by bedouins. Along the way they encounter an American mercenary (played with chilling conviction by Linden Ashby). Lurching between madcap comedy and serious moments, *Into the Sun* is brightest when it's lightest—particularly with Terry Kiser on deck as the star's unctuous personal manager. ¥¥½

•

The ethnic sex appeal of **I Don't Buy Kisses Anymore** (Skouras) harks back to *Abie's Irish Rose*, a multimedia hit

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Hopkins, Foster stand out in *Lambs*.

BRUCE'S BESTS

It's award time, but why let Oscar have all the fun? Here's how 1991 stacks up from this corner:

THE TEN BEST
(in alphabetical order)

Barton Fink: More wicked movie mischief from the brothers Coen.
Beauty and the Beast: A celebrated fable in witty, fabulous animation.
Black Robe: Scenic spectacle about Jesuits in Indian country.
Bugsy: Beatty and Bening sizzle in glitzy bio of Mobster and moll.
The Commitments: The lively rise and demise of an Irish rock group.
The Fisher King: A glowing Gotham fantasy directed by Terry Gilliam.
Jungle Fever: Spike Lee's sprightly comment on interracial romance.
The Silence of the Lambs: Jodie Foster and Anthony Hopkins match wits in a bloodcurdling thriller.
Strangers in Good Company: Sadly neglected human comedy about women stranded on a bus trip.
Thelma & Louise: Sarandon and Davis as road runners to remember.

BRUCE'S BUSTS

movies that let us down

Dying Young: Julia Roberts in a terminal case of love.
Hook: Spielberg's Pan sells tix but never quite gets off the ground.
Hudson Hawk: Bruce Willis' wings clipped.
The Marrying Man: Even Basinger and Baldwin bad-mouthed it.
Naked Lunch: A sexy classic made obscure and undernourished.
Naked Tango: Entirely out of step.
Point Break: Trying hard, Swayze seldom catches a good wave.
Shattered: A so-what whodunit with Tom Berenger and Greta Scacchi.
Until the End of the World: Lofty aims, interminable bore.
Whore: Snoozing through the oldest profession with two Russells.

launched in 1922. Director Robert Marcarelli's romantic comedy is derivative but droll, with Lainie Kazan and Lou Jacobi belting out Jewish family humor as scene-stealers to the manner born. She's the mother, he's the grandfather of Jason Alexander, who is quietly appealing as a Philadelphia shoe-store proprietor named Bernie, still living at home. The shy, overweight Bernie meets a pretty graduate student named Tress (Nia Peeples) who works part-time as a singing pianist in an Italian restaurant. Tress initially thinks Bernie is a joke. But thereby hangs a familiar tale, with several nice twists, plus a winsome bunch of actors giving new zest to old wine. ¥¥½

•

Hitchcockian with most of the thrills omitted, ***Final Analysis*** (Warner) settles for mere frills—supplied mostly by Kim Basinger and Uma Thurman as homicidal siblings. Richard Gere is the gullible shrink caught in a web of intrigue that would scarcely trap a fly. Your clue to the predictable climax is that weak railing at the old lighthouse. ¥

•

Cited as the best feature at the Cannes Film Festival almost 40 years ago, Orson Welles's ***Othello*** (Castle Hill) owes as much to Welles as to Shakespeare. Any true movie buff will want to see this classic—once butchered and shelved, now restored to screenable condition after decades of neglect. Welles brings high drama to the minimal dialog he has left intact, reducing the Moor's tale to its bare bones. Vivid black-and-white photography and fine work by Suzanne Cloutier as the doomed Desdemona, plus Welles's own compelling screen presence, pretty well conceal the fact that Micheàl Mac Liammóir's Iago is merely so-so. Still, this quirky *Othello* deserves to be dusted off for posterity. ¥¥¥

•

In his first outing as a feature-film director, English writer Dennis Potter brings us ***Secret Friends*** (Briarpatch). His author's hat tipped at a cockeyed angle, as usual, Potter gets nowhere near the lofty level of his TV writing for *The Singing Detective* and *Pennies from Heaven* (his film adaptation of the latter won him an Oscar nomination in 1981). *Friends*, based on a Potter novel called *Ticket to Ride*, stars Alan Bates as a man whose mind drifts into absurd fantasies during a train trip. He confronts his own other self, a kind of doppelgänger, while dreaming up intimate encounters with his wife, a flirtatious neighbor and the usual suspects in a so-called "comical thriller." There *are* laughs, particularly during the hero's frustration in the dining car, where everyone concludes that his troubles are caused by a dubious order of fish. Too much of the time, though, Potter's plot is so mired in complexity that an audience is more apt to become bored than intrigued. ¥¥

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by bruce williamson

The Addams Family (Reviewed 2/92) Some ghoulishly good gags. ¥¥¥
Amazon (3/92) Preserving the rain forest in modern Brazil. ¥¥¥
American Dream (See review) Oscar approved this striking tale. ¥¥¥
At Play in the Fields of the Lord (3/92) Missionary zeal misfires. ¥¥½
Cape Fear (2/92) Nolte meets De Niro in Scorsese's deadly duel. ¥¥¥¥
Final Analysis (See review) Shrink meets skirts in ho-hum thriller. ¥
Fried Green Tomatoes (3/92) That's *Southern* fried, expertly acted. ¥¥¥
Hear My Song (Listed only) Ned Beatty as fugitive Irish tenor. ¥¥¥
Howards End (See review) Another literate E. M. Forster film triumph. ¥¥¥¥
I Don't Buy Kisses Anymore (See review) Fat Jewish male wants to meet slim Italian sexpot. ¥¥½
Into the Sun (See review) Goofing around in *Top Gun* style. ¥¥½
K2 (3/92) Scaling the heights with some intrepid mountaineers. ¥¥¥
Kafka (3/92) Soderbergh's stylish, surrealistic nightmare. ¥¥¥
Madame Bovary (2/92) Good try, but reading the book is better. ¥¥
A Midnight Clear (2/92) Christmas in combat during World War Two. ¥¥¥
Mississippi Masala (3/92) Love's sweet song sours for an Indian girl and an African-American man. ¥¥¥½
Othello (See review) Welles's lost take on Shakespeare resuscitated. ¥¥¥
The Prince of Tides (2/92) Barbra's fine as Nolte's shrink until her meaty drama turns to mush. ¥¥¥
Raise the Red Lantern (See review) Chinese puzzlement pays off. ¥¥¥½
Rhapsody in August (1/92) Richard Gere's guilt trip to Japan. ¥¥¥½
Rush (2/92) Strong stuff about two narcs forming habits at work. ¥¥¥
Secret Friends (See review) Potter putters—with mixed results. ¥¥
Spotswood (See review) With diminished clout, Hopkins strikes again. ¥¥
Toto the Hero (See review) A man's life marvelously retold. ¥¥¥¥
Voyager (2/92) Sam Shepard makes waves on a sort of love boat. ¥¥½
We're Talkin' Serious Money (1/92) Snafu deeds by inept con men. ¥¥¥
Where Angels Fear to Tread (See review) More from E. M. Forster. ¥¥

¥¥¥¥ Don't miss ¥¥ Worth a look
¥¥¥ Good show ¥ Forget it

JAZZ

By NEIL TESSER

IN THE NINETIES, the world got the word, and the word was multiculturalism. But this concept is old news to jazz, which took shape in the multicultural stewpot of turn-of-the-century New Orleans—where the recipe included musical ingredients from Africa, France, Spain and the Southern and Midwestern United States. Jazz continues to open itself to other cultures, and the fusions fascinate.

Increasingly, the flow of musical influence is reversing direction: Other cultures are opening themselves to jazz. One result is ***Al-Jadida*** (Enja), the brainchild of Lebanese oud player Rabih Abou-Khalil. The oud, a short-necked Arabian lute, plays a similar role in the Middle East to that of the guitar in the West. In Abou-Khalil's hands, it's also a powerful medium for improvisation, especially when matched with the dervish solos of American alto saxist Sonny Fortune. This East-meets-West synthesis manages to sound both exotic and familiar—and exhilarating.

Dutch saxophonist and composer Willem Breuker's Kollektief, a ten-piece band of slightly mad virtuosos, stirs up a mélange of American jazz, eastern European folk music, military-band timbres and German music-hall sensibilities. Send-ups of opera, bad free jazz and Ravel's *Bolero* also show up on Kollektief's ***Heibel*** (Bvhaast Records, in care of North Country Distributors, Cadence Building, Redwood, NY 13679). It's an especially impressive document of their inspired musical world view, which includes plenty of high-energy solo work.

The young Cuban pianist Gonzalo Rubalcaba has downplayed his Caribbean roots in his first two American releases. Nonetheless, the florid flamboyance of Cuban music still inhabits Rubalcaba's style, peeking through at opportune moments of a terrific trio date called ***The Blessing*** (Blue Note). Rubalcaba's technique places him at the forefront of the many exceptional young pianists now on the scene—several of them represented on recent albums. ***Kenny Kirkland*** (GRP), the self-titled debut from the former Sting sideman, boasts Branford Marsalis and solid rhythm sections, but only occasionally lives up to its promise. It falls to the son of a famous jazz pianist to raise the stakes. On ***Kenny Drew, Jr.*** (Antilles), the eponymous pianist appears in solo, trio and quintet formats, performing even familiar material with a mixture of conviction and fire that's hard to ignore.

There's no ignoring the last will and testament of saxophone legend Stan Getz, contained on the dual-CD ***People Time*** (Verve). Recorded just three months before his death, this is all duets between Getz's inimitable tenor and longtime accompanist Kenny Barron's piano. In this most intimate format, Getz defied his illness with wit, his trademark melodism and surprising strength—surprising in light of Barron's comment that after each solo, Getz was "literally out of breath." You can't hear that; Getz may have had difficulty breathing, but he could sing to the last, as proved by these consistently radiant solos.

DAVID COWLES

Multicultural jazz.

Stan Getz, Billie Holiday and John Coltrane live on.

Serendipity? Synchronicity? Corporate spying? Any of those might explain the simultaneous appearance of *three* Billie Holiday collections—on different labels—which together circumscribe her entire career. From a pure jazz perspective, her early years were her most compelling and ***Billie Holiday: The Legacy 1933–1958*** (Columbia) does them justice. Drawn mostly from the years 1933–1941, during which Lady Day recorded with core groups that included pianist Teddy Wilson and saxophone maverick Lester Young, this three-CD set shows how she invented modern jazz singing. ***The Complete Decca Recordings of Billie Holiday*** (GRP)—36 tunes (with 14 alternate takes) recorded between 1944 and 1950—finds Holiday at the height of her stardom. Here, the sassy up-tempo tunes are mostly replaced by heavily orchestrated ballads: It's sumptuous music, matched by the book that accompanies this two-CD package. Another dual-CD, ***Lady in Autumn*** (Verve), focuses on the final years (1952–1959), when the ravages of Holiday's life had stolen the softness from her voice and the sly exuberance from her style. But, even so, her keen artistic sensibility transcends time's thievery on these 35 tracks (creditably chosen from nearly 100 titles in the Verve vaults).

Several more of music's giants have recently received the anthology treatment as well: It has become the industry equivalent of the Medal of Honor. A slew of little-known recordings by the Nat King Cole Trio fill the five volumes of ***Nat King Cole: The Trio Recordings (Jazz Collector Edition)*** from Delta Music/Laserlight (2275 South Carmelina Avenue, Los Angeles 90064). Cole's cozy vocals are in evidence, but these mid-Forties recordings concentrate on his spectacular and innovative piano work, offering an excellent (and modestly priced) introduction to life before *Unforgettable*. Those with more time on their hands might consider the long-awaited—and long-playing—compilation of John Coltrane's mid-Fifties recordings, ***John Coltrane: The Prestige Recordings*** (Prestige). It comes in with 16 CDs and finds a still-maturing Trane in a variety of settings, from his own quartet to multisax sessions; fans of his later work will discover a powerful lyricism, which proved surprisingly controversial at the time.

The Modern Jazz Quartet still thrives, but in spite of that—actually, because of it—it, too, rates an anthology. ***MJQ 40*** (Atlantic) celebrates a body of music that began when "the best small ensemble in jazz history" first recorded in December 1952. For many, the MJQ, with its trademark interlock of Milt Jackson's vibraphone and John Lewis' piano, all but defines jazz; this impressively winnowed set—a four-CD, five-hour outline of the band's unique, influential and often brilliant career—all but defines the jazz anthology.

Finally, the short list. ***Ask the Ages*** (Axiom) is a riveting quartet date from pioneering guitar guru Sonny Sharrock (featuring Elvin Jones). On the sound track from the film ***Dingo*** (Warner), the late Miles Davis solos winningly in front of Michel Legrand's arrangements. Pianist Joanne Brackeen mixes her own compositions with those of a half-dozen Brazilian tunesmiths on the invigorating ***Breath of Brazil*** (Concord Picante). And Shorty Rogers and Bud Shank lead a worthy reunion of the Lighthouse All Stars—the outfit that epitomized the West Coast jazz of the Fifties—on ***America the Beautiful*** (Candid).

BOOKS

By DIGBY DIEHL

ROBERT STONE has written several of the finest contemporary novels: *A Hall of Mirrors*, *Dog Soldiers*, *A Flag for Sunrise* and *Children of Light*. These books grapple with major ethical issues in pertinent dramatic settings such as the war zones of Vietnam and Central America, and they engage our imaginations with characters of uncommon courage.

In his new book, ***Outerbridge Reach*** (Ticknor & Fields), Stone examines the case of a relatively ordinary man who is challenged by opportunity to reach for greatness—and does. Owen Browne is a graduate of Annapolis, a Vietnam vet who resigned his Navy commission to work for a yacht brokerage firm in Connecticut. In his early 40s, happily married for 20 years and the father of a teenager, Browne is drifting through his life with a vague restlessness. He reads the *National Geographic Atlas* and Melville's *White Jacket* to assuage his romantic yearnings for adventure. "Sometimes I feel like I'm in the wrong life," he says. "I've never done the things I ought to have done years ago. I took a wrong turn."

When the owner of a yacht company disappears just before the start of a single-handed sailboat race around the world, Browne astounds his family and friends by volunteering to take his place. First he lies about his sailing experience, and, as he tests his cunning and courage on the water, his previously loyal and faithful wife, Anne, falls prey to Ron Strickland, a cynical film maker shooting a documentary about Browne's bid for greatness. Strickland is the siren voice of realism, pulling Anne away from devotion to her heroically romantic husband and into a betrayal more terrible in its philosophical implications than in its sexual acts.

Nothing is as simple here as it seems. Stone presents strong, viable viewpoints for the foolish romantic, the heartless realist, even the unfaithful wife. Over the roar of conflict and ambiguity comes the voice of Ward, who survived five years in the POW camps of Nam: "Value your life. Shitty as it may be. Value your family. The war's over and you're alive. Do it in honor of the men who aren't." As a poetic interpreter of modern life, Stone is at the height of his powers here, and this novel offers the most complex and exhilarating soul-searching he has ventured yet.

Gay Talese has done a similar sort of internal reflection in his nonfiction books such as *Thy Neighbor's Wife* and *Honor Thy Father*. In ***Unto the Sons*** (Knopf), Talese provides us with a fascinating genealogical tapestry of his Italian ancestry and, by extension, an intimate portrait of the immigrant experience in America. His vivid recollections of a childhood in Ocean City, New Jersey, and his re-creations of 18th and 19th Century life in the Calabrian village of Maida explore historical facets of the Talese family with touching insight. But the most powerful portrait in this book is that of his father, Joseph, whose loyalties are painfully tested by the rise of fascism in Italy. This compelling saga fully reflects the decade of research that Talese spent "trying to portray on paper the quaintly mythified but pragmatic clan of village spiritualists and opportunists who populate my Italian ancestry."

Robert Stone's *Outerbridge Reach*.

Robert Stone and Gay Talese go soul-searching; new Sara Paretsky.

The sensitive subject of Japanese investment in American high technology is the focus of Michael Crichton's latest novel, ***Rising Sun*** (Knopf). Crichton has crammed an astonishing amount of information about Japanese–American relationships into 340 pages. In fact, at a few points in this novel, you begin to feel that you have been dropped into the middle of a seminar on international economics. Luckily, Crichton is so skillful as a novelist that these are only glitches in an otherwise tense, fast-paced murder mystery. Detective Lieutenant Pete Smith of the Los Angeles Police Department's Special Services division figures he has an open-and-shut case when he discovers the body of a girl who has been murdered in the corporate boardroom of a large Japanese company. The murder was videotaped by five separate cameras in the security system. But nothing is as simple as it appears, either in the world of high-tech electronics or in the Japanese corporate subculture, and Smith is sent racing through a crash course on both topics in pursuit of the killer.

Philip Norman's biography of ***Elton John*** (Harmony) has the peculiar quality of a book in which the subject is almost swallowed up in the context. John is a flamboyant performer and energetic media-hype artist but, according to Norman, there isn't much to be said about what he does when they turn off the camera lights—nothing, at least, that the tabloids haven't said already. Still, Norman is one of the most knowledgeable writers on the British pop scene today, and his colorful tour down the Yellow Brick Road of Elton's career is an entertaining history of English rock.

Finally, a tough-as-nails memoir from Richard Marcinko, the founder of the Navy counterterrorist unit, Seal Team Six. ***Rogue Warrior*** (Pocket Books), written with John Weisman, is a colorful, straight-from-the-shoulder autobiography that is told with a raw honesty filled with military jargon and profanity. Marcinko was a gung-ho Navy volunteer who saw *The Frogmen*, with Richard Widmark and Dana Andrews, one night and immediately signed up for Underwater Demolition Team training. By September 1966, he was headed for Vietnam with a Seal unit. His courage and maverick style in jungle warfare eventually brought him to command one of the most unusual covert military units ever organized. Marcinko's report on this fascinating chapter in American military history ought to leave the Pentagon scrambling for explanations.

BOOK BAG

Yestermorrow (Capra), by Ray Bradbury: Wildly futuristic visions of amusement parks, cities and worlds as envisioned by a master of fantasy.

Guardian Angel (Delacorte), by Sara Paretsky: The seventh installment in the adventures of Chicago detective V. I. Warshawski finds her in a confrontation with some of her Yuppie neighbors that draws her into a dangerous net of murder and corporate corruption.

Twisted Sisters: A Collection of Bad Girl Art (Penguin Books), edited by Diane Noomin: Fourteen outrageous cartoonists prove that bad girls really do have more fun.

The First Men's Guide to Ironing (St. Martin's), by E. Todd Williams: A snappy survival guide for men wandering into the laundry room.

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VIDEO

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Water Workout: Olympic gold medalist Candy Costie shows the wet way to aerobic fitness.

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Plumbing Projects and Repair: How to install a shower without taking a bath.

Singin' in the Rain: You didn't think we'd forget, did you? Gene Kelly is a silent-film star getting prepped for the talkies. And the title number's as good as they come.

—TERRY CATCHPOLE

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—ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

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Climbing to the Top of Russia: Leonard Nimoy narrates, but the true star-trekkers here are the 20 American and Soviet youths who make their way in subzero temperatures to the top of formidable Mount Elbrus. A fascinating study, five years in the making.

Rafting the River of the Red Ape: Beauty, brains and brawn team up in Indonesia when a modern-day Indiana Jones white-water rafts down Sumatra's Alas River accompanied by a leggy blonde from the Explorers Club and a primate biologist. Rehabilitated orangutans and cannibals watch as the intrepid trio penetrates the country's fragile ecosystem.

Trekking the Alps: Has a mid-life crisis ever been challenged more valiantly? A Swiss narrator returns to his fatherland to picnic amid the edelweiss, summer-ski a glacier, jump off a medieval bridge—then faces his next challenge: the giant Matterhorn. Also includes a rundown of Swiss hospitality huts.

Cycling Through the Soviet Union: Fourteen Americans are transplanted—bikes and all—onto Soviet turf in search of the former republic's "true spirit." Two-wheeling behind their wise leader, Viktor, the Yankees see it all—from the traffic of modern Moscow to the magic of the medieval countryside. Surprise ending: Viktor marries one of the Americans.

—CAROL ACKERBERG

All tapes available from International Video Network, 800-669-4486.

HOT DOCS

Oscar recognized truthful and daring documentaries long before Madonna made them mainstream. All of the below are Academy Award winners.

Common Threads: Stories from the Quilt (1989): Dustin Hoffman narrates this uplifting testament to the tragedy of AIDS (Direct Cinema).

Hotel Terminus: The Life and Times of Klaus Barbie (1988): Hitchcockian hunt for a Nazi war criminal. Running time is four hours—and worth it (Virgin Vision).

The Ten-Year Lunch: The Wit and Legend of the Algonquin Round Table (1987): The hilarious literary crowd that gave you the Roaring Twenties (Direct Cinema).

Down and Out in America (1986): Lee Grant's hard look at the homeless—from failed farmers to residents of New York City shelters (MPI).

Broken Rainbow (1985): Navaho Indians battle U.S. government over land. Guess

GUEST SHOT

From his early fumblings as Gerald Ford on *Saturday Night Live* to his adored antics as Clark Griswold in *National Lampoon's* vacation movies, **Chevy Chase** has made America laugh. So it's surprising that, when renting videos, he doesn't go straight to the comedy shelf. "The Marx Brothers had some great funny moments," he says, "but there aren't many films that make me laugh. I prefer the emotional moments in movies like *Lawrence of Arabia* and *Citizen Kane*." Meanwhile, Chevy has introduced his three daughters to cinema oldies via video. "*Mary Poppins* and Danny Kaye films are favorites, and I'm starting to show them classic pictures like *Captain Blood* with Errol Flynn." And when the kids go to sleep? "My wife and I sit on the bed and watch TV. Or read. Or. . . ."

—DONNA CDE

NIGHTIE-NIGHT VIDEO OF THE MONTH:

Playboy's Sexy Lingerie IV: We're back, and this time our women go for the erotic *and* exotic. Among the provocative backdrops for this sensuous fashion show: a safari, a trek to ancient Egypt and an Arctic excursion. We dare you not to watch it twice.

VIDEO MOOD METER

MOOD	MOVIE
FEELING FEISTY	***Harley Davidson and the Marlboro Man*** (bikers Mickey Rourke and Don Johnson do the Robin Hood bit to save o friend's bor); ***The Rocketeer*** (aviotor straps on jet bockpack, takes on bod guys); ***Point Break*** (Potrick Swoyze ond Keonu Reeves in a tale of crime among surfers; dumb but cool).
FEELING ROMANTIC	***Women & Men 2*** (three new vignettes from HBO's celebrity-studded series; strong ond sexy); ***Dogfight*** (Morines hold ugly-girl contest before going to Nam; River Phoenix folls for his dote); ***Trust*** (two off-kilter suburbonites in a muted romance; quirky).
FEELING HISTORIC	***Mobsters*** (Christion Sloter as Lucky Luciano in Mob's early days; no epic, but a solid story); ***Biography*** (A&E's popular series—from Princess Di to Reagon, Jackie Robinson to Jockie O.); ***A Nation Asunder*** ond ***The Speeches of Abraham Lincoln*** (two more Civil Wor lessons; from MPI).
FEELING SCENIC	***Land of the Eagle*** (Time-Life's eight-port history of North America feotures gorgeous vistas); ***American Visions*** (tours of Olympic, Acadio ond Great Smoky Mountains national porks); Paul Simon's ***Concert in the Park*** (Central Pork ond Simon's songs vie for whot's-prettiest honors; music wins).

who wins (Direct Cinema).

The Times of Harvey Milk (1984): Stellar vid bio of the first openly gay elected official in California, assassinated in 1978 (Pacific Arts).

He Makes Me Feel Like Dancin' (1983): Ballet star Jacques d'Amboise teaches inner-city kids and New York cops how to hoof (Direct Cinema).

Just Another Missing Kid (1982): Columbo-style detective solves a horrifying crime and exposes gaps in our judicial system (Pyramid).

From Mao to Mozart: Isaac Stern in China (1980): Violin virtuoso helps East meet West through music (Warner).

Scared Straight! (1979): Inmates lead teens on tour of prison life (Pyramid).

Who Are the DeBolts? (1978): Forget the Brady Bunch, this is the ultimate American family—though most of the 19 kids are handicapped. A funny, joyful, brilliant film (Pyramid).

Hearts and Minds (1974): Sorry, Oliver Stone, but this is what Vietnam was all about. And the truth hurts (MPI).

—DICK SCANLAN

COUCH-POTATO VIDEO OF THE MONTH:

Two models undulating to 17 original songs around 15 sensuously erupting lamps is what you get in *A Nite with a Lava Lite*—an enlightening videode to the tabletop sensation of the Sixties (Megapop; 212-724-3997).

COUCH-TOMATO VIDEO OF THE MONTH:

With all the exercise tapes available out there, why has *Cher Fitness: A New Attitude* become so popular? Dunno. Maybe folks want to see if the new attitude is an improvement on the old one. Tattoos not included (CBS/FOX).

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—MAURY LEVY

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MEN

By ASA BABER

I went out on a limb in the September *Men* column and defended the reputation of William Kennedy Smith. "As I see it," I wrote, "Smith is already as much a victim in this case as his accuser claims to be. . . . All it takes to lynch a man these days is the *accusation* of rape."

I wrote those words last June. Smith was being pilloried in the press and on TV, wild rumors abounded, nothing was said in his favor—and your favorite *Men* columnist sometimes wondered whether the words he had written might come back to haunt him.

Smith finally took the stand in his own defense and performed well. He gave a credible explanation of his actions and he effectively countered the more emotional testimony of his accuser. He handled the scorn of prosecutor Moira Lasch—"So what are you, some kind of sex machine?"—without responding in kind. He thanked the jury for its sense of fairness ("My life was in their hands").

Harsh judgments against Smith in the court of public opinion have not completely disappeared, however. In some circles, he is still presumed guilty. For example, the verdict in Palm Beach did *not* clear Smith's name in the eyes of David Roth, Patricia Bowman's attorney.

Roth evidently believes in the presumption of Smith's guilt even after the acquittal of the charges against him. "A not-guilty verdict does not equate to innocence," Roth said in a statement that is stunning in its legal implications.

One wonders what Roth does equate to innocence in our system of justice. How could he claim that a unanimous verdict of six good citizens does not prove that Smith is *still* presumed innocent by all fair-minded people?

Roth is not alone.

"I'm privy to information that the jury did not have," said Amy Pagnozzi, a journalist, on ABC's *Nightline*. "As a woman, I feel he [Smith] was guilty."

Pagnozzi claimed that there were now seven women who had come forward to claim they experienced attacks of a sexual nature against them by Smith, and that had the jury been allowed to consider those accusations, the verdict might have been different. (Pagnozzi did not mention that Bowman's sexual past was also declared out of bounds by Judge Mary Lupo; she also did not explain how an additional four women were now, at this late date, naming Smith.)

DAN PICASSO

A SIGNIFICANT SHIFT

The second-guessing has begun. But something much more important and enlightening has occurred and I think it gives us a reason to celebrate.

There has been a significant shift in the public reactions of feminists to the Smith trial. And it's proof that something between the sexes might be changing.

Maybe, just maybe, we are about to enter an era of compromise and rational discourse between men and women. Maybe the feminist movement is going to tone down its self-righteous rhetoric and reach across the gender gap in a gesture of reconciliation.

Listen to one of the toughest voices on the feminist front as she talked about the Smith trial: "The result was a just result," said attorney Gloria Allred on CNN's *Sonya Live*. "There was not sufficient evidence for a conviction to prove guilt beyond a reasonable doubt."

Gloria Allred? I debated Allred on CNN's *Crossfire* two years ago and was stunned by her attitude. I had to listen to her quote about the Smith trial several times before I believed she had actually said anything that mild.

Susan Brownmiller, once a stern spokeswoman for the feminist cause, author of *Against Our Will: Men, Women and Rape*, was equally fair in her remarks about the Smith trial. It was, she said, not "an unfair verdict. . . . Given the testimony, I think there was reasonable doubt. . . . I was impressed with her testimony, but when I heard his, it was plausible. . . . This was a case of bad exploitative sex, but that's different from rape."

Even Susan Estrich, who wrote *Real Rape* and whose pretrial comments about the case sometimes seemed harsh to me, gave Smith's testimony an approving nod: "He was a particularly credible witness," she said.

Is it possible that the feminist movement is maturing? Do we have a thaw in the gender wars? Are America's feminists ready to move from unsympathetic propaganda to peaceful coexistence?

Not once have I heard the usual rhetoric about patriarchy and male privilege. Not once have I encountered the customary guilt trips and mean-spirited accusations that accompanied feminist monologs as recently as the Clarence Thomas hearings. With the exception of a Catharine MacKinnon op-ed piece in *The New York Times*, I have not heard women suggesting that all men are rapists and that Smith is just another male scumbag.

What has happened to the formerly strident spokeswomen of feminism? I believe that they have taken a look at the facts of the case and made a fair and impartial decision. They are not going to preach. "Nowhere do I hear people saying that the trial was rigged," writes columnist Anna Quindlen. "They saw the prosecutor, heard the accusations, listened to Mr. Smith. Overwhelmingly, polls show, they would have made the same decision had they been on the jury."

We are not totally out of the woods yet, though. Allred still claims that "the burden should be on the man to find out if she's really consenting." And Sonya Friedman said on her own show, "I wonder how many other people felt Willie Smith walked away much too easily."

Nevertheless, things are getting better for us, gentlemen. The obvious prejudice and sexism of American feminism has not played well in this culture in recent years, and it looks like the movement might be cleaning up its act.

It's welcome. And it's time.

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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

When my husband's brother got married recently, one of his friends arranged for a stripper to entertain at the stag party. The young lady who performed started out in a police uniform on a ruse that the guest of honor was being arrested for unpaid parking tickets. Then she produced a boom box, turned on some raucous music and started peeling—and playing imaginative games with her nightstick. The stripper's performance made a big impression on my husband. He has always liked my body, and sometimes I show it off by going around the house braless in a thin top or without panties in a short skirt. He always gets turned on, but the reactions I've elicited don't hold a candle—or a nightstick—to the excitement that stripper created. Our anniversary is coming up, and for his gift, I've decided to perform a striptease dance. Got any suggestions for a truly memorable celebration?—T. D., Indianapolis, Indiana.

We sure do, courtesy of our old friend, Fanny Fatale, for seven years a professional stripper who has raised men's blood pressure—and other things—at erotic showplaces all over the country. First of all, don't think of stripping as dancing. "Stripping involves dancelike movements," Fanny says, "but that's only part of it. Real stripping involves creating your own sexual fantasy and living it. The more you live your fantasy and get turned on yourself, the less embarrassment you'll feel as you peel, and the more your man will love it." So, what's your fantasy? Naughty nurse in a white uniform? Corporate executive in a power suit? Socialite in an evening gown? Fresh-faced coed in cheerleader garb? Whatever you choose, see your outer garments not as clothing, but as a costume, and splurge on it. "Overdo it," Fanny advises. "Sleaze out. Use props. Pile on the costume jewelry. Tease your hair. Wear garish lipstick. Sometimes all it takes to get the effect you want is big hair, big lips and very high heels." Under your costume, deck yourself out in the lingerie you've always dreamed of. The one piece that's de rigueur is a G string. "G strings used to be hard to find," Fanny says, "but today, many department-store lingerie shops stock them." The steamy strip's final ingredient is music, ideally rock or rhythm and blues. Pick three favorite songs that have lusty beats. They're easy to dance to, and the beat provides inspiration that helps you live your fantasy. "For best pacing," Fanny says, "choose two fast songs and one slow one." During the first song, discard your props and slowly take off your coat, hat, gloves and dress. During the second, slowly remove your nylons, garter belt and bra. And during song number three, retain the high heels but say goodbye to the G string. "Once you're naked, do some floor work," Fanny advises. "Get down on your hands and knees and roll around like a cat. Crawl up to your guy. Drape yourself over him. Take off his belt. Unbutton his shirt." We figure you can take it from there. Happy anniversary.

I love chocolate—any way, any time and almost any kind. But there's one style of chocolate that consistently disappoints me—white chocolate. To me, it has a wimpy taste—like something's missing. Yet I see people gobble it with gusto. Are my taste buds anemic? Am I buying the wrong brand? What gives?—S. L., Miami, Florida.

Something is missing; in effect, the chocolate. White chocolate is composed of sugar, cocoa butter, milk solids, flavoring and emulsifiers. It's rich, sweet and creamy, but it lacks cocoa solids. Haute palates miss the bite and contrast the cocoa solids provide. Their preference is for dark, semisweet chocolate. Incidentally, the Food and Drug Administration forbids the use of the word chocolate on white-chocolate packaging.

Both my fiancée and I are 26. She has a sister who's six years older, married and rather wealthy. When we're invited over to her sister's house for dinner, I can never think of anything suitable to give her and I don't want to arrive empty-handed. I'm tired of flowers. Since I'm the only one who drinks brew (the others drink wine), is it OK to bring beer?—V. L., Washington, D.C.

So long as you're not toting a case of cheap suds, we think it's cool to show up with a nice imported or fancy microbrewery beer. However, because she doesn't drink beer, a six-pack is really just a gift from you to you, and that won't impress your future sister-in-law. So you might want to start learning about wines. And, by the way, don't knock flowers. Women love 'em.

I'm a middle-aged smoker living in New York City. I recall seeing a notice for a party at a club for smokers. Do you know anything about who these people are?—J. R., New York, New York.

The group you're thinking about is called Smoking Singles and it publishes a bimonthly magazine out of New York. It hosts parties for single people who enjoy crowded, smoky bars. A recent gathering drew a 40-something, mostly female crowd. Naturally, cocktail chatter was dominated by everyone's favorite habit. A common sentiment: "Men come and go. The cigarettes stay." Care to prove her wrong?

Recently, my wife won a weekend for two in Las Vegas and, not being an experienced gambler, I wonder which games have the best odds. We're not after huge winnings but don't want to lose everything on the first day. Should we stick with cards, roulette or the slots?—N. V., St. Louis, Missouri.

Many Vegas newcomers head to the slots and stay there: They're gaudy, they make a lot of noise and they occasionally drop coins (the machines, not the tourists). The one-armed bandits also offer some of the worst odds, at times taking 25 cents of every dollar bet. The trick with slots is to find a machine—usually through dumb luck—that takes just five cents on the dollar. (Scholars—yes, scholars—who study such subjects have found that higher-paying slots are more common in downtown Vegas.) That's still lousy, however, compared with the odds on simple bets at some table games. Before you try the tables, though, study Tom Ainslie's excellent guide, "How to Gamble in a Casino" (Fireside; $7.95). Ainslie explains standard casino games in straightforward terms and provides the odds and betting strategies to keep you from starving or losing your hotel room. A good place to start is at the roulette wheel. The house enjoys about a five percent return on total wagers, equal to the best-paying slots. Next, try your hand at craps. The odds are generally better than roulette, but you'll need a quicker pace. If you aren't intimidated by people in tuxedos, try baccarat, a simple card game that offers great odds (1.2 percent to the house), but usually requires wagers of at least $20. For a skilled blackjack player, the house take can be as low as 1.5 percent. Avoid games such as keno, a lotto-type game in which the house keeps 20 to 30 percent of bets; money wheels, where it takes 15 to 25 percent; and poker, where novices and tourists often get eaten alive.

My girlfriend and I just rented the video of *9½ Weeks* with Mickey Rourke

ILLUSTRATION BY PATER SATO

and Kim Basinger. Great flick, especially the scene when they sit in front of the refrigerator and feed each other. We couldn't believe how horny that scene made us feel. We'd like to work some taste treats into our lovemaking, but we don't want to spill Jell-O all over each other like they did. Any suggestions?—H. K., Buffalo, New York.

Sexy finger foods should be light, bite-sized, sensuous, convenient to serve in bed without utensils and, as you mentioned, not too messy. Our favorites include grapes, melon chunks, chocolate pieces, strawberries dipped in confectioners' sugar, chilled oysters with salsa and shrimp cocktail. If you serve anything with a sauce, use a tray, or better yet, a bed tray with little legs. One final bit of advice: Stay away from cookies and other baked goods. In our experience, it's impossible to keep the crumbs out of the sheets.

After an automobile accident requiring substantial body work on my car, the repair shop told me that my insurance company insists on cheap, imported sheet-metal parts rather than more expensive factory-original replacements. Is this true, and what can I do about it? I want my car repaired as good as new with the correct parts.—K. E., Santa Fe, New Mexico.

Unfortunately, many insurance companies are more concerned with bargain repairs than with restoring your pride and joy with manufacturer's original-equipment parts. Your best ally here is your body-shop manager. Tell him that you insist on factory-original components; he'll help you reason with the insurance adjuster. Most repair shops want to do the best possible job, and they don't recommend using cheap parts (often obtained from Taiwan and Korea). Auto manufacturers actively promote original-part replacements—not simply as a profit source, but because repairs made with inferior sheet-metal and other shoddy components can shorten a car's useful life. Be sure to tell your insurance adjuster, before he appraises the damage, that you insist on quality factory-original parts. A good tip: Don't wait until you have an accident to find out your insurer's policy on replacement parts. If it doesn't cover the additional cost of original equipment, you'll probably have to pay the difference. It's better to iron that out before you face annoying repair delays. If your insurance company insists on cheap repairs, you may want to switch to one that's dedicated to restoring your car to its factory-original condition.

Every week or so, I pay a visit to my father, a widower who lives in a retirement home, and we shoot the breeze. During one recent visit, he confided happily that he had scored (on separate occasions) with two of his female neighbors. After my initial surprise that he could still get it up (he's 73), I became concerned because he has a minor heart condition. Can the physical exertion of sex have ill effects on his health?—T. G., New York, New York.

Unless your father sits like a lump watching TV all day, he's probably safe in the saddle. For most people who exercise at least occasionally, exertion during sex is the equivalent of climbing a flight of stairs and about as dangerous. In one study of 5559 sudden cardiac deaths, only six were attributed to sex. Nevertheless, the best time for sex may be in the morning (after a good night's sleep) and not immediately after eating a heavy meal or drinking alcohol. And for older men with heart troubles, the bottom position may be less strenuous. It shouldn't be any surprise that your father (or his neighbors) share beds. Sex drive decreases only gradually; many men over the age of 60 still average more than two orgasms a week. And while older men may take longer to get aroused, their lovers likely don't complain about the extended foreplay.

What constitutes proper etiquette during a professional massage? I'm a normal 25-year-old guy and I recently treated myself to one. I thought it would be a relaxing experience—until a beautiful young masseuse entered the room, tossed me a sheet and asked me to disrobe. It sounds like a perfect sexual fantasy come true, but, under the circumstances, I was stressed out. Any pointers on how to stay relaxed next time?—M. K., San Francisco, California.

The American Massage Therapy Association says that a client is entitled to know before the appointment what to expect from a massage therapist. Tell him or her what you do and don't want. If you feel weird with a member of the opposite sex, ask for a switch—not a sex change, a new massage therapist. You should know what parts of your body will be undressed and/or touched, what strokes will be used and why. Your consent should be requested for such sexually sensitive zones as the upper thighs, the front of the hips and the lower abdomen. While clothing is always optional, most massage therapists prefer that you disrobe. They are trained to drape the sheet, artfully exposing only the body part—no genitals—on which they are working. They are also trained to work around erections. And if you don't like what the therapist is doing, say so—the client is always right.

I enjoy making love but I'm plagued by recurrent urinary-tract infections. My husband and I have tried everything the home medical guides recommend. I drink six glasses of water a day. I pee before and after sex. And both my husband and I are careful not to transport infection-causing bacteria from my anal area to anywhere near my vagina. I always wipe from front to back, and he never touches my vagina or clit with any fingers that have visited my back door. But still I get these damned UTIs. Is there any more we can do?—J. A. V., Hoboken, New Jersey.

After intercourse, take the combination antibiotic trimethoprim-sulfamethoxazole—80 mg. of the former and 400 mg. of the latter. According to a recent study reported in Medical Aspects of Human Sexuality, *recurrent UTI sufferers who took this antibiotic (sold under such brand names as Bactrim and Septra) saw recurrences fall from an average of six a year to near zero. Ask your doctor for a prescription.*

Occasionally, I come across the term *cépage* in discourses on wine. Although I'm fairly sophisticated in matters vinous, this one stumps me. Can you tell me what it means?—T. D., Dallas, Texas.

Cépage is simply French for vine stock or grape variety. For instance, pinot noir and chardonnay are the most celebrated of Burgundy. That's all there is to it. The subject of wine is sufficiently complicated. Don't compound the situation by chasing after bits of trivia. Just pop a cork or two and enjoy.

I'm 36 and have three children. Neither my wife nor I want any more. I've been thinking about having a vasectomy, but I'm worried about sex afterward. My doctor says a vasectomy has no effect on sex drive or ability, and a friend told me his love life improved after the surgery because he and his wife no longer worry about birth control and accidents. But I'm still not convinced. Will cutting my tubes cut my libido?—J. P., Texarkana, Texas.

We seriously doubt it. After vasectomy, most couples say what your friend does—that sex improves because it can be more spontaneous and there's no risk of unplanned pregnancy. Now scientists at the University of Texas Health Science Center at San Antonio have gone the testimonials one better by conducting a five-year sex study of couples where the woman had a tubal ligation or the man a vasectomy. The sterilized couples reported increased frequency of intercourse after one year. So if you're emotionally ready for permanent birth control, get ready for more nookie.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating problems, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send all letters to The Playboy Advisor, Playboy, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. The most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented on these pages each month.

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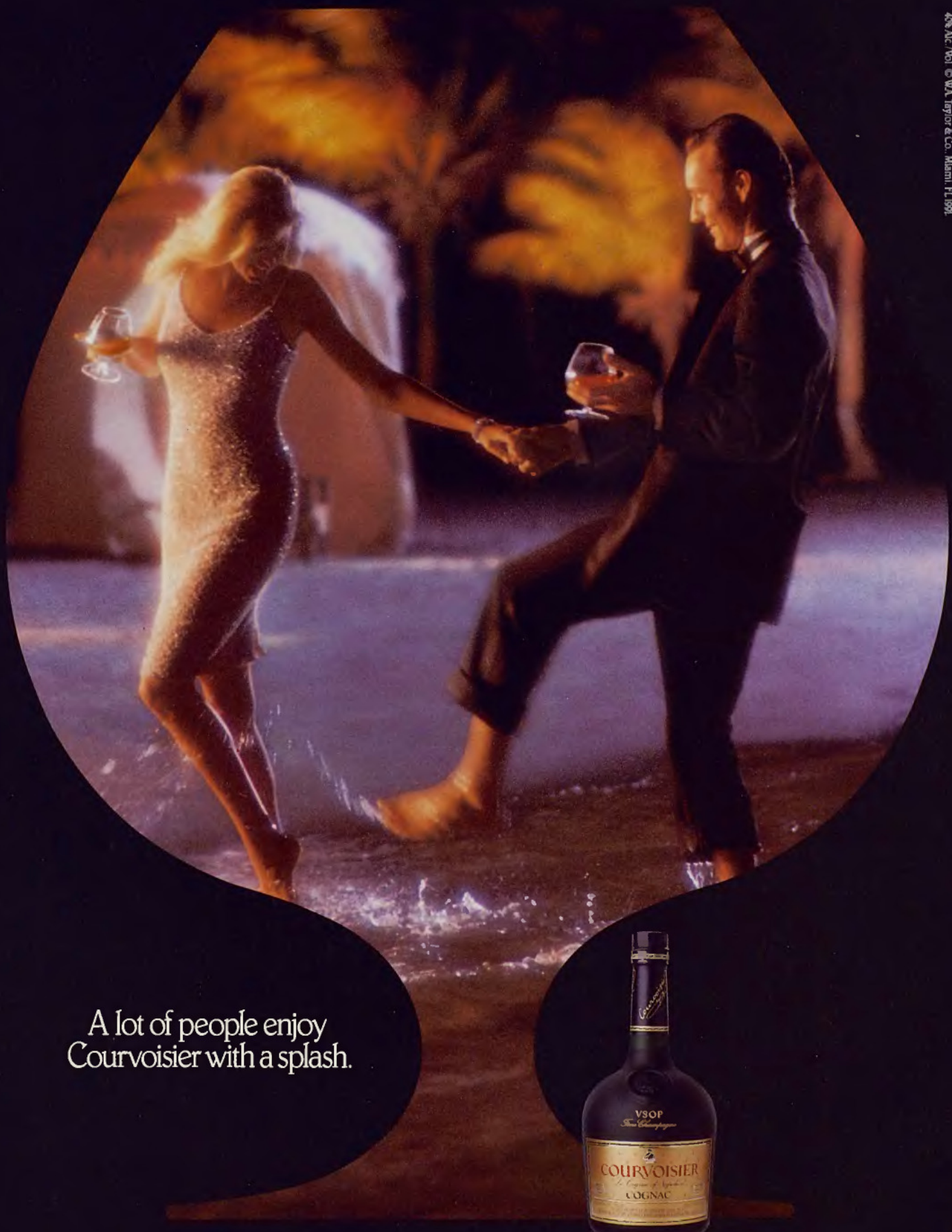

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SEX IS...

from the personal to the political

Complete the sentence "Sex is . . ." as many times as possible in ten minutes. This is an exercise from *Allies in Healing*, by Laura Davis, a support book for partners of people who were sexually abused as children. The goal is communication and better understanding of one's self and one's partner. Partners sit together and compare lists. They then try to find an area of compatibility—a common ground for discussion.

Davis recounts, among others, the following set of answers.

"Sex is misunderstood."

"Sex is wonderful and enjoyable."

"Sex is sometimes dirty, a hassle."

"Sex is fun, scary and unfulfilling."

"Sex is a place where I lose control over my well-being."

"Sex is the way my body expresses the love in my heart."

"Sex is the only way I connect with my partner."

"Sex is a weapon, a way of destroying another human being."

"Sex is abuse, addiction, control, guilt and remorse."

"Sex is highly overrated."

This collection of sexual attitudes is heartbreaking when you consider that some of these opposed definitions may come from the same couple. When one person's expectations collide with the scar tissue of another's childhood of abuse, the result often is misunderstanding, anger and hurt. Davis teaches partners to communicate, to acknowledge that sex has different meanings for different people. It takes courage to make sex work, to find a sexual style that heals rather than harms.

What Davis tries to do within a relationship takes on a new dimension when applied to disparate elements of the culture at large.

For 38 years, *Playboy* has been on the side of a cultural war that affirms the inherent good of sexuality. On the other side are religious conservatives and gender feminists. Imagine the results of the sentence-completion test for these two factions.

MICHEL BERNARD/YELLOW SILK: JOURNAL OF EROTIC ARTS

On the one side:

Sex is lethal.
Sex is rape.
Sex is demeaning to women.
Sex is a vector for disease.
Sex is harassment.
Sex is predatory.
Sex is dominance and submission.
Sex is power.
Sex is women as objects.
Sex is violence toward women.

For *Playboy* there are other, healthier meanings for sex. And they are not the exclusive property of men:

Sex is adventure.
Sex is a form of enthusiasm.
Sex is equity in a relationship.
Sex is recognition.
Sex is the creation of memory.
Sex is being inside out there.
Sex is the comparing of notes.
Sex is the great equalizer, the opposite of power.
Sex is power made playful.
Sex is where I lose myself.
Sex is where I find myself.
Sex is fantasy made fact.
Sex is adult. If it weren't for sex, we would never leave home.
Sex is the free exchange of energy.
Sex is detail.
Sex is creative.
Sex is a liquid.
Sex is a gas.
Sex is love.
Sex is something else.
Sex is a chuckle.
Sex is not without consequence.

Davis, in her book, advises that some people just want sex to be easy, a way to connect, to simply and easily express their love. For them she suggests that finding another lover—one not touched by childhood trauma and repression—may be the only answer. Choosing to stay with a partner injured in childhood is not easy, she says. To do so means accepting the responsibility for an awareness of sex's pleasure and pain.

We listen to the voices of people who are antisex. We feel their pain and we offer, as a model, our own pleasure. Not as a defense, but as a destination. —JAMES R. PETERSEN

READER

A WOMAN'S PLACE

Sexual harassment cases and date rape have one thing in common: guilt by accusation. The victim appeals to feeling without establishing fact. What happened to the presumption of innocence? After the way Clarence Thomas and Willie Smith were put through the wringer, a man's judgment will always be clouded by the doubt that he may say or do something offensive. In the workplace, why should women be able to entice men with impunity? If the accused man is presumed guilty, why shouldn't a woman be equally guilty for her role in offering the apple? It should be the woman's place to set the standard of decorum and dress. If a code of conduct was properly set, men would conform. To enforce the code, each office should appoint a harassment prevention group. The responsibilities of the group should include standards and training, as well as enforcement. The office would be a more friendly, enjoyable and competitive workplace and, as a nation, we would save billions of dollars.

George E. Irish
Melbourne Beach, Florida

A workplace should encourage productive exchanges of energy and ideas among employees, not provide a day-care center for unruly adults. The presence of your fashion police would make the office a furtive, suspicious environment where everyone would be playing secret agent.

FROM THE FRONT

Your article "No Exit" (*The Playboy Forum*, January) was well written and well timed. When quality of life abandons the body, a person should have the right to terminate life as he or she chooses. I have visited friends and relatives in hospitals and nursing homes and am horrified at the way medical practitioners force life onto those with no hope of cure, only prolonging pain and suffering. I would prefer to allow my living will to serve my purpose, but, since I reside in the only state that has no legislation for either a living will or durable power of attorney for health-care decisions, I do not trust the system. Dr. Jack Kavorkian's suicide machine is an idea whose time has come.

Norman Korney
Omaha, Nebraska

Matthew Childs's piece on euthanasia was thoughtful, provocative and naive. His enthusiastic leap onto the bandwagon supporting voluntary termination of one's life in the name of dignity and self-determination was incredibly shortsighted. Childs's assertion that the popularity of Derek Humphry's *Final Exit* indicated a need for legal initiatives was refuted by Washington State's defeat of the proposed euthanasia bill, Initiative 119. In the wake of all the media hype surrounding the right to die, some interesting statistics have been documented regarding the legalized termination of life. The Netherlands grants doctors the power of death. A report in *The Lancet*, a British medical journal, indicates that at least 1000 people are killed annually by Dutch physicians without safeguards or supervision, and often without the request of the patient. Alarming as that number alone seems, some Dutch doctors insist that these cases are underreported and that more elderly people are refusing hospitalization for fear of being victims of this final mercy. The implications involved in physicians being given control over the quality and extent of one's life smack of sentiments familiar to anyone who remembers Hitler's reign of mercy in Germany. Legalized euthanasia is only an injection away from encouraging a repeat performance.

Peter Marshall
New York, New York

Matthew Childs responds:

Mr. Marshall missed the point of the piece. The issue is a complex one—I focused on a person's right to be free of so-called life-support systems. In effect, I was questioning anybody's, other than God's or the patient's, right to decide when death occurs. I agree that anything resembling doctor-assisted suicide or homicide (which is what The Lancet *article describes in its report) is a slippery slope. Ultimately, however, freedom of self-determination should not be something relinquished at the hospital door.*

FOR THE RECORD

SAINT GEORGE

"I don't think that just passing out condoms, giving up on lifestyle and giving up on family and fundamental values, is correct. Indeed, I must tell you I'm worried about it. I'm worried about so much filth and indecent material coming in through the airwaves and through these trials [like the William Kennedy Smith one] into people's homes. I think the American people have a right to be protected against some of these excesses." —PRESIDENT GEORGE BUSH

SECONDS

Nat Hentoff's response to letters criticizing him for slighting the Second Amendment sounds very much like the Handgun Control Inc. handbook. It contains all the usual half-truths about Supreme Court decisions and the tawdry emotional blather about unarmed deer. He must be a charter member. H.C.I. is an organization conceived and fostered by a group of limousine liberals and media moguls who, insulated as they are from the real world, have as their avowed raison d'être the total removal of firearms from the hands of civilians. If they ever succeed, this country will be the safest place in the world for you to be—if robbery, mayhem or murder is your profession.

Joseph R. Gately
St. Petersburg, Florida

FORUM RESPONSE

Nat Hentoff attempted to equate the term militia in the Second Amendment with the regular Armed Forces and the National Guard. Nothing could be further from the truth. The term militia to early Americans meant every able-bodied male citizen armed with his own weapon to defend his community and state, which is made clear in the Militia Act of 1792. It is the Dick Act of 1903 that established the volunteer militia now known as the National Guard.

Elmer R. Canfield
Nampa, Idaho

I read with interest the comments made by Nat Hentoff concerning the Second Amendment. A common problem for supporters of the First and Second Amendments is that both amendments protect the rights of the uneducated—there are gun owners who have not been properly educated in the use of firearms, just as there are people speaking without knowledge of their subject matter. To the argument that the founding fathers did not envision the brutal nature of modern weapons, I submit that they also could not envision the brutal nature of modern warfare. Haiti's deposed president Jean-Bertrand Aristide had all the people on his side, but the insurgents had all the guns.

Randall Alley, Jr.
Washington, D.C.

PATERFAMILIAS

It's clear that V. L. Dorrough ("Reader Response," *The Playboy Forum*, January) did not read my letter in September's *Playboy Forum* carefully. I did not say that men shouldn't be held responsible for pregnancies. Certainly they should be, but not to a greater degree than that to which women are held. Every person deserves the freedom to choose whether and when to become a parent. If conception isn't binding on women, then it shouldn't be binding on men. There should be no paternity suits—except to enforce a written agreement made prior to conception, in which the man had promised to pay child support if the woman conceived. Feminists would be well advised to understand that sex doesn't confer contractual burdens on either gender, because they'll have a devil of a time explaining why only men should be so burdened.

David W. Sims
Stevenson, Alabama

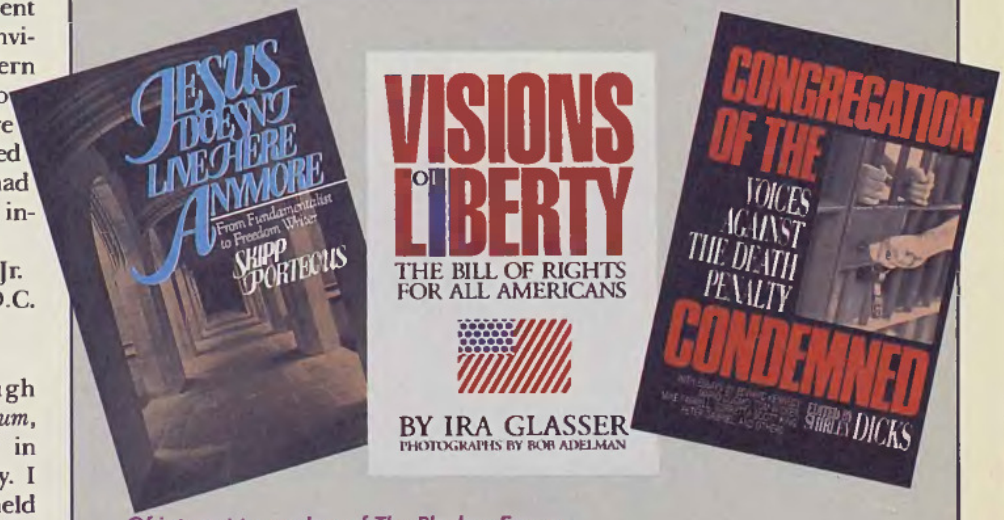
The question of paternity suits raised by David Sims ("Reader Response," *The Playboy Forum*, September) brings to mind a series of experiments concerning fathers and newborns. Last year, Virginia officials started approaching the fathers of out-of-wedlock newborns immediately after the child's birth to establish paternity. The state's Social Services department reported a 30 percent participation rate among fathers during those golden moments right after delivery. The men seemed more willing to acknowledge their offspring while the birthing experience and their relationship with the mother still elicited positive reactions. Researchers are calling it a breakthrough in establishing a bond between father and child, while the state is relieved of the financial burden caused by inadequate support.

Jim Lewis
Bangor, Maine

CAUSE FOR CELEBRATION

The Playboy Forum will be happy to hear that free enterprise in adult entertainment is alive and fighting zealous right-wing crusaders. Last November, Florida Governor Lawton Chiles declared Pornography Awareness Week, urging citizens to spurn local video stores that rent adult films. Seizing an opportunity, the adult-oriented Fairvilla Cinema reciprocated by featuring the following sign on its marquee: CELEBRATE PORNOGRAPHY AWARENESS WEEK HERE. That's the kind of move that

FORUM F. Y. I.


JESUS DOESN'T LIVE HERE ANYMORE
From Fundamentalism to Freedom Writer
SKIPP PORTEOUS
VISIONS OF LIBERTY
THE BILL OF RIGHTS FOR ALL AMERICANS
BY IRA GLASSER
PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOB ADELMAN
CONGREGATION OF THE CONDEMNED
VOICES AGAINST THE DEATH PENALTY
EDITED BY SHIRLEY DICKS

Of interest to readers of *The Playboy Forum*:

Jesus Doesn't Live Here Anymore (Prometheus Books, $23.95), by Skipp Porteous: A former fundamentalist chronicles his flight from the lockstep mentality that characterizes the New Right. Porteous has become a one-man truth squad, confronting the Falwells and Wildmons on their home turf.

Visions of Liberty (Arcade Publishing, $24.95), by Ira Glasser: The executive director of the American Civil Liberties Union explains the Bill of Rights in terms that honor our nation's passion for freedom. The photographs by Bob Adelman vividly capture the real heroes of the continuing struggle to nurture and protect our rights. A perfect birthday gift in the wake of the bicentennial of Mr. Madison's precious document.

Congregation of the Condemned: Voices Against the Death Penalty (Prometheus Books, $24.95), edited by Shirley Dicks: Forty-nine essays by death-row inmates, legal and medical experts and such notables as Senator Edward Kennedy, Governor Mario Cuomo, Coretta Scott King and Tom Wicker—all calling for an end to the death penalty.

restores one's faith in good old American know-how and ingenuity.

Morris Weil
Casselberry, Florida

OHIO UPDATE

Your report on community standards as they relate to porn ("Newsfront," *The Playboy Forum*, January) is nothing new. The community-standards test of obscenity has always failed the antipornographers. There has never been a case that I know of in which a community supported censorship of material for adults. Not just in Lakewood but in several Ohio cities, residents have voted on this issue many times, and they always come out against censorship. We have to dispel the notion that the bluenoses win. They never do in the courts, but they may do so by the "legal" harassment of confiscating materials or closing an establishment pending trial—sexual harassment of another kind.

Milton Diamond
University of Hawaii at Manoa
Honolulu, Hawaii

BINDINGS

The United States Supreme Court decision in the *Rust vs. Sullivan* case upheld regulations that prohibited federally-funded family-planning clinics from developing or disseminating materials advocating abortion. The Justices said that the government doesn't have the obligation to spend money promoting views it does not like. The obvious losers are the women who use such clinics. But this novel view holds particularly troubling implications for the publishing community, libraries and universities. Could a federally funded university publish a book critical of the Gulf war? Could a town library purchase a book extolling socialism? Could PBS air a film that argued for preservation of wetlands? When it comes to a gag rule, one size fits all.

Carol Marc
Ann Arbor, Michigan

BAREFOOT JUSTICE

The limits of forfeiture applications were recently tested in the Dallas district court of Chief Judge Barefoot Sanders. A criminal indictment was brought against a group of California-based corporations and individuals who are in the business of distributing sexually explicit materials nationwide and the publishing company that lists them as one of its clients. The indictment arose out of a sting operation in Dallas in which eight video tapes and two advertisements were shipped into Texas. Finding two of the eight tapes to be obscene, the jury then had to decide which property was subject to forfeiture under the Child Protection and Obscenity Enforcement Act of 1988. On the basis of two tapes (worth $9.90), the government sought forfeiture of the defendants' offices and warehouses, along with numerous corporate and personal bank accounts. Judge Sanders dismissed the government's greed, finding that "the nature, scope and proportionality of the use of the properties did not support a finding of forfeiture . . . [which] serves no legitimate end; that is, other than destroying legal business enterprises simply because their stock in trade is sexually related materials." The government is expected to appeal.

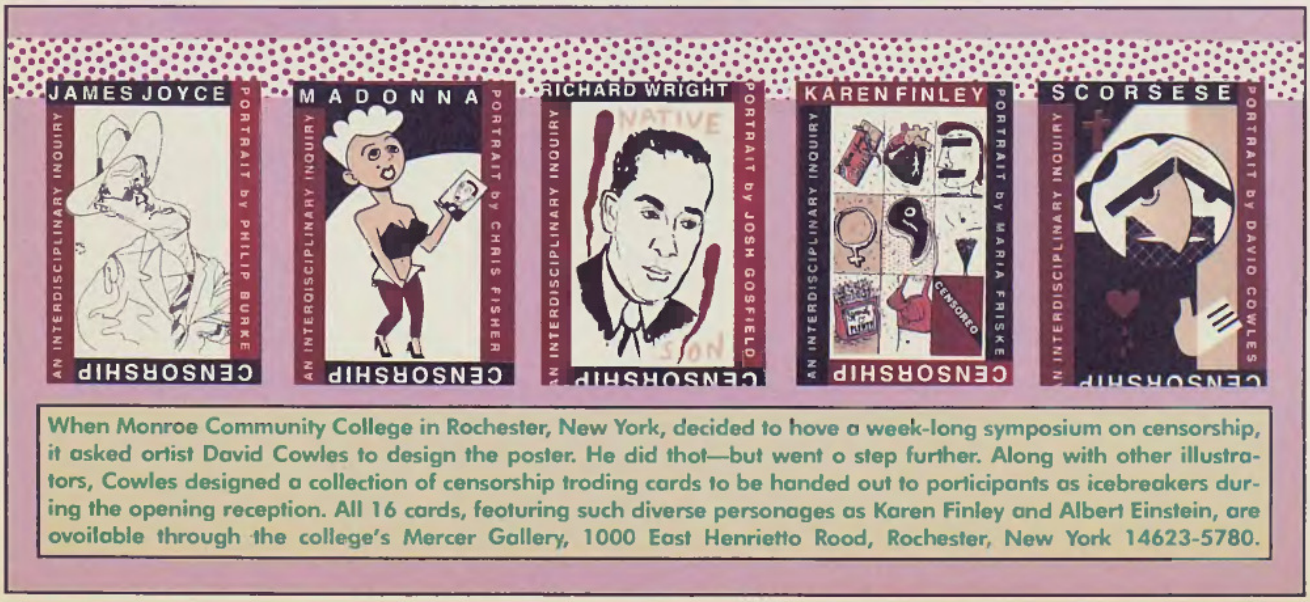
Louis Sears
Houston, Texas

HIV

The piece on Magic Johnson ("Magic," *The Playboy Forum*, February) prompted me to write not only as an interested reader but as someone diagnosed as HIV-positive. Having HIV/AIDS doesn't negatively affect your sexuality or sensuality, but rather gives lovemaking a life-affirming quality. I have many friends that are HIV-positive who live with or marry HIV-negative partners. We take precautions to protect our loved ones, which leads to more sexual creativity. I've always believed that AIDS is caused not by too much sex but by too little love. Society needs to be aware of the fact that those diagnosed as HIV-positive have as much right to a satisfying and fulfilling sex life as anyone else.

Barbara Emes
Drumore, Pennsylvania

The media's approach to those who are HIV-positive has been to expect them to remove themselves from society and deny any need for sexual fulfillment. There are many couples where one partner is HIV-positive who are successfully creating loving, sensual relationships. Education and proper precautions are all that are needed to ensure a healthy sexual existence.



When Monroe Community College in Rochester, New York, decided to hove a week-long symposium on censorship, it asked ortist David Cowles to design the poster. He did thot—but went o step further. Along with other illustrators, Cowles designed a collection of censorship troding cards to be handed out to porticipants as icebreakers during the opening reception. All 16 cards, featuring such diverse personages as Karen Finley and Albert Einstein, are ovoilable through the college's Mercer Gallery, 1000 East Henrietto Rood, Rochester, New York 14623-5780.

NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

PORKY'S REVISITED

WOOD RIVER, ILLINOIS—*An employee union at an Amoco plant is suing the corporation for $10,000,000 after Amoco installed a video camera in the women's*

shower room. An Amoco spokesman insisted that the camera was aimed head-high and at the doorway to catch a male intruder. The union charged invasion of privacy.

ROAD TO RECOVERY

NEW YORK—*The Anita and Clarence show spawned a new industry: The nonprofit American Arbitration Association and private labor-negotiation firms are creating fact-finding teams that can be hired to investigate allegations and recommend quicker and less costly out-of-court settlements in sexual harassment cases. Who says America has lost its ingenuity?*

FEDERAL PORN POSSE

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*The Free Speech Legal Defense Fund and the A.C.L.U. have asked President Bush to disband the Justice Department's Child Exploitation and Obscenity Section. At a news conference held in the National Press Club, the two major civil-liberties groups called the operation a "renegade office" left over from the Ed Meese 1986 porno war. According to the A.C.L.U., "The unit does not seem to care whether it can win convictions in the cases it brings; it often knows the cases are not winnable [and simply] seeks to drain its targets financially."*

FIRST AIDS?

NAIROBI, KENYA—*According to British researcher Dr. Charles Gilks, a malaria experiment 70 years ago may have introduced AIDS into the human blood pool. In 1922, at least 34 people were injected with blood from chimpanzees to see if the animals' malarial parasites would have any effect on humans. Another 33 people received blood from the initial group and, Gilks says, it was these groups that constituted the original AIDS carriers.*

GAY DNA?

CHICAGO—*A new study by Northwestern University suggests that genetics plays a major role in determining sexual orientation. Interviews of identical male twins found a 52 percent chance that if one was homosexual, the other would also be. The same pairings were found in 22 percent of twins who were fraternal rather than identical, but in only 11 percent of adoptive brothers. Reacting cautiously, the gay community said that such studies only confirm what many gays have always claimed—that homosexuality is not a matter of choice.*

SLURRED SPEECH

SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS—*The 1990 alcohol-poisoning death of a college student after a fraternity-initiation ritual has become a First Amendment issue. A lower-court judge dismissed charges brought against a frat under the state's 90-year-old hazing statute. The decision said the statute's definition of "ridicule" was so vague and broad that it could include speech protected under the First Amendment. As a result, the Illinois Supreme Court is being asked to decide if the state's antihazing law violates freedom of speech.*

CENSORING ART?

LOS ANGELES—*It might have seemed an honor, but U.S. Representative Edward Roybal was not pleased when he visited the edifice bearing his name, the new Edward R. Roybal Center and Federal Building. The $266,000 courtyard sculpture by Tom Otterness included nude figures of a female infant and woman, and Roybal, observing two boys touching the baby's genitals, decided that the work would "attract the homeless . . . perverts [and] graffiti artists." A district judge agreed, calling the work "a shrine to pedophiles." The General Services Administration removed it, noting "certain elements [were] unattractive."*

WISH THEY ALL COULD BE. . . .

ISLA VISTA, CALIFORNIA—*A music store catering to University of California students offered free compact discs to anyone who stripped to celebrate the store's Isla Vista Nude Day. About 300 customers, mostly male, accepted the challenge—bravely, considering that the shop is across the street from the police station. The cops, however, were cool: "The guys walking outside in towels [livened] up my morning," said a police spokeswoman.*

FLIPPER, AH, FLIPPER

LONDON—*A 38-year-old animal-rights activist was accused of masturbating a tame 11-foot bottle-nosed dolphin as it floated on its back in the harbor of Amble, Northumberland. A party of "outraged," "disgusted," "horrified" and "gob-smacked"*

sightseers abandoned their boat trip and called police. It was argued that a male dolphin frequently uses its penis in a nonsexual way to explore objects or tow swimmers through the water. The defendant got off and so, presumably, did the dolphin.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY EVERETT PECK

FORUM

Abstinence ~~SEX~~ ED.

how everything you need to know about sex you won't be allowed to ask

By ADAM GOODHEART

All together, class, repeat after me: "Control your urgin'—be a virgin. Don't be a louse—wait for your spouse." Louder: "Pet your dog, not your date."

Now it's time for a little test. Can anyone tell me the word for something that's supposed to prevent pregnancy but doesn't? That's right, it's called a contraceptive.

Sound like a parody of the Fifties? It's not. It's part of a contemporary sex-education curriculum. Thanks to right-wing political groups, hundreds of thousands of dollars in federal funds and the tireless efforts of a 39-year-old Illinois woman, it's being used in thousands of public-school classrooms from Newport News, Virginia, to Park City, Utah. The controversial program and its textbook are titled *Sex Respect: The Option of True Sexual Freedom*. Its author and chief promoter, Coleen Kelly Mast, is the Carrie Nation of the sexual counterrevolution. Mast is a former Catholic-school teacher and anti-abortion activist whose idea of sexual freedom for teenaged girls is making sure they keep their legs crossed and their minds firmly closed. "Pleasure isn't the goal of sex," says Mast. "The goal is the unity of man and woman."

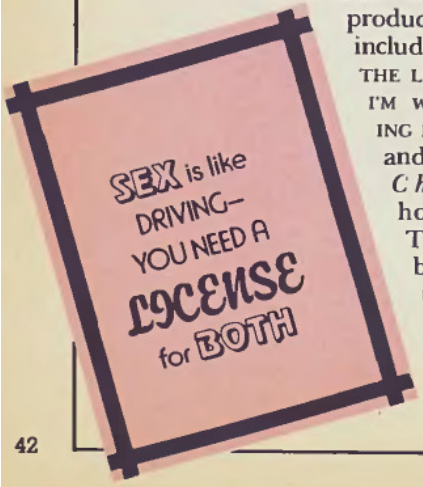
Sex Respect has come a long way since 1983, when Mast first introduced the curriculum in her health classes at Catholic Bishop McNamara High School in Kankakee, Illinois. The textbook, in its second edition, is now used in more than 1600 school districts in all 50 states and in several foreign countries. Respect, Inc., a for-profit corporation run by Mast and her husband, also sells a full product line that includes STOP AT THE LIPS T-shirts, I'M WORTH WAITING FOR buttons and a *Chastity Challenge* home video. There have been invitations from Oprah and Geraldo, plaudits from William Bennett and C. Everett Koop—and nearly a million dollars' worth of grants from the U.S. Department of Health and Human Services.

But *Sex Respect*'s message has stayed the same: "Don't do it." So has its method: a mixture of scare tactics and crude moralizing. The *Sex Respect* textbook tells students that "there's no way to have premarital sex without hurting someone." It devotes four paragraphs to arguing that AIDS can be spread by French-kissing, and offers that "anyone can be carrying your death warrant." A chart detailing the stages of sexual arousal warns that a prolonged kiss is the "beginning of danger." One section, "Sex Tips for a Safe Date," commands teens: "Keep all of your clothes all the way on all of the time. Don't let any part of anyone else's body get anywhere between you and your clothes. AVOID AROUSAL."

More remarkable is what the book leaves out. The *Sex Respect* instructors' guide dictates that teachers not allow class discussion of such "controversial issues" as masturbation, homosexuality, birth control and abortion. Yet the text manages to call homosexual behavior "unnatural" and equates abortion with murder. Even the sketchy anatomical charts of health classes in the not-too-distant past are rendered with less detail and relegated to an appendix in this textbook. "There is a basic sense of modesty and shame that comes with discussing intimate sexual topics," Mast explains as the reason for the voids in the supposedly comprehensive course. "In order to enhance that sense of shame and not break it down and make sex seem trivial, there are certain things that would be best discussed in the privacy of home. Whatever innocence or modesty is left should be preserved."

But there's more to *Sex Respect* than just plain old-fashioned prudery. Mast and her curriculum are at the vanguard of a new right-wing war on sex. Until the mid-Eighties, John Birchers and spinsters in sensible shoes turned out to protest—often successfully—any form of sex education in public schools. But the AIDS epidemic put conservatives on the defensive. Since 1987, 22 states have passed laws requiring some type of sex ed. In response, the right's pressure groups have flocked to support curriculums that fulfill the letter of the law while promoting their agenda. And both the Reagan and Bush Administrations have been more than generous in their assistance.

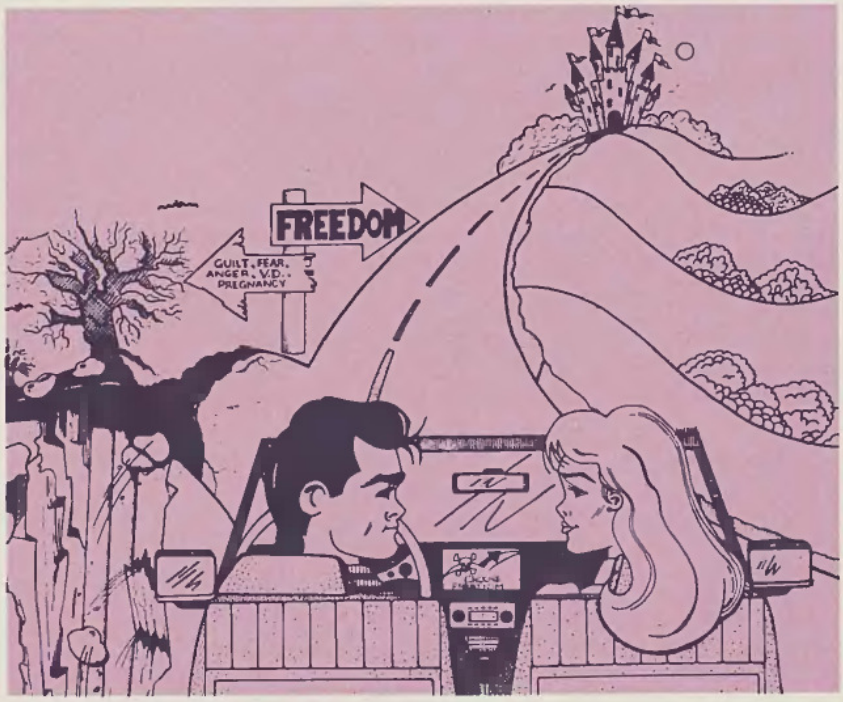
Through the Adolescent Family Life program, born in the heady first year of Reagan's Presidency, the Department of Health and Human Services has spent $26,000,000 promoting chastity among the nation's youth. The motley assortment of programs funded with taxpayers' money has ranged from creepy (a pamphlet urging teens



to "pretend that Jesus is your date") to dopey (a rap about gonorrhea with such lyrics as "A man will have a discharge that is white/Let me tell you—it ain't no pretty sight").

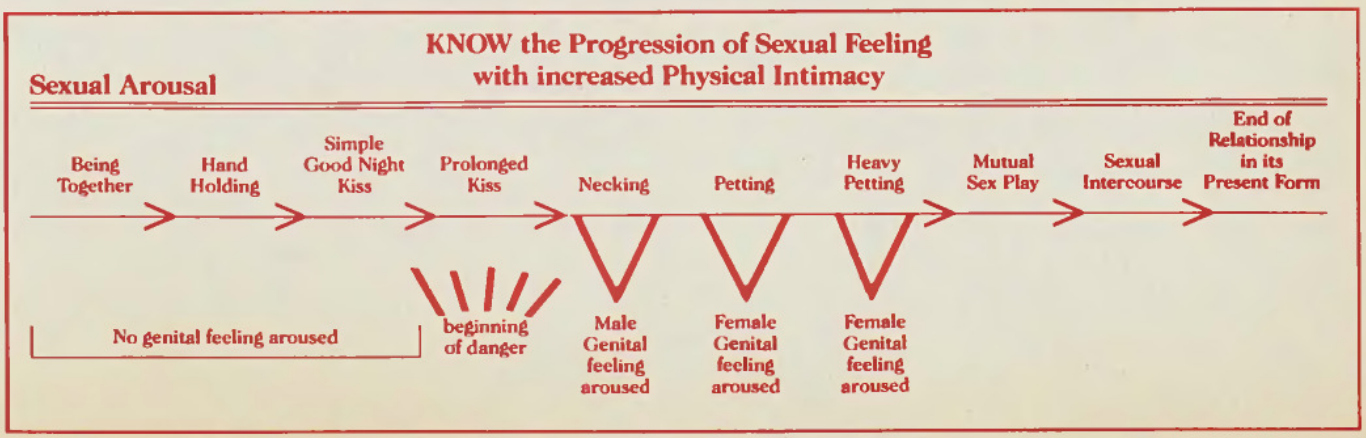
And then there's Coleen Kelly Mast and *Sex Respect*. When Mast applied for a federal grant in 1985, she could boast of impeccable credentials as a moralizer. She had developed her curriculum teaching sex education in Catholic schools. She was a lecturer for the Pro-Life Education Fund. Mast had even organized the McNamara Ambassadors of Sexual Health, a group of her students who traveled the region performing pro-chastity skits at high schools and youth rallies. (One videotaped performance features a stout schoolgirl in a Satan mask shrieking, "Go ahead and sin—there's plenty of room down at my place!") Health and Human Services quickly approved a five-year $600,000 grant to a nonprofit conservative organization to oversee distribution and evaluation of *Sex Respect*. After the original budget was revised, some disturbing questions were raised. An internal memorandum released by HHS expresses concern that the nonprofit affiliate was using federal grant money to purchase copies of *Sex Respect* from Mast's for-profit company.

Nor does Health and Human Services seem concerned about the religious overtones of *Sex Respect*. Although she says she has taken care to keep overtly religious references out of the text, Mast admits that she does see her program as "bringing kids to a moment of evangelization without evangelizing them. The curriculum does not tell them to go to church, but it makes kids that go to Sunday school say, 'You know, God isn't so dumb after all.'" While promoting *Sex Respect*, Mast has also spent time developing a Bible-based version of the text for use in Catholic schools and serves on a task force to bring American Catholic policy on sex ed into line with Vatican doctrine. Mast is understandably cautious about discussing her religious inspiration with reporters. But she lets it all hang out when she speaks before church groups. In one video-taped speech at a conference of Catholic educators, Mast tells the audience, "This is not me up here. I'm weak, I'm nothing, I'm a pile of dust. . . . Really, it's the Holy Spirit that reaches these kids. . . . We're fighting a war against sin, a war against offenses to God."



It is a guerrilla war often fought classroom by classroom, town by town. In school districts across the country, conservative parents have organized to demand that standard science-based sex-ed curriculums be replaced with *Sex Respect*. They are often successful. "Communities adopt it because they want to do something on sexuality education, and the thing they think they can do with the least controversy is to accept this program," says Debra Haffner, executive director of the Sex Information and Education Council of the U.S.

At times there's often a witch-hunt feel to the local struggles to adopt abstinence education programs. In one Minnesota town, conservative parents demanded that the sex-ed curriculum be replaced and that its teacher be fired. Her crime? A student asked, in class, how

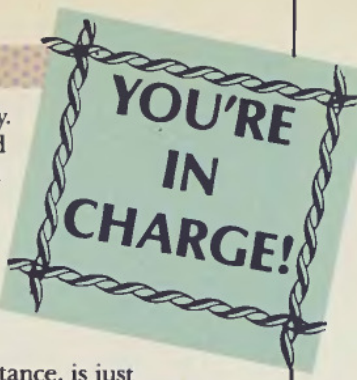


semen tasted. "Salty," she replied. And in El Cajon, California, parents rallied support for *Sex Respect* by charging that the existing curriculum encouraged homosexuality and masturbation by denying that the latter "practice has many hazards, such as stimulating sexual appetite." The current textbook, according to the parents, included such "unnecessary" information as "which part of a woman's anatomy is most sexually stimulating."

National groups have been quick to exploit such grass-roots tensions. Organizations such as Phyllis Schlafly's Eagle Forum publicize the curriculum through newsletters and radio shows and support local campaigns. Liberals have leaped into the fray, too. The American Civil Liberties Union is in a decade-long court battle to have federal support of chastity education programs declared unconstitutional on church–state grounds. And the Wisconsin A.C.L.U. is supporting the case of a mother who is trying to get *Sex Respect* removed from her son's school because of its sexist depiction of women.

Controversial or not, Mast insists her curriculum is working. "I've had students come back and tell me, 'I was out parking with a date, and it started going through my head: Do the right thing, wait for the ring.' To offer an adolescent a contraceptive," she says, "is not going to do anything for his or her health. It's like saying, rather than starve, have a candy bar—instead of teaching the four food groups."

Many sex-education experts, however, disagree with *Sex Respect*'s approach, charging it does more harm than good. "The idea that teenagers, especially young ones, be told that it's better not to engage in intercourse makes a great deal of sense," says Haffner. "But the problem is that *Sex Respect* contains many inaccuracies. It is based on a premise that young people should not make their own decisions, and it is extremely negative about sexuality. It goes beyond teaching them how to resist peer pressure and presents them with a single moral message."



Here, for instance, is just one of its questions: "List and explain six risks (physical, emotional and/or psychological) of premarital sex." The correct answers, according to Mast's curriculum: "Disease. Pregnancy. Infection. Sterility. Guilt. Doubt. Fear. Self-hatred. Disappointment. Being used. Slower personal growth. Bonding with the wrong person. Destruction of a relationship."

Sound absurd? The Department of Health and Human Services has devoted $350,000 over a two-year period to the development of a *Sex Respect* curriculum for older high school students called Facing Reality.

REAL MEN ON SEX

Sex and politics make strange bedfellows. Stranger still are the new morality campaigns and their self-proclaimed real-men spokespeople. These odd-couple pairings are backed by right-wing coalitions and personal foundations.

Chosen by ad hoc morality police as propaganda centerfolds, these newly minted sexperts are on a mission to blunt the slings and arrows of pubescent sexuality.

The Kansas City Coalition Against Pornography produced an ad featuring John Testrake, captain of a TWA flight hijacked by Iranian terrorists in 1985:

"What makes a real man? Strength of character. A real man keeps his word. And a real man is not a Peeping Tom. The mark of a real man is the choices he makes. That's why real men don't use porn."

Mark Bavaro, retired tight end for the New York Giants, appears in a pro-life video entitled *Champions for Life*. He compares the abortion issue to Super Bowl XXI:

"At the end of the game, all the Giants players left the field champions. Now with the abortion death squads allowed to run rampant through our country, I wonder how many future champions will be killed before they see the light of day."

Harold Reynolds, second baseman for the Seattle Mariners, put his imprimatur on this pamphlet:

"Sex is a very strong natural power that is very difficult to control. The lives of many powerful men and women have been destroyed because they had no control over their sexual desires. Even though it is a struggle for many of us, it is possible to control one's sexual appetite both inside and outside of the marriage. Developing the skills to do so must start as early as preteen [years] and can only be achieved with the practice of sexual abstinence."

Abstinence does not teach sexual control any more than sitting on the bench teaches fielding skills.

Take a cold shower, boys.

—TERRY WHITE

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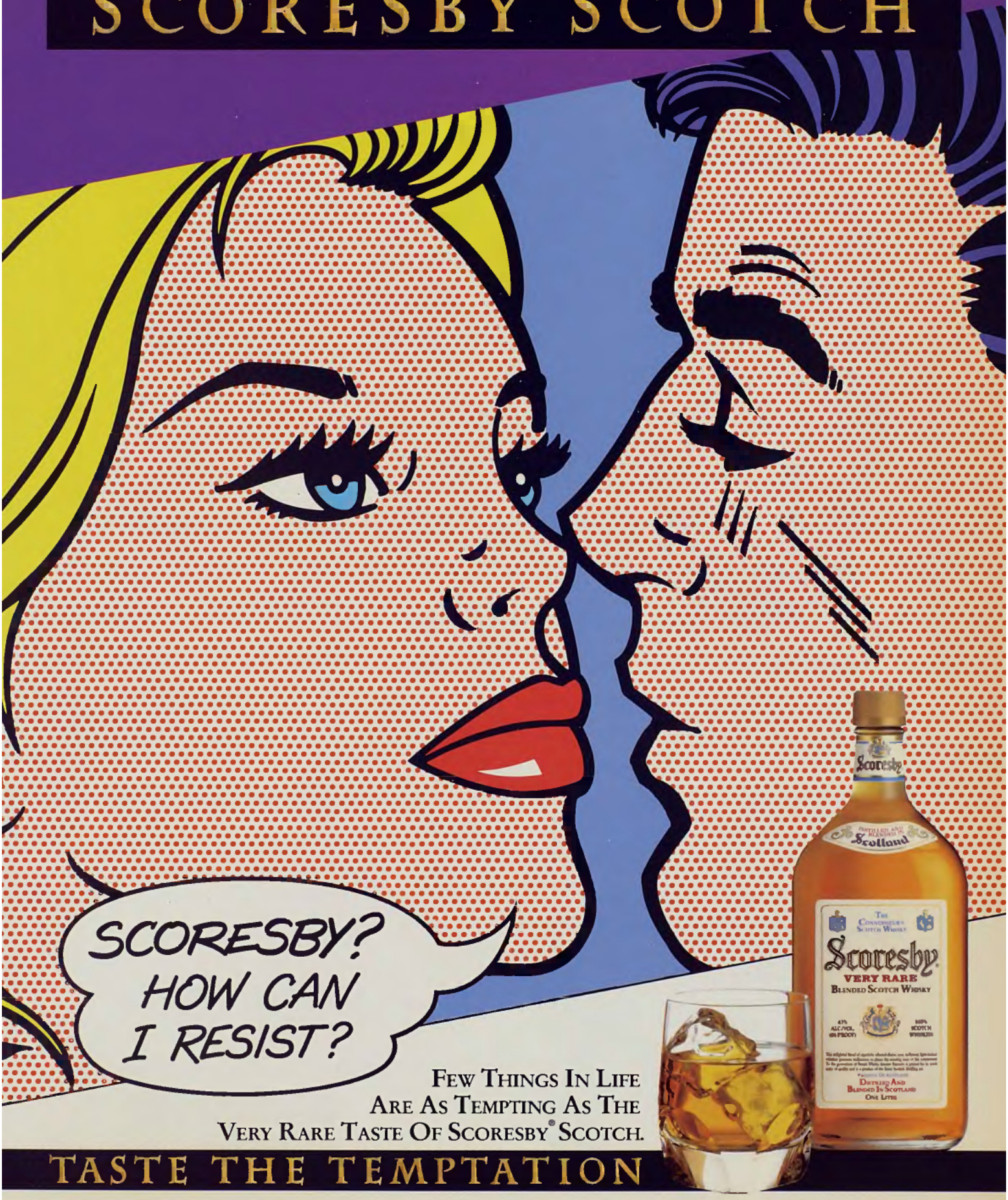

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THE DIFFERENCE IS NIGHT AND DAY

PSSST: GIVE STONE AN OSCAR

secrets and insidious covert missions have always riddled u.s. foreign policy. just for blasting away at our naïveté, the director of "jfk" deserves our vote

opinion **By ROBERT SCHEER**

Every year, because I'm a sucker for beautiful ladies in skimpy cocktail dresses, I go to the Academy Awards. And every year, it seems, I get into arguments defending Oliver Stone.

Not that he needs my help; his pictures usually win awards and he goes home in a studio limo while I spend half the night hunting for my Mercury Cougar. But I just can't resist the bait. When someone says that Stone is distorting history—or better yet, truth—something goes off inside me.

The argument really has nothing to do with Stone and his view of El Salvador, drugs, the Doors, Vietnam or Wall Street. It has to do with me scratching around as an investigative reporter dealing with lies in a country that for most of my life was blind-drunk on its official version of truth. I, too, had one of those conversations about the covert government similar to the one Kevin Costner has with Donald Sutherland in Stone's *JFK*.

It was a walk around Washington, D.C., in 1964 with then–Major General Edward Lansdale, the cowboy who at one point ran most of the CIA's covert operations. He was working out of the White House for L.B.J. under the cover of an operation called Food for Peace. He consented to see me because I had turned up with documents showing how ten years earlier he and the CIA had used an innocent-sounding Michigan State program of study in Vietnam as a front for training the secret police of Ngo Dinh Diem, the dictator we had installed as his country's president.

Lansdale, unlike the Sutherland character, was ever upbeat, his energies reinvigorated by the fact that the United States had moved from covert to overt action in Vietnam. My information on how the CIA installed Diem was irrelevant because that summer North Vietnam had attacked American naval ships in international waters off Vietnam. The infamous Tonkin Gulf resolution, passed nine months after Kennedy was killed, had permitted L.B.J. to commit 500,000 American troops to what had been transformed into an openly American war.

We didn't know until some 20 years later, again when the documents were finally forced out of the government, that the Gulf of Tonkin attack by North Vietnamese PT boats on American ships on August 4, 1964, was a fabrication. Captain John J. Herrick, the hapless commander of the destroyer Maddox, told me in 1985 that his crew had misidentified the signals of a newly installed sonar system bouncing off his ship's zigzagging rudder and said they were being attacked by enemy torpedoes. He figured out the mistake and alerted headquarters, but Johnson wouldn't wait for clarification and rushed instead to get on television before America went to bed to announce that American ships had been attacked. Details of that nefarious "attack" were broadcast widely by the American media and provided Lyndon Johnson with the pretext and Congressional resolution to escalate the Vietnam war.

At the time Kennedy was killed, there was a secret government centered in the intelligence agencies, expanding as rapidly as it could its ten-year-old covert action in Vietnam. The scope of the intrigue which enmeshed Kennedy in that war, and which Stone argues may have cost him his life, is still not fully known. When I was editing *Ramparts* magazine in the Sixties, we got as close as anyone to this story and we still proved to be naive about the scope of it, as later revealed in the Pentagon Papers and top-secret documents obtained under the Freedom of Information Act.

Hey, fellows, maybe we're all getting a bit establishment, but let's give Stone credit for poring over thousands of documents and other data leaked from the secret government while trying to make sense out of our old suspicions. Or is it best to leave history undisturbed?

Stone has been made the target of a smear campaign by those disagreeing not only with his movies but with his very right to make them. As long as his movies made money, by all that is logical in the world of capitalism, Stone seemed to be protected. But this time around he crossed some sacred line. In tones that hark back to the worst days of the Hollywood blacklist, Stone, who received a Purple Heart and a Bronze Star in Vietnam, had his patriotism questioned by the likes of George Will and Patrick Buchanan, who did not serve in this war they supported so fervently. Journalists who presumably believe in the public's right to know seem eager to once again bury the case along with Stone. One writer, Bernard Weinraub, in what was ostensibly a news story for *The New York Times*, even suggests that Time-Warner is at fault because it failed to "exercise its leverage and blunt the highly charged message of a film maker like Oliver Stone." This is an unabashed call for corporate censorship on the part of a company that purchased and for a decade suppressed public showing of important evidence in the case: the Zapruder film.

Even before the movie was released, *The Washington Post* went after Stone on its editorial page with all guns blazing on the basis of an unapproved script. *The New York Times* went further and attacked those millions who bought tickets despite the dictates of the paper's totally negative reviews and op-ed pieces. In a front-page news story that read like a hysterical editorial, a *Times* reporter said, "After hundreds of books, dozens of documentaries and thousands of pages of Congressional testimony . . . to the millions raised after Watergate whose verities have largely been cinematic, the idea that Lee Harvey Oswald could have acted alone seems too shocking to accept. Instead, many appear to have succumbed to Mr. Stone's Grand United Conspiracy Theory, a gaudy, frenetic fiction."

The idea here must be that young people who spend time at the movies instead of reading through Congressional testimony find it hard to accept the single-assassin theory and need to be protected from Stone. But as the endnote in *JFK* points out correctly, the two-year Congressional investigation of the incident concluded that there was a second gunman. If there was a second gunman and the Warren Commission rushed to conclude otherwise and most of its evidence has been ordered locked up until three decades into the next century, then it is fair game to suggest, which is all Stone's movie does, theories of the origins of the assassination team and subsequent cover-up.

Most of Stone's critics accept that the Warren Commission got it wrong but are furious with him for sympathetically

telling the story through the eyes of New Orleans District Attorney Jim Garrison. They find particularly offensive Garrison's case against Clay Shaw, a New Orleans homosexual businessman who is linked in the movie with the CIA and through acquaintances in the gay community with the assassination effort.

This is the "lurid" conspiracy to which *The New York Times* was referring when its editorial warned: "The children of the video age get their information more from images than from words. . . . They tend to believe uncritically what they see. They'll swallow *JFK* whole." The editorial called instead for "reading, critically. Otherwise, Hollywood becomes the culture's historian by default." Well, let the record show that I am a print man, and the weekend that editorial ran, I finished reading an article by Diana Shaw in the *Los Angeles Times Magazine* called "The Temptation of Tom Dooley." Anyone who knows that story—which I originally broke in *Ramparts*—would not find Stone's "homosexual–CIA" axis so lurid.

Tom Dooley, those who were around in the Fifties will likely recall, was a Navy doctor stationed in Haiphong whose reports of North Vietnamese torture of Catholic priests and their followers were instrumental in rousing the American public to support U.S. intervention in Vietnam. It would be no exaggeration to suggest that without Dooley's inflammatory tales, which were covered extensively in virtually every major media outlet in this country, Oliver Stone and hundreds of thousands of American boys would never have been sent to that country.

Kennedy, who as a Senator and later as President had given voice to Dooley's charges, was probably unaware that the charges were largely fabricated and that Dooley was a CIA operative. I had heard that but, lacking the relevant documents, couldn't prove it. Nor did I particularly care to give credence to the rumors that had continually circulated, in print by Hollywood columnist Hedda Hopper and elsewhere, that Dooley was a homosexual. I thought it was nobody's business. But it turns out that the CIA had made this fact very much a part of its business, as Shaw recounts in her article.

As the *Los Angeles Times* article indicated, documents obtained under the Freedom of Information Act reveal that Naval intelligence followed Dooley, taped his conversations in bars, shadowed him and his companions to hotel rooms and used this information to turn him into a helpless pawn of U.S. intelligence. By the time Dooley died in 1961, he had spent years running guns for the CIA to ostensibly neutral Laos. He was used to collect information and recruit agents for the CIA and, more important, to propagandize the American public on behalf of U.S. intervention.

So it is neither bizarre nor unprecedented for U.S. intelligence to blackmail homosexuals and involve them in a network of intrigue. Is this what happened to Clay Shaw, the man accused by Garrison in *JFK*? I bring this up now to challenge the easy arrogance of those who scoff at Stone's version of the truth, which, stripped of its speculative hyperbole, is simply that the Warren Commission covered up rather than investigated, and that the public now has a right to all of the relevant government documents in the case. The Dooley case only exemplifies how much of our real history in Vietnam, as elsewhere, was deliberately kept from public view.

Before I saw *JFK*, as my friends will condescendingly attest, I believed just as Kevin Costner did in *Bull Durham* when he tells Susan Sarandon, in a litany of his character traits, "I believe in the Warren Commission report that Lee Harvey Oswald acted alone." And like Costner in real life, I was forced to reexamine the evidence Stone accumulated—and had to conclude that the official version is bunk. If the movie has the same effect on other people and we all start questioning what we have been told, that ought to be worth a couple of Academy Awards.

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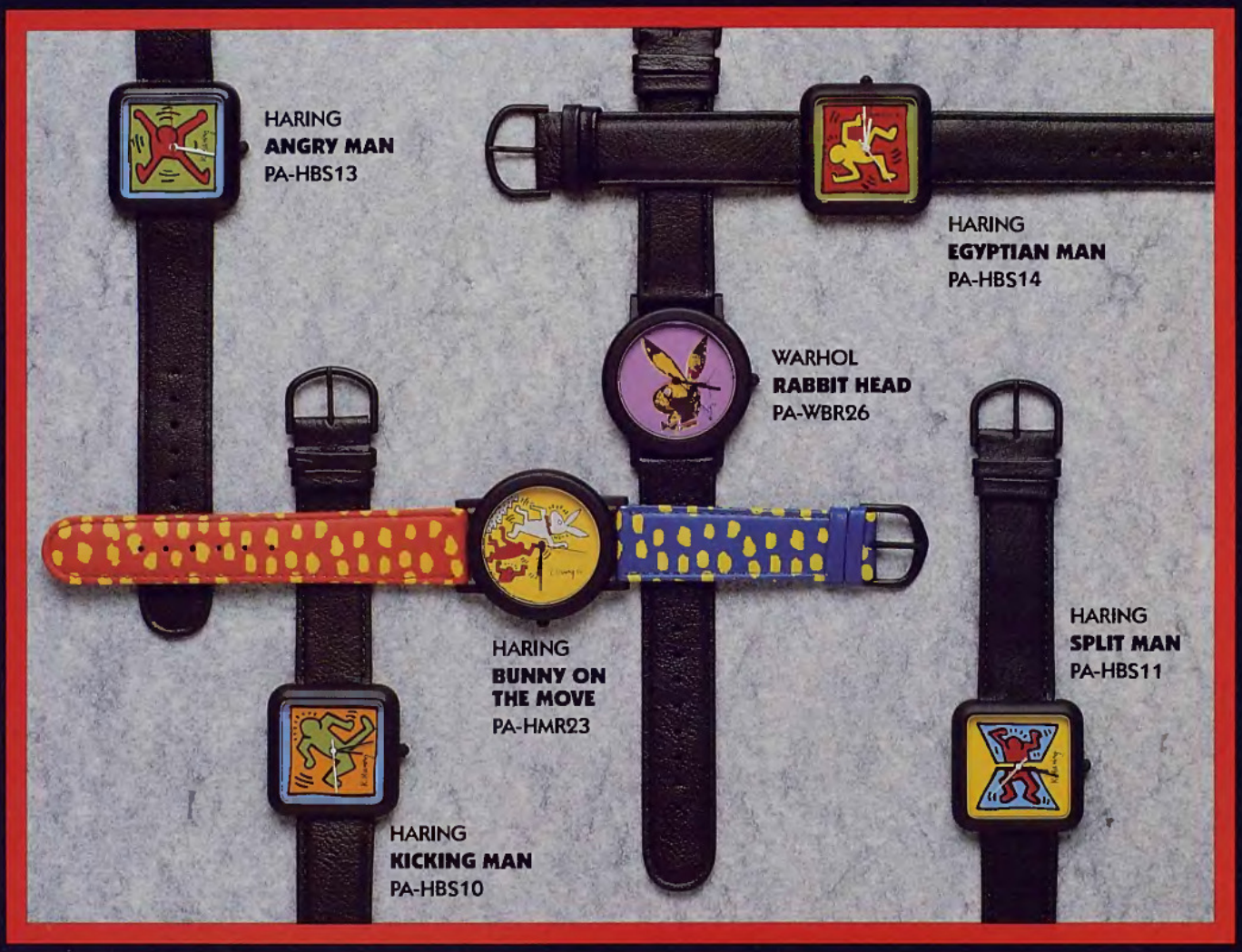

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: JONATHAN KOZOL

a candid conversation with the outspoken author and educator about the crisis in america's schools—and what we should do about it

In 1896, the Supreme Court ruled in the case of "Plessy vs. Ferguson" that separate but equal accommodations for blacks in railroad cars did not violate the "equal protection" clause of the 14th Amendment and, therefore, were constitutionally valid. While the majority opinion was ponderously written and strained the bounds of reason, the dissenting opinion, authored by Kentucky-born Justice John Marshall Harlan, was an exercise in simple eloquence: "In the eyes of the law, there is in this country no superior, dominant, ruling class of citizens. There is no caste here. Our Constitution is color-blind, and neither knows nor tolerates classes among citizens . . . the humblest is the peer of the most powerful."

In 1954, the Supreme Court ruled in "Brown vs. Board of Education of Topeka" that segregated schools were unconstitutional. The case was the first challenge to the concept of separate but equal since "Plessy," and the High Court ruled unanimously to reverse the historic 1896 decision.

Now, in 1992, nearly a century after Justice Harlan penned his prophetic dissent and 38 years since those words were transformed into law, segregation is still rampant in American classrooms, according to Jonathan Kozol, 55, teacher, author and self-appointed watchdog of the nation's education system. "What seems unmistakable," writes Kozol in his latest book, "Savage Inequalities: Children in America's Schools"—an indictment of disparities among our schools—"is that the nation, for all practice and intent, has turned its back upon the moral implications, if not yet the legal ramifications, of the Brown decision. . . . The dual society, at least in public education, seems in general to be unquestioned."

Sounding the alarm about education in America is nothing new to Kozol. He first reported on its inadequacies a quarter century ago in "Death at an Early Age," a controversial exposé about poverty and racism in Boston's public schools. With "Savage Inequalities," he has sharpened his knife. Noting that many of the country's schools have continued to deteriorate, Kozol ridicules the ineffectual agendas of the past two Administrations' slickly packaged education policies. He relegates President George Bush to the role of, at best, disinterested observer and, at worst, sanctimonious fraud.

While "Savage Inequalities" claimed a place on the best-seller lists almost immediately after it arrived in bookstores, the critical response to it—and the national debate it stirred—has been even more passionate. Publishers Weekly, *the authoritative voice of the book industry, was so taken with "Savage Inequalities" that it placed on its cover—usually reserved for advertising—an open letter to the President, demanding that he read the book. Kozol was then invited by a Presidential aide to discuss his views with the Administration. In a manner that betrays his appearance—his looks are bookish, his delivery is scholarly—Kozol continues to make his case in any available forum. He is steadily in demand for morning talk shows and news programs; his memorable run-in with Patrick Buchanan on CNN's "Crossfire" offered one of the few times that the pugnacious talk-show host and would-be President had been stopped in midvitriol by anyone, let alone by a mild-mannered, liberal intellectual like Kozol.*

What Kozol has to say about America's failure to educate its children goes beyond media hype or political opportunism. "Savage Inequalities"—a finalist for a National Book Critics Circle award—is equal parts painful and poignant, and Kozol has acknowledged that it was unsettling for him to write it. There were times, he says, that "I just had to stop writing and cry when I thought of all those children and their ruined lives."

Kozol, a Harvard graduate and Rhodes scholar, came to his current celebrity quite by chance. Born in 1936 in the well-to-do Boston suburb of Newton, he grew up privileged, attending an elite prep school before moving on to Harvard and Oxford. After

"In the South Bronx, a school was so poor that on rainy days there was a waterfall down the stairway. In New Jersey, there are computer classes but no computers. The kids use manual typewriters and pretend they're computers."

"My life's work has rested on the premise that no matter how grim the context—how many teenage mothers there are or how much drug use, violence or despair there is—a spectacular public school can make the difference."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BENNO FRIEDMAN

"Reagan was triumphant beyond his greatest dreams. He has surgically removed the soul of conscience out of our children and replaced it with crass self-interest. He has made millions of Americans as selfish as he and his wife."

college, he began his career as a would-be novelist in Paris during the days of the Beat Generation. Although he found the expatriate life enlightening, Kozol realized that he had no grand adventures to write about and eventually returned home to Boston, intending to study law. One day, he spotted a sign in Harvard Square asking for volunteers to teach in "freedom schools," the spare educational facilities that sprouted up during the civil rights movement of the early Sixties, and soon Kozol was teaching impoverished and illiterate black children in crammed classrooms in Roxbury, one of the poorest sections of Boston.

This firsthand teaching experience led Kozol to write "Death at an Early Age," his scathing assessment of Boston's public schools. Although the book was criticized by experts—specifically for its charges of racism against the white establishment—it went on to win a 1968 National Book Award and, for its author, a place in the media spotlight. Several more recent books include "Illiterate America" (1986), in which Kozol explored how the nation's poor "navigate society" as adults, and "Rachel and Her Children" (1988), a compilation of interviews Kozol conducted with New York's homeless.

While writing "Rachel," Kozol kept hearing horror stories about New York public schools from the children he interviewed. Prompted by these reports, he decided to reexamine the nation's schools; his objective was to compare the diverse education programs and facilities throughout the United States and then write a sequel to "Death at an Early Age." Traveling throughout the nation, Kozol visited both devastated inner-city schools and those in the more affluent suburbs. He discovered two separate education systems—distinctly similar, yet completely unequal. Both were funded by local community revenues and some federal and state aid, but the difference between the two was staggering: from the school in East St. Louis that literally became a cesspool to the carpeted, climate-controlled institution in Great Neck, New York.

Kozol also discovered profound depression among many black and Hispanic students forced to endure prisonlike facilities in the nation's poorer school districts. Because the parents of these students are badly educated and because few vote, Kozol reasons, they cannot make their political will known, thereby locking the children into a desperate state that will only get worse.

Kozol is unrelenting in his denunciation of the Reagan–Bush years. He says that the promises of a better education system made by both Presidents were exaggerated and empty. Their Administrations' policies, he charges, have only widened the gap between classes in this country, exacerbating a trend in which the rich get everything and the poor and middle class get what the rich think they deserve—or are willing to allow. Kozol is trying to provide relief to the victims of this condition. He has used proceeds from his books to establish the Education Action Fund, a nonprofit organization that offers emergency assistance to inner-city children and their families.

To find out more about Kozol and what has gone wrong with our public schools, Playboy *sent Contributing Editor* **Morgan Strong** *to Kozol's home in Massachusetts. Here is Strong's report:*

"Jonathan Kozol lives not far from the site of this country's second Revolutionary War engagement—Concord, Massachusetts—a setting that, in his case, is appropriate: Kozol is fighting for what he believes to be the salvation of a nation founded on the fundamental principles of fairness, justice, equality and a duty to do what is right for all its citizens. He is unmarried and has no children. He lives alone, off the main highway, in a Revolutionary-era house. It's a writer's house, cluttered with books, newspapers, magazines, reference manuals—all in a calculated disorder with which Kozol is obviously comfortable.

"Kozol is not insistent that a listener adopt his viewpoint; neither is he apologetic about his own. His arguments are often subdued and thoughtful, but fueled by the battle he has waged for the better part of his life. Despite the grim evidence in his writing, he is, nevertheless, optimistic. Little can shake his confidence that all will be put right in our public schools—and in the country, for that matter—as long as we appeal to the basic decency of Americans."

"I spent four years in Paris writing fiction—most of which ended up in the Seine."

PLAYBOY: Didn't your career as a teacher begin almost by chance?

KOZOL: I never intended to become a teacher. I had a privileged upbringing. My father is a neuropsychiatrist, my mother a social worker. I lived in an affluent suburb of Boston—Newton, Massachusetts—and went to an elite prep school. Then I went to Harvard and, after that, to Oxford as a Rhodes scholar.

PLAYBOY: Not the typical path for someone who'd wind up as an elementary schoolteacher in the ghetto.

KOZOL: No. I really wanted to be a writer, a novelist. I spent four years in Paris writing an awful lot of fiction—most of which ended up in the Seine. [*Laughs*]

But it was an exciting time in my life. I felt very lucky just to be there. I lived in a seventh-floor walk-up in a hotel with no name. Later, it became famous as the Beat Hotel. William Burroughs lived on the second floor and Allen Ginsberg on the third. When I moved in, I got [poet] Gregory Corso's room. And I quickly met a number of older writers who encouraged me. James Jones, in particular, was a wonderful friend to me. William Styron and his wife would come over to visit Jones, and I got to meet them. Then there were Henry Miller, Richard Wright and Lawrence Durrell. Just a wonderful experience.

PLAYBOY: But you didn't stay there.

KOZOL: I came back to Boston at the end of 1963. I had learned a great deal about how to write, but I realized I had never experienced anything worth writing about. I suppose I could have written a novel about a creative-writing class.

PLAYBOY: Did your return to Boston stimulate your interest in education?

KOZOL: No. I was ready to go into a conventional career. My father was quite concerned about me; he expected a Rhodes scholar to do very respectable things. I was twenty-six by then and he thought I should be at least the junior Senator from Massachusetts. Instead, I was a struggling writer living in Harvard Square.

PLAYBOY: Just drifting?

KOZOL: I had intended to go back to Harvard Law, get on track and become a member of Congress, go into banking, become a college president—whatever it is that Rhodes scholars do.

PLAYBOY: But instead?

KOZOL: Instead, some important things happened in the spring of 1964. The first was that three young men—freedom workers—disappeared in Mississippi. So I began to think about American politics.

PLAYBOY: Had you thought a lot about American politics before?

KOZOL: I hadn't really thought of myself as American then. You see, the prep school I went to was the kind where all the older people, the teachers, spoke as if they were very bitter. At Harvard, I lived in Eliot House, where virtually everyone was an Anglophile and pretended they were British. Our teachers never paid attention to American literature. We had what I call the Henry James disease: We all looked east to England. And then, of course, there was Oxford, where the people really were English. But then those three men disappeared and were found murdered.

PLAYBOY: Why did that hit home? What relevance did their deaths have to you?

KOZOL: One of them, Michael Schwerner, was much like me. He came from a regular Jewish family in New York. He probably thought it was the decent thing to do to go down to Mississippi and help people register to vote. He probably never dreamed he would give up his life. So there was a sign in Harvard Square asking for volunteers for freedom schools—not down South, but in Roxbury, which is the black section of Boston. Something crystallized in me. I don't know why, and I went there—got on a train to Roxbury and started

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teaching in a freedom school.

PLAYBOY: What was that like?

KOZOL: There was de facto segregation there. It didn't matter, especially to the kids, whether it was by law or neighborhood. That trip across town was the longest trip I've ever taken. It changed my life. Just a twenty-minute train ride. I've never returned in any real sense.

PLAYBOY: What did you do there?

KOZOL: I taught black fifth graders who had learned nothing in school. They were virtually illiterate. It was extraordinary. I was a sub; Harvard doesn't have teaching-method courses, and I couldn't be certified as a teacher. I was supposed to teach an hour and a half a day, three days a week. But the kids started bringing in their older brothers and sisters, and they asked that I expand the class to all day, five days a week. And I did.

PLAYBOY: It sounds like you made quite an impression.

KOZOL: I taught thirty-five kids. We didn't have a classroom, so we shared an auditorium with a bunch of other classes. My students had had twelve substitute teachers before me. I was their only permanent teacher. Their skills had been completely destroyed by the school system. There were old, unusable texts and no money for supplies. It was just a holding pen.

PLAYBOY: But you were eventually fired from that job. Why?

KOZOL: Because I read the class a poem. Really. At least, that was the reason given: teaching from unauthorized texts. Curriculum deviation. That was how it was reported in *The Boston Globe*.

PLAYBOY: What actually happened?

KOZOL: I had brought two books into class: a volume of Robert Frost and another by Langston Hughes. I read one poem from each book and, as a consequence, I was fired.

There was a little black girl in the class who never smiled or responded. She just hated me—hated my white skin. And when I read the Langston Hughes poem to the class—"What happens to a dream deferred?/Does it dry up like a raisin in the sun?"—she started to cry.

Until that point, the children had given very little to a white man; they were so embittered. There was one tiny boy—eight years old, couldn't read or write, but he could draw very well. The art teacher in the school disliked his work and would rip it up in front of him. Once, the boy stabbed his pencil into the teacher's hand because of that. He's now in prison for twenty years—he murdered a man about five years ago. I'm trying to think of the line by W. H. Auden—something like: "I and the public know/What all schoolchildren learn,/Those to whom evil is done/Do evil in return."

PLAYBOY: Were there other reasons for your dismissal besides the poems?

KOZOL: Dr. [Martin Luther] King had come to Boston and I was asked to act as one of his bodyguards. [*Laughs*] I was just a skinny kid, so they asked me more as a gesture of friendliness. I was flattered, of course. They gave me a little civil rights pin to wear—just an equals sign, white on black, very small.

Well, I wore it to class. I had only one jacket, which I wore every day, and I forgot I still had the pin on it. My principal saw the pin and ordered me to take it off. She said, "It's a nice sentiment, but don't wear it here." We were standing in front of the class and I just couldn't do it. I felt that if I did, the students would never trust me again. So I refused. And remember that little girl, the one who never smiled? She came running up to me after the principal left and kissed me. I've never forgotten that.

PLAYBOY: So you were out of a job.

KOZOL: Yes. But strangely, about ten days later, I was hired by the federal government and helped design the curriculum for Upward Bound [a college-preparatory program]. And soon after that, I was hired to teach in one of the wealthiest suburbs of Boston.

PLAYBOY: Then came your first book, *Death at an Early Age*, in which you claimed racism was at the root of the inequities in our country's school system. What was the response to that?

KOZOL: It was severely criticized at first. Some of the respected folks at the Harvard School of Education said that I was overstating the racism issue. But to my surprise, the book won a National Book Award six months later. And that changed my life more. From then on, I've been engaged in the political aspects of education.

PLAYBOY: What was it like teaching in a wealthy suburb?

KOZOL: It was my first experience with the dual society. I had twenty students in a beautiful school, with a real classroom of my own and a principal who loved good poetry. The difference between the education of the rich and the poor children was enormous. I taught there for three years and went back to Roxbury. Some of the parents and I formed a new freedom school. A full-time freedom school of our own. A *real* school.

PLAYBOY: Is that when you really began to concentrate on the duality of education in America?

KOZOL: By the early Seventies, I was writing a much longer book about wealthy children. I was concerned about the degree to which these children are anesthetized to what's going on among poor people. They grow up with a sense of ethical exemption. Even the best of them—who read good books and are worried about injustices, inequality and segregation—are convinced by their education that they are powerless to change it.

By the time the book came out, the nation had swung far to the right, and it was universally damned. It went out of print almost immediately. I consider it by far my best book. It was called *The Night Is Dark and I'm Far from Home*.

PLAYBOY: Robert Frost again?

KOZOL: Yes. The book was about how decent middle-class kids lose their sense of ethical determination—lose a sense of justice, really—and how public schools anesthetize kids against the dictates of their conscience. I admit that it was written with too much passion; they said the book was too angry. It would have been better if I had been dispassionate. But, to my great pleasure, the book developed a kind of underground following. About ten years later, it was reprinted by a religious publisher. Then it became required reading at a couple dozen colleges. It's now in its fifteenth printing.

PLAYBOY: Do you continue to teach?

KOZOL: No. During the Seventies, I began to grow more interested in the problems of the poor as they grow older. I studied the health, education and adult lives of migrant workers. I worked with Cesar Chavez and the United Farm Workers. We went through some rough times in Arizona, where a top education administrator was said to follow the line of the John Birch Society and the state troopers resembled fascists. They were pretty tough bastards.

PLAYBOY: You met them?

KOZOL: Oh, yeah! I thought they were going to kill me one night. They stopped me on a lonely road, four troopers in two cars and a police helicopter. They threw me around and took my address book with all the names and addresses of the nuns and priests I had been working with. But then a reporter from *The Arizona Daily Star* drove up and she convinced them to leave me alone.

I had a lot of tough experiences like that, and by the mid-Seventies, I was very discouraged. I felt the nation was swinging too far to the right and that the dreams I believed in would never be fulfilled. I was also afraid that my books were going out of print; I didn't think I could make a living as a writer any longer.

PLAYBOY: But you didn't quit.

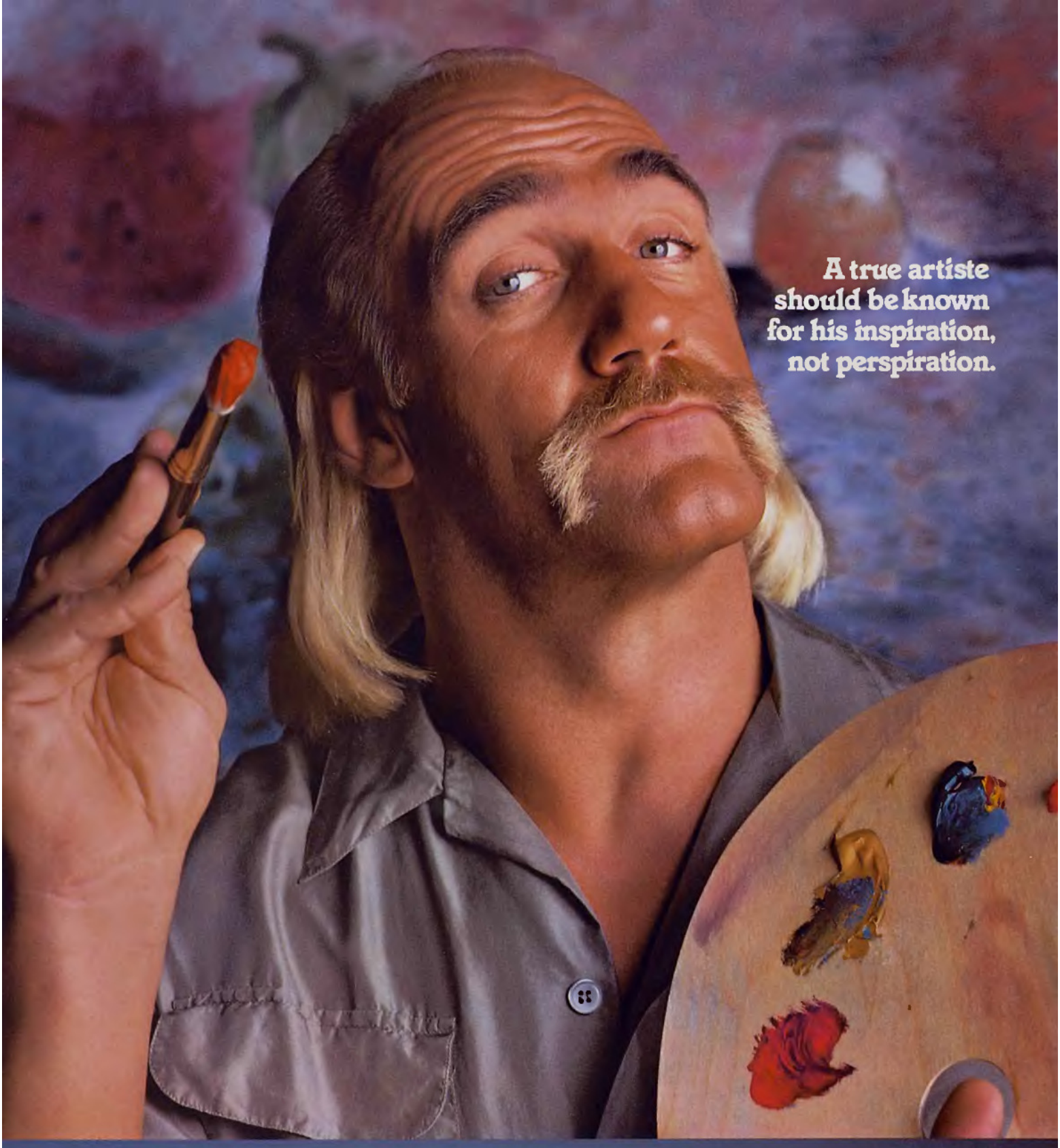
KOZOL: No, but by 1980, I came close. I was offered a job as a professor of religion at Exeter; I was also offered a professorship at the University of Massachusetts. But I didn't want either.

PLAYBOY: Why not?

KOZOL: I didn't want to spend the rest of my life telling rich kids about poor kids. Or, like many ex-activists do, spend the rest of my life in tweeds with a pipe, telling tales over sherry of what it was like to have been brave when I was young—playing old, scratchy Pete Seeger records, a few posters on the wall to remember the Sixties.

PLAYBOY: And your writing?

KOZOL: My literary agent discouraged me greatly. He told me he didn't think anyone in America wanted to read a



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liberal author anymore. I found another agent, a terrific woman who said I could write what I wanted—disregard the advice I'd been given and get on with it.

PLAYBOY: So what did you do next?

KOZOL: I wanted to write a book about what happens to the poor when they leave school. They don't have the skills to navigate society: They can't earn a living or hold a decent job, they can't understand the forms they get—the welfare applications, the tax forms, the mortgage forms—and some of them can't read a telephone directory or a newspaper. It's a terrible existence and a lot of them are driven to crime or prostitution. I spent three years on that book. It was called *Illiterate America*. To my astonishment, it became a modest best seller in the midst of the Reagan age.

PLAYBOY: Doesn't that show that the people of this country are concerned with the problem of illiteracy?

KOZOL: This country could end illiteracy overnight if it wanted to. We have the means to do it, we just don't do it. We spend more money to keep a military force in Norway than we do on illiteracy.

PLAYBOY: Throughout all of this, what was going on in your personal life?

KOZOL: I was going to be married; I had been living with a woman for about five years. I came back from my lectures on *Illiterate America* and hoped to have a normal Christmas. But then I picked up *The New York Times* and read a story about a little boy, an infant, who had died while he was homeless. I got into my car, drove to Logan Airport and flew to New York. I found the mother of that little boy, then found the shelter where she had lived during her pregnancy: the Martinique Hotel. I spent a year visiting her every day.

PLAYBOY: What about your girlfriend?

KOZOL: I was seldom home. By the time I had finished the book and come home, she had given up and moved away.

PLAYBOY: And the book?

KOZOL: The book was called *Rachel and Her Children*, published in 1988. I'd met several homeless families who opened up to me—not during the day, because that's when they have the toughest time surviving in that atmosphere, but late at night. They would come to me after midnight and tell me their stories. They told me about their hopes and dreams for their children and about all the things they had longed to do when they were children. That's when they would begin to cry.

PLAYBOY: Didn't this book also cause some controversy?

KOZOL: A few months after it was published, Mayor Koch shut down the Martinique. I'm not sure it was simply because of the book, but simultaneous coverage of the hotel in *The New Yorker* probably placed considerable pressure on the city of New York. The larger families who had lived there were given housing in the Bronx. Now the press never talks about the homeless anymore except for four weeks between Thanksgiving and Christmas. It makes us feel pretty pious when we go to pray.

PLAYBOY: This experience led to your 1991 book, *Savage Inequalities*.

KOZOL: Some of the kids I met at the Martinique would call me from their new homes and tell me about what was going on in their schools. Just one horror story after another. And I decided that it was time to take another look at the public schools. I had wanted to do a sequel to *Death at an Early Age* and that's what this new book is.

PLAYBOY: You took another look at the system?

KOZOL: Yes. I started to visit schools in the Bronx and became so angry when I saw the things the kids were going through. Then I visited schools in Chicago, East St. Louis, San Antonio, Cincinnati, Washington, D.C., Paterson and Camden, New Jersey, Lawrence, Massachusetts, and some schools around Boston. In all these schools, there are mostly minority children.

PLAYBOY: *Savage Inequalities*, which made the best-seller lists, has debunked a few myths and presumably upset the "education President." *Publishers Weekly*, the trade magazine, devoted its cover to an open letter to President Bush imploring him to read your book. It seems you have opened a wound.

KOZOL: I'm astonished that this book has reached such a large audience. It's going to sell more copies than anything I've ever written—even more than *Death at an Early Age*. Many readers of the book might have been happier if I'd just said that the situation was sad. They could have read it and said, "Well, I wept when I read Jonathan's book, so I guess I'm a good guy because I have compassion." But this book doesn't ask for compassion. It asks for anger and action. And that intimidates people. Most people tell me that after they've read the first chapter on East St. Louis, they take a walk and forget about it for a while. But I wanted to write a book that will keep rich people from sleeping easily until they act upon what I've written.

PLAYBOY: What in the public school system so enraged you?

KOZOL: I was stunned by the incredible discrepancies between the urban and suburban schools—just astonished. I knew that there were some inequalities in America and probably still some degree of segregation, but I had no idea how much these things had intensified.

PLAYBOY: You mean, decades after busing—and having spent millions of dollars to improve the system—it's worse?

KOZOL: By and large, the schools are probably more separate and less equal than they were when I began teaching twenty-five years ago. It's sad to see all that work done for nothing, to see so

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little change after all these years.

PLAYBOY: Why does that surprise you?

KOZOL: I didn't think it would be this bad. Like most Americans, I believed in the myth of progress: If you don't hear anything about it for ten years, it must have gotten better. But the schools are more crowded, the black children are more segregated, their health is worse, their nutrition is worse, their teachers' pay is comparatively worse. The schools are more like garrisons or outposts or prisons than places of education.

PLAYBOY: How can you explain this?

KOZOL: Schools are funded by a property tax in the United States, a local property tax, and the inner-city schools and poor districts simply don't have money. The federal government used to contribute ten percent to local school expenses but, under President Reagan, that was cut nearly in half. Now it's six percent. States contribute something, and in some states, it's up to fifty percent. The intention of state aid is to equalize school funding between rich and poor districts to make up the disparities in local school wealth. In most cases, though, the aid is insufficient to create any kind of real equality. And in some states, the assistance—for no understandable reason—goes in greater abundance to the rich districts than to the poor. It simply widens the gulf.

PLAYBOY: Can you give an example?

KOZOL: New York City spends just over seven thousand dollars per pupil. Great Neck, on Long Island, spends more than fifteen thousand dollars. In a just society, these numbers would be reversed. The needs are infinitely greater in the Bronx than in Great Neck. Kids in Great Neck already have computers at home.

PLAYBOY: There are charges that the national public school system is corrupt and mismanaged. Is the money actually spent on educating students less than what could be realized?

KOZOL: It's always easier to blame the victim than to blame ourselves. I mean, people tell me nowadays that New York City schools are wasteful, bureaucratic and corrupt. The fact is, even if New York City had the most efficient, honest administration in the world, it would still be, at best, a tenth-rate system—just more efficient.

But ethics, not appearance, is the issue. The children are indoctrinated to believe that they live in a truly just society. They believe there is equal opportunity, that the best really *can* prevail. But every so often, they notice contradictions. They notice that many members of the Senate are millionaires. That gives them pause. They reflect, perhaps, that Dan Quayle did not become a Senator or Vice President exclusively on merit.

PLAYBOY: But aren't success and financial reward implicit in our society?

KOZOL: Yes, but the deck is stacked against almost all children in America who are not privileged. How about that amazing coincidence that two generations of George Bush's family were admitted to Phillips Academy and three generations went to Yale? Somehow, they don't identify with the poorest children, the blacks and Hispanics, because they don't see them. They never know them. They live in a separate universe.

PLAYBOY: So there is some distant awareness but no real concern.

KOZOL: Right. There are some wonderful teachers in high schools who assign students books on these issues. But what's interesting is that, while the students develop some cognitive knowledge of these things, it doesn't touch their hearts. It doesn't touch their sense of entitlement to a privileged existence. They seem reluctant to believe that what they get is gotten at the cost of someone else. They want to believe they are winners in a fair game. They don't want to believe the game is rigged.

Sometimes students will say to me, "Obviously it's not fair. If I lived in the Bronx, I wouldn't be going to Amherst. I don't study very hard and I'm still going to Amherst. How could that be?" But it's only the rare suburban student who stays up nights worrying about this.

I was in a high school in Rye, New York, and we were discussing whether or not it would be fair for the parents of those students to pay higher taxes for the benefit of inner-city students. And one young woman said, "I don't see why we should do that. How would that benefit *us*?" Another student once told me this situation troubles him, but added, "It's easy for me to be liberal now because I don't have to pay the mortgage." There is a sense of fatalism there—to go the way of his parents once he's a little older by shelving his ethics for a more pragmatic view.

PLAYBOY: Is this an inevitable situation?

KOZOL: No, I don't think so. There have been times in American history when privileged children were profoundly subject to pangs of conscience and willing to take action. After all, many decent Americans—some of them children of the richest people in our country—went to the South to change the laws of the land in the early Sixties. And thousands of decent kids took a role in changing history. But nowadays they are anesthetized. They are either unwilling to take any action or they're persuaded that it won't make any difference.

PLAYBOY: Are we talking about the Me Generation?

KOZOL: In this sense, they are the true children of the Reagan era. That young woman who asked why her parents should be taxed to pay for poor kids—how it would benefit *her*—is the perfect product of the Reagan–Bush years. When I hear her voice, I say to myself, President Reagan was triumphant beyond his greatest dreams. He has surgically removed the soul of conscience out of our children and replaced it with the most crass and unhesitating self-interest. Ronald Reagan was a genius. He has made millions of Americans as selfish as he and his wife.

PLAYBOY: President Bush has frequently implied that the inefficiency of the system is the primary cause of our problems. Can't that be true?

KOZOL: Even if the school systems were administered by one of the C.E.O.s that George Bush admires, they would still be separate and unequal school systems. There is also corruption and mismanagement in the suburban school systems. That doesn't come to our attention because they have so much more money to start with. We never focus on the inefficiency of the rich districts, only on the school districts that have blacks and Hispanics as dependents.

PLAYBOY: Much attention has been paid to discipline as a possible remedy for this problem. Joe Clark, the black Paterson, New Jersey, principal on whom the film *Lean On Me* was based, is an example.

KOZOL: A dreadful educator. Black parents in Paterson have said to me flatly that [former Secretary of Education and drug czar] William Bennett anointed Joe Clark as an ideal hero for white America. Knock the black kids into line! Shout at them with a bullhorn! Walk through the corridors with a baseball bat in your hand! And if they can't learn or if they cause you trouble, kick them out! Well, I'm told that three quarters of the kids Clark expelled are now in jail. He was an ideal prison warden if you want to turn schools into prisons. And he was praised by the White House. He has now moved on from education to giving lectures. I hear he gets high fees.

PLAYBOY: Getting back to your visits to schools around the country, what else did you find?

KOZOL: I visited an elementary school in the Bronx that doesn't even have a school building; it's in an indoor skating rink—low ceilings, no windows, five classes in an undivided room. They pack thirteen hundred black kids and eight hundred Hispanic kids into a building that can hold eight hundred at most.

In Chicago, I learned that, on an average day, one quarter of the teachers are substitutes. Even substitutes are in short supply. On a typical Monday or Friday morning in the spring, nearly 18,000 children come to class and find no teacher, not even a substitute. And because of financial cuts in Chicago, even these schools are drowning. Ninety percent of the supplies budget was cut. They are now rationing pencils, paper, even toilet paper. The kids have to bring toilet paper from home.

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and the other by Monsanto. One student said to me, "This is a big country. Why do they have to bring all their poison here?"

PLAYBOY: The East St. Louis story isn't a fair example. It's well known that the city is overwhelmed by corruption and mismanagement.

KOZOL: But the children have to live and go to school there. You can't blame the victims. Yes, the city is so poor that there hasn't been a garbage pickup in some parts in four years—it just lies piled up in the streets. But what about the chemical companies' responsibility? There is so much phosphorus in the soil that when kids ride their bikes across dry creek beds, there is spontaneous combustion. The sewage system explodes periodically.

There's a school there named Martin Luther King Junior High School. A student from a neighboring school—a seventh-grade girl—said to me, "We have a school full of sewer water and the doors are locked with chains. Every child in the school is black. It's like a terrible joke on history." A seventh grader said that. In Great Neck, that child would share a class with seventeen others. Her teacher would get sixty thousand dollars a year, there would be carpeting on the floor, two hundred computers in the library, sixty thousand volumes of books available and one guidance counselor for every two hundred kids, as opposed to a ratio of one to one thousand in New York City.

I asked the chemistry teacher there what he most needed and he said chemicals. Here is a city drowning in chemical waste and he had no chemicals and no water! [*Laughs*] In the South Bronx, at Morris High School, the school was so poor that on rainy days there was literally a waterfall down the stairway, simply because they couldn't fix the roof. In Camden, New Jersey, there are computer classes but no computers. The kids use old manual typewriters and *pretend* they're computers.

PLAYBOY: But hasn't education been this Administration's priority? Hasn't money been provided?

KOZOL: More money is put into prison construction than into schools. That, in itself, is the description of a nation bent on suicide. I mean, what's more precious to us than our own children? We're going to build a lot more prisons if we don't deal with the schools and their inequalities. Right now, President Bush thinks he can contain all this by punitive measures. That's basically the Bill Bennett agenda: Build more prisons, get tough; more stick, less carrot. We have more people in prisons in proportion to our population than any other country in the world. We're not going to be able to build enough prisons to contain all these ruined human beings.

PLAYBOY: So our school system is helping to create our prison population.

KOZOL: What we're seeing is the end of the Jeffersonian dream. We're seeing the end of any pretense at all of providing equal opportunity to rich children and poor children in this country. At present, a tiny percent of the population controls about half the wealth. That is an extraordinary development in a democracy. The children of the poor have only one chance in a thousand of ever rising beyond their class. Their destinies have been determined before they enter school. There could not be a darker scenario for the United States. The affluent people believe they're secure and that the inner-city kids won't cause them any trouble. They feel sure that they will continue to kill one another off in gang wars, or die through disease, like AIDS, or through drug addiction. But that's not going to be true forever. At some point, these unjustly decimated kids are going to turn their anger outward. They're not naive. The kids at Morris High School told me, "People think we don't know what we're missing, but we have eyes and we can see, and we have hearts and we can feel."

PLAYBOY: What else contributes to our current social inequality?

KOZOL: The way our health-care system is run, the degrading conditions of housing for poor children—the poor have no place in America anymore. Since President Reagan was in office—and, more vividly, since President Bush came to office—government policy has increasingly ceased to address questions of equality. The buzzword now is excellence. Excellence has become a code word for "retreat from the dreams of equality and of an end to segregation." People drone on with interminable speeches about the need to get tough with kids—more examinations, more discipline in the schools. They don't even breathe a whisper about segregation or race or equality.

PLAYBOY: Some schools, which are presumably supported by members of the black community, choose to teach to black male children only. Doesn't this indicate that there is some desire within the community to remain segregated?

KOZOL: The Reagan and Bush Administrations have been very successful in creating a farm team of conservative blacks who will say the things that right-wing white people used to say. There are entire battalions of young black intellectuals who have been nurtured by the Reagan and Bush Administrations—and by their friends in the right wing—to sustain the present inequities in this country. They have found a handful of blacks who will say they don't want desegregation. But if you talk to ordinary black families, you will find that exactly the reverse is true. When you give black families the chance to send their children to top-notch white suburban schools, there

are massive waiting lists.

PLAYBOY: And the Administration is doing nothing about this?

KOZOL: Last spring, President Bush issued his educational blueprint for the year 2000 and there was not a word in it about racial segregation or equality in schooling. The President went so far as to say that money is not important. His exact words were, "Dollar bills don't educate students." That is a very consoling sentiment for a man whose parents sent him to Phillips Academy. I'm sure it gives him a better delusion of having achieved what he achieved on his own merit. In fact, Phillips Academy invests more than twenty thousand dollars a year in a kid like George Bush—which is five times what we spend on the poor black kids of Camden, the South Bronx. If money doesn't make the difference, why did George Bush's parents waste all that money? They must be crazy!

PLAYBOY: Is George Bush deliberately insensitive?

KOZOL: For all the criticism Lyndon Baines Johnson received for Vietnam, in domestic affairs he was a great President. He tried, decently and out of a sense of conscience, to create a level playing field for poor children—not just black children but poor children. He created Head Start and Upward Bound. He created crucial assistance programs for poor children in this country. Those programs have been decimated by Bush and Reagan. Now there's no longer even a pretense, not even a blink. If you're born in Camden, New Jersey, you're a four-thousand-dollar baby; in Princeton, New Jersey, you're an eight-thousand-dollar baby; in Great Neck, you're a fifteen-thousand-dollar baby; and if you're in George Bush's class, you're a twenty-thousand-dollar baby.

PLAYBOY: A recent study claims that the allocation of monies for the poor is deliberately low. Do you believe that it's premeditated?

KOZOL: No, I don't buy into the conspiracy theory. I've always believed that our society is tightly stratified and that a thousand mechanisms perpetuate these stratifications. The public schools, after ten years of the Reagan–Bush Administrations, now serve this function more overtly than they ever did before. But I refuse to believe that it is consciously intended. Look at one of the two top high schools in New York City: Stuyvesant High School. There are twenty-six hundred and forty-two children; only one hundred and twenty-three of them are black. Now, that's an excellent example of conspiracy of effect but certainly not a conspiracy of intent. If you understand that the students were admitted solely on merit, then examine the backgrounds of the white students, you'll find that they were provided advantages that black children are not. Poor children don't have preschool education. There

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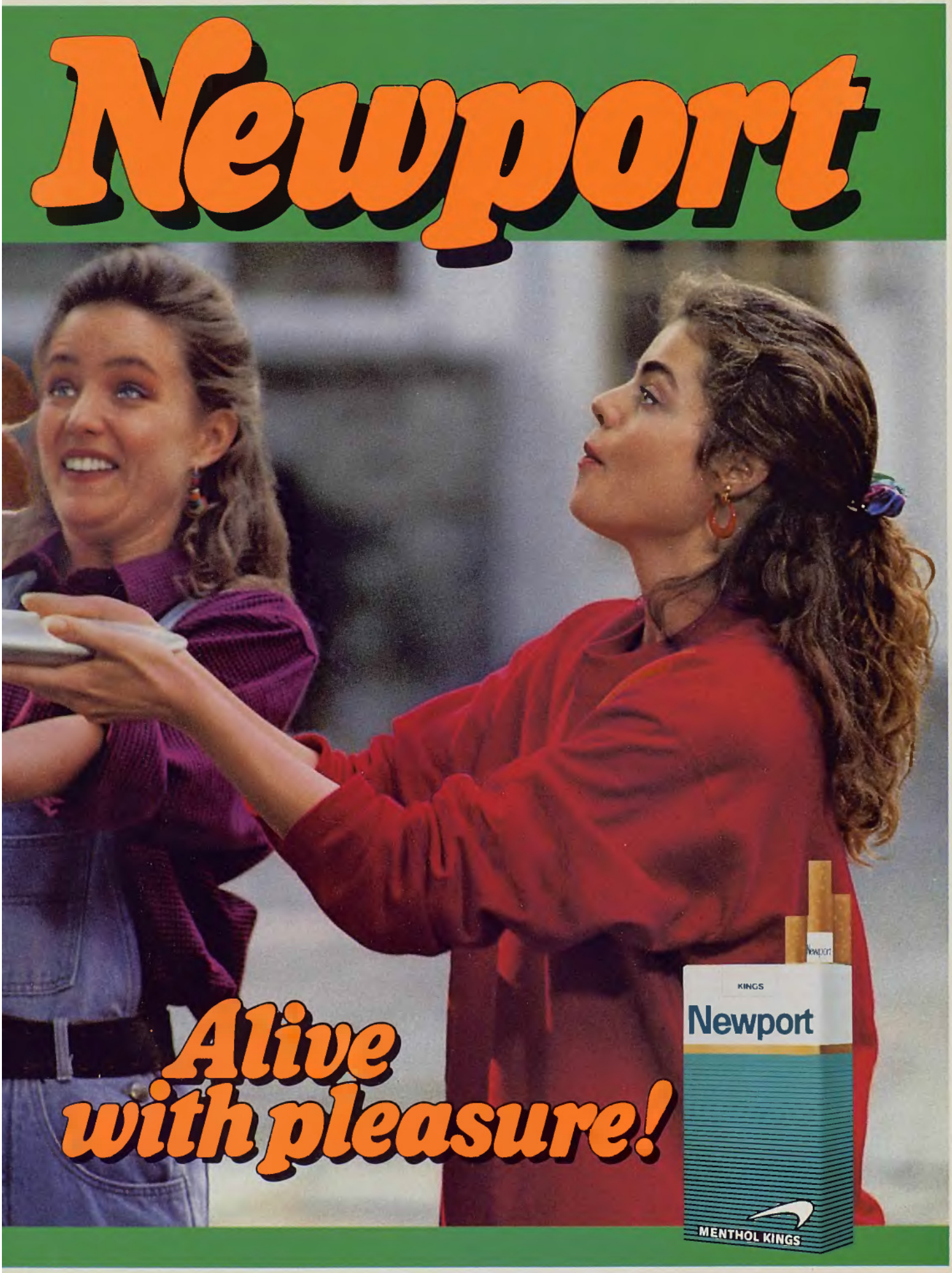
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is discrepancy among their elementary schools; there are culturally loaded tests. All of these contribute to deny opportunity to poorer children. And, in addition, the parents of the poor, who are victims of the same system, offer no support. I would never reduce it to a simple conspiracy.

PLAYBOY: That still seems vague. If there is no conscious conspiracy, how do you explain the politically directed allocation of resources that you have already pointed out?

KOZOL: The reason the state legislatures always try to obstruct, delay or countermand court orders to equalize school funds is that most legislators, and certainly the most powerful ones, are accountable to relatively privileged people, so they are directly serving their interests. If the poorest children receive the same resources as the privileged, there would be less room at top-rated colleges for the privileged. The privileged would have to compete against many more children who would give them a run for their money.

PLAYBOY: So you say there's a deliberate attempt to limit access for the poor?

KOZOL: Well, it's not malevolent. The affluent suburbs do not wish the children of the poor ill. They simply want the most for their own children. But to the children in the South Bronx, it's all the same. The reason why they come up shortchanged doesn't matter to them.

PLAYBOY: But you portray the poor as ennobled and the privileged as unprincipled scoundrels.

KOZOL: The thing is, I don't believe that any rich person wishes poor children harm. Rich people would never put their kids out on the little-league field and say, "We're going to rig the game for our children; our kids will wear baseball mitts, the poor kids will play with bare hands." We would never say that. We would find that obnoxious. We wouldn't rig a baseball game the way we rig schooling in America. Yet we do permit that rigging in our public schools. And while I don't think that it's deliberate or conspiratorial, it amounts to a conspiracy of effect.

So it's a systemic conspiracy. The economics intervene without it being necessary to intervene invidiously. That makes a mockery out of what democracy is all about. Admittedly, rich people have a right to buy extras for their children and they have the right to enjoy their wealth. But we don't have the right to do that to our public school system. If rich people want to opt out of democracy, then they'd better spend the money to send their kids to prep school. The public school system is the last possible arena for democracy. It's the last place where we promised to give kids an equal shot. Not to do that is an injustice, an evil.

PLAYBOY: Several lawsuits are currently being introduced to redress the problem of inequitable funding. How do you feel about that?

KOZOL: There's a school-equity suit pending in New York State, as well as suits in about twenty other states. If this issue is ever forced in the courts, it would be interesting to see how the rich suburbs respond. It would give us an answer to the question that lies at the heart of all my writing: "Does this nation really believe in fair play?" Perhaps the answer is obvious. I'm not sure.

PLAYBOY: Is it ultimately the political indifference of the poor that creates inequity?

KOZOL: The parents of the poor have little opportunity to make their political will known. Many don't vote. And those who do vote, vote poorly because they're badly educated. They are products of the same system.

PLAYBOY: A circle of ignorance?

KOZOL: Yes. The White House has proposed this America 2000 plan. The purpose of this plan is to create, around the country, a model network of successful schools in order to find out "what works." The proposition is, of course, that once we find out what works, we'll act upon it. Well, I understand that the current Secretary of Education, Lamar Alexander, has high Presidential ambitions, and if he is trying to position himself for a candidacy around the year 2000, he will have to face the consequences of the failure of this program. George Bush will not; he has wisely chosen to be out of power when the failures of the plan are realized.

PLAYBOY: So you have great doubts about America 2000.

KOZOL: I would emphasize this to those in the White House who would listen: We already know a lot of things that work which we refuse to act upon. Head Start works—it makes a spectacular difference. The President knows this, the Secretary of Education has conceded this. But they still refuse to provide it to many of the children who need it. They are unwilling to pay for it. The main function of research in social policy in the United States is a mechanism for eternal postponement of action. Very seldom does it create a mandate to act on anything. The President's statement that we don't have enough money to fund Head Start is preposterous—and as implausible as his statements on other matters. It's as implausible as his having said that Clarence Thomas was the most qualified candidate for the Supreme Court and that the nomination had nothing to do with race. You know, the President is the prime practitioner of affirmative action: One black man out, one in—Marshall out, Thomas in.

PLAYBOY: How do you manage to keep a positive outlook about all this?

KOZOL: Look, in the context of almost universal misery, we have two choices: We throw our hands up because we don't know how to deal with it, or we can jump in and carve out one area where we know the answer and have the means to make a difference. If I didn't believe the schools alone could be a transformative course, even with all the obstacles on every side, I wouldn't be a teacher and I wouldn't write about education. My life's work has rested on the premise that no matter how grim the context—no matter how many teenage mothers there are or how much drug use, violence, illness or despair there is—a spectacular public school can make the difference. I refuse to buy into the myth that I call "the endless circle of causation." I hear it all the time: No matter what you do, there are so many other things wrong with their lives that it won't make a difference. Wherever I stand on the circle of causation, the lever of change must be somewhere else. Well, that is an axiom of impotence.

PLAYBOY: The idea is to pull the switch wherever you stand, right?

KOZOL: Yes. I simply refuse to accept ethical impotence. Whether that's arrogant or not, I refuse. If I were in public housing, I would have a sign on the wall behind my desk: HOUSING IS THE LEVER OF CHANGE. If I were a doctor, I would say that public health makes the difference.

PLAYBOY: Is it that simple—all you need is a little activism?

KOZOL: Granted, there are infinitely complex causative factors in the other areas. There are so many related forces at work in the drug problem: the historic willingness of white crime syndicates to target black communities, government drug policy, lack of treatment facilities, et cetera. And nobody has the answer. Bill Bennett's entire political career rested on his finding the answer and he utterly failed. But we know exactly what would make the difference in public schooling.

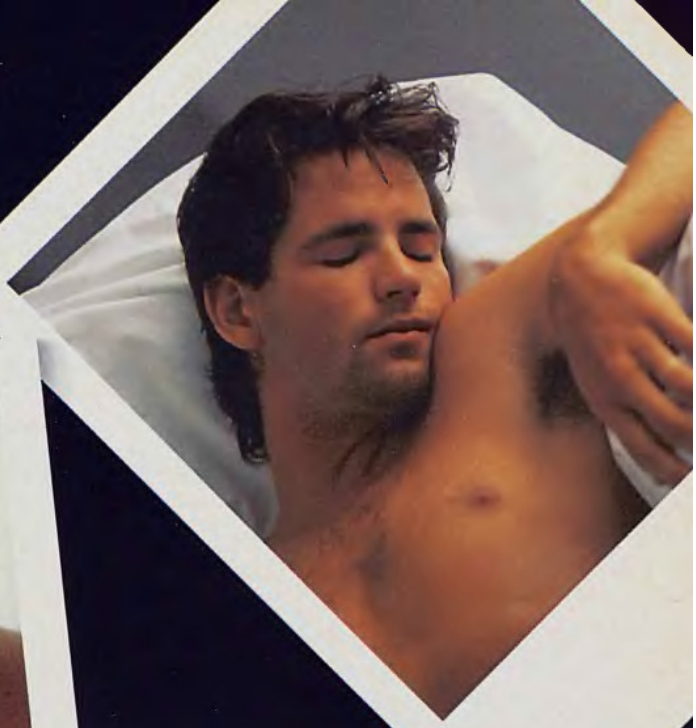
PLAYBOY: And that is?

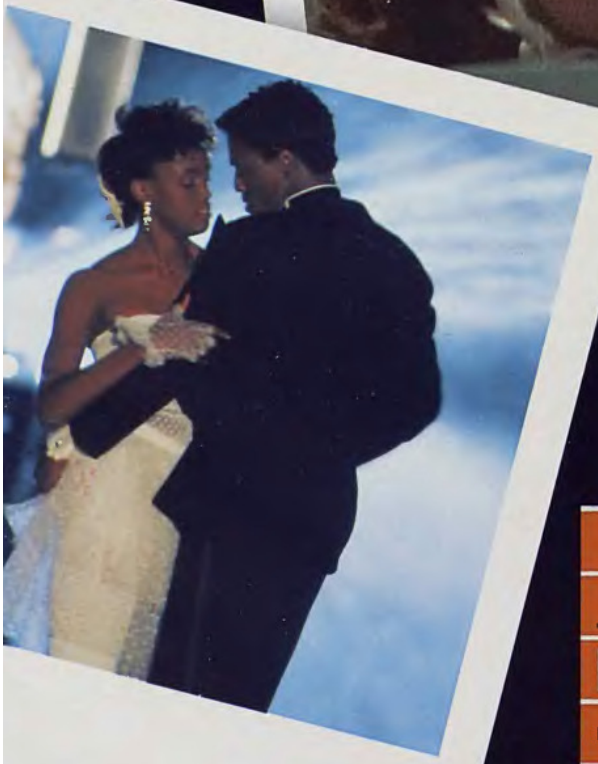
KOZOL: We know that a good teacher in the country's inner cities would teach better in a class of twenty kids instead of forty. We know that kids learn better in a building that doesn't have rain leaking from the ceiling. We know that kids will learn better if they have a teacher to go to. We know that kids don't learn a great deal of physics if the school doesn't have a physics lab. They learn more chemistry in a chemistry class that has chemicals. We know that if a school doesn't have an advanced placement course and another school has eighteen advanced placement courses, the kids at the latter school have a better chance of going to college. And this we can do—we can act now!

PLAYBOY: What would you do if you were offered a job in this Administration?

KOZOL: Well, first, no one's going to offer me a job in this Administration. Maybe in twenty years, if Mario Cuomo or Tom Harkin were President. But if I

What is sexy?





Jōvan Musk

Available at chain stores everywhere.

What sexy is.

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were the Secretary of Education, the first thing I would do would be to convince the nation to get rid of property-tax funding for schools. That simply creates a hereditary meritocracy. Start out with a level playing field for all children in public schools. And I would immediately ask Congress to raise the federal expenditure from its present five percent to twenty-five percent. I would say, "The nation's at risk and we have to pay the bill." And I would get the rest of the public school funding from state income taxes.

PLAYBOY: You didn't answer the question. Would you take a job with the current Administration?

KOZOL: Of course, yeah, I'd love to be able to use the authority of the White House to exhort and transform. I mean, one of the things that's frustrating to me is that few people who share my beliefs have any voice of power in this country. The entire school agenda, like the entire poverty agenda, is orchestrated either by the hard-right ideologues at places such as the Heritage Foundation, or else by cynical and world-weary neoconservatives who reminisce nostalgically about the days of their youth, when they were liberals in the Sixties—who basically exploit those memories to sweeten the pill of their presently vindictive policies.

PLAYBOY: Your solutions sound good on the surface, but the economy is in such straits that resources simply aren't available. You can't fund the school system with honorable intentions.

KOZOL: We could say, "Look, the Cold War is over. We're not going to take any more time with that, so let's get started on education. We're going to bring home our troops from around the world. We're going to increase the Peace Corps twentyfold. We're going to save the country one hundred billion dollars, then target that money for social policies, including the twenty poorest school districts in the country." That might do it. If we could afford to spend fifty billion dollars in the Persian Gulf, then we can afford five billion dollars to do this.

PLAYBOY: What about the defense-policy interests? A lot of people would be out of jobs.

KOZOL: We could take the people from the defense industry and put them to work building schools. We'd put all this terrific technology into creating school systems in the inner cities. We'd make them so good that white people would pull their kids out of the prep schools and put them in schools in the South Bronx. [*Laughs*]

PLAYBOY: George Herbert Walker Bush the Fourth, attending Martin Luther King Junior High in East St. Louis?

KOZOL: That's what is so bewildering. We are being lectured by all these right-wing characters from the Heritage Foundation and similar think tanks on the virtues of the unregulated free market, then being encouraged to extend the magic of the market to the public school system. That's the ethos behind the new idea of using vouchers to attend private schools. But why should the free market work any better in schooling than it does in housing the poor? The free market doesn't work in terms of health care, it doesn't even work in the purchase of food for poor people. The private-banking system does not work for the poor. There's a political democracy, but there's no economic democracy in this country.

PLAYBOY: The disparity between rich and poor is becoming larger, and the lower middle class is rapidly shrinking. If you're correct, working-class whites will soon experience the same inequity.

KOZOL: Yes. The extremes of wealth and poverty, of privilege and misery, are now far greater than at any previous time in my life. Even in the dormant Fifties, the gray age of Eisenhower, it was not this bad. The working class is submerging into the lower class. You can see it right here, around these little towns in Massachusetts. Rowley, an all-white working-class town near here, is spending only about twenty-six hundred dollars a year per pupil. They are decimated by federal and state cuts and by the recession. The federal government is opting out on them now. They are spending less there than in Mississippi. These white kids will be an underclass a few years from now. A lot of white families are landing in homeless shelters now. The kids won't have an education to be able to land a decent job.

PLAYBOY: And the consequences?

KOZOL: They will perceive themselves to be in competition with the poor black and Hispanic. You'll have working-class whites increasingly disenfranchised, increasingly close to the financial edge. Unfortunately, neither the poor blacks nor the poor whites will aim their anger where it ought to be aimed—at the supremely wealthy people who profited immensely during the Eighties and Nineties, saw their taxes cut and *still* don't have to pay a serious capital-gains tax. They won't resent them because they don't understand what's happening to themselves. They can't measure this year's promises against last year's deceptions because they're too poorly educated. They can't read history.

PLAYBOY: You're talking about the trite messages that promise hope just to keep people placid?

KOZOL: Absolutely, absolutely. You know, basically a very small percentage of the population pays for the conservative political advertisements that keep electing people like George Bush. President Bush doesn't need to be accountable to the poor; they can't finance his campaign. He's accountable to the ones who give him ten thousand dollars or one hundred thousand dollars to get him re-elected. So he really has no need to temper his messages to appeal to the losers in this unfair game.

PLAYBOY: Maybe it's too dangerous to educate the poor.

KOZOL: People believe that—and sometimes I do. I met a fellow in San Antonio, a professor at Trinity University, who told me about Alamo Heights, a self-contained, upper-class enclave that has a separate school system. This fellow said to me, "If we gave all these poor Hispanic kids in San Antonio the same terrific schools that we have, who would be there to trim the lawns and scrub the kitchen floors for the people in Alamo Heights? Who would do the dirty work of this society?"

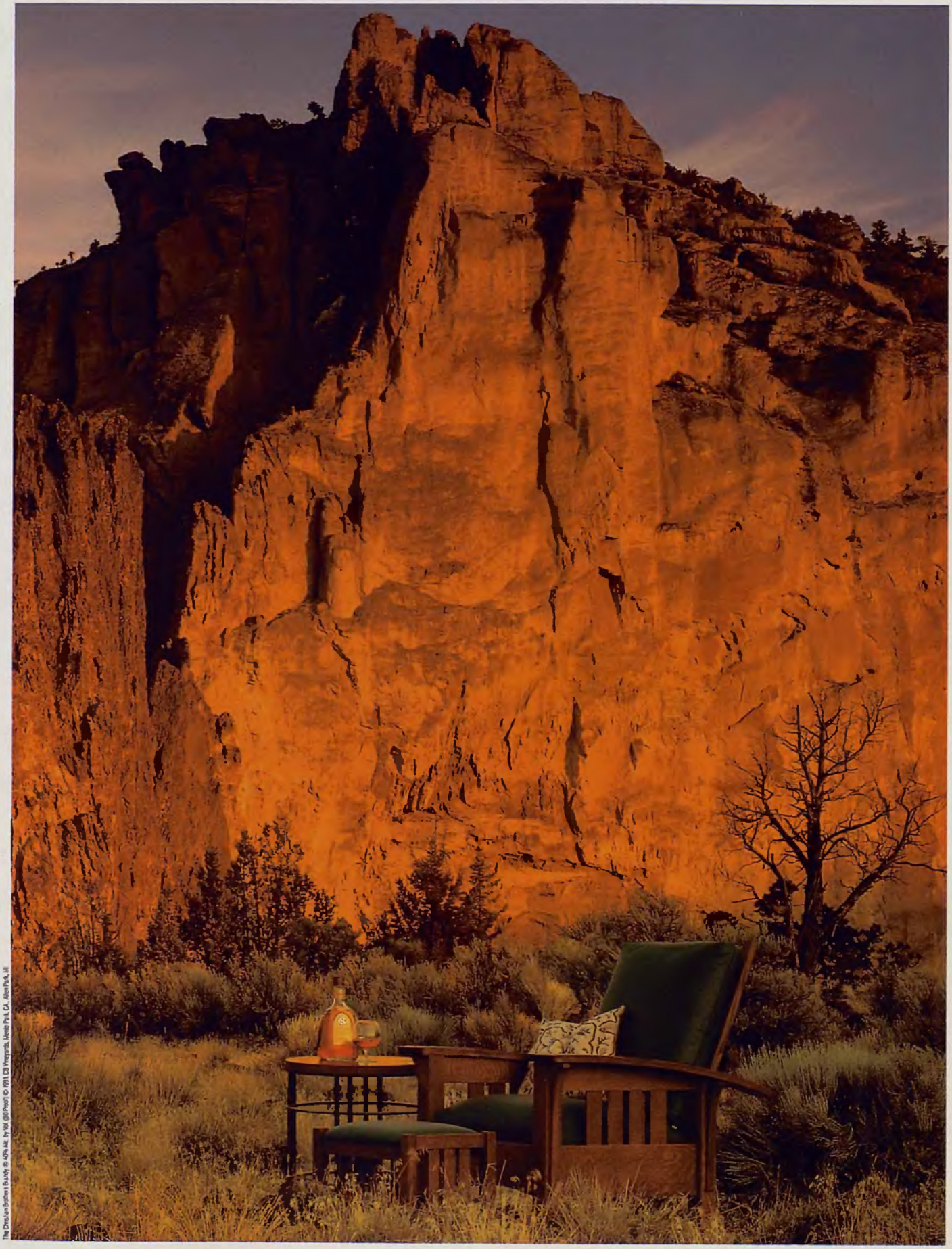
PLAYBOY: But isn't that typical of most societies?

KOZOL: Various business leaders have said that we need a well-educated work force in order to compete, but I'm not so sure they mean that. Is that really true? They can hire people to assemble baseballs in Haiti for four dollars a day, while here they would have to pay that an hour. When I see large numbers of black men standing idle in cities around the country, I wonder if there is any longer a need for them in our society. I once asked that of Congressman Augustus Hawkins, who retired recently. He was chairman of the House Labor and Education Committee, and he said, sadly, "What do you do with a former slave when you no longer need his labor?" The question is, do we value the children of the poor any longer, or are they expendable? Well, we have written them off. We have decided they have no moral claim on us and no economic utility. We don't want to get near them. And now, with AIDS, we have a vivid metaphor for keeping them at a distance.

PLAYBOY: If that's the reality, then why fight so hard?

KOZOL: School kids all across the country say the same thing every morning. They put their hands over their hearts, look at the flag and say the Pledge of Allegiance. They speak about one nation indivisible, with liberty and justice for all. I'd like to believe that some day the most affluent people in this country, and particularly their children, will decide it's time to make this promise come true. The business logic sees children only for their future utilitarian value. We ought to value children because they are fragile, vulnerable, beautiful. Because childhood places unique demands upon us, and the most precious demand ought to be a period of happiness. That's the only argument I care to give. I try to portray a vision of what a just society should do, could do or would do. That's all I'm trying to do in life. I can't say any more. Is that enough?

Welcome to the state of relaxation. Enjoy your stay.



The Christian Brothers Brandy. 35-40% Alc. by Vol. (80 Proof) © 1991 CB Vineyards, Menlo Park, CA. Allen Park, MI

Christian Brothers Brandy.

charles keating professed to be a beacon of morality in a depraved world. he also flimflammed investors, bribed senators and rained ruin on every taxpayer

profile by
JOE MORGENSTERN

PROFIT WITHOUT HONOR

HIS FACE SHOULD GRACE a three-dollar bill. He's the flimflam financier with the towering physique and pygmy scruples, the bunco artist who tried to buy Washington while bleeding Lincoln to death.

A few short years ago, when Charles H. Keating, Jr., stood at the top of the financial heap, his thrift-and-real-estate empire seemed to be worth billions. In Phoenix, his home base since 1976, he built the Phoenician, a resort hotel that he touted as the world's finest. His corporate fleet of stretch limos, sleek jets and a helicopter—all painted beige or virginal white—whooshed him from one business conquest to the next. When he ran into political squalls, he turned to a Rolodex that read like a Senate roll call.

Now his empire is worth less than the paper its books were cooked on, and the collapse of the Lincoln Savings and Loan Association will cost U.S. taxpayers $2.6 billion, more than any of the hundreds of other S&L failures of recent years. Keating—who at the age of 68 already stands convicted of defrauding investors in Lincoln's parent company, American Continental Corporation—still faces enough new charges of racketeering, bank fraud and insider trading, among others, to put him in the slammer for 510 years.

As more details emerge of his maneuverings, we see a picture of a veteran swindler from Cincinnati who recognized the Reagan era as Camelot for the rapacious. Charlie Keating seized his main chance when the federal government deregulated the savings-and-loan industry. He didn't invent the S&L crisis, but he defined it by the magnitude of his scandalous behavior—*Time* magazine dubbed him its "most visible villain"—and by the ferocity with which he fought anyone who got in his way.

Before the Eighties, savings-and-loan associations, or thrifts, as they were quaintly called in a thriftier era, were mostly neighborhood institutions; Jimmy Stewart ran one in *It's a Wonderful Life*. They were insured by the federal government, but they were also limited by law to giving depositors a modest return on savings and to lending money for such sound investments as private homes. It wasn't an exciting industry, but until the government relaxed the rules, it was a stable one. Then suddenly, thrifts could invest in risky businesses like land development, office buildings and shopping malls, and people like Charles Keating rushed in, filling a regulatory vacuum with an ethical void.

When Keating bought Lincoln Savings in 1984, it was an ordinary S&L based in Irvine, California, and he was Arizona's most flamboyant developer and home builder. In the superheated spirit of the times, he promptly turned Lincoln into a personal casino and used its assets, according to thrift regulators, to feed his family's baronial lifestyle and to finance elaborate corporate ventures and real-estate schemes that were dubious at best, fraudulent at worst.

When Keating's luck started heading south, thrift regulators claim, he siphoned more cash from Lincoln Savings to cover his losses. When they got on his case, he rallied five U.S. Senators to his cause. Later known as the Keating Five, they were Alan Cranston of California, John McCain and Dennis DeConcini of Arizona, John Glenn of Ohio and Donald Riegle of Michigan, and they had been favored by Charlie Keating with more than $1,000,000 in campaign funds.

Such was Keating's power that he could summon these Senators to private meetings and send them off to subsequent discussions with the head of the Federal Home Loan Bank Board and its regulators, where they represented their benefactor as a worthy citizen being harassed by overeager bank examiners. When transfusions from Lincoln Savings failed to revive American Continental, he raised cash by selling hundreds of millions of dollars in what turned out to be worthless ACC junk bonds to tens of thousands of unsophisticated investors who bought them through Lincoln's branches and thought they were buying securities insured by the federal government. This past fall, in a Los Angeles courtroom, two of Keating's elderly victims attacked him physically. But it was too late for them, since they had already lost their life savings, and no sweat for him, since they were too frail to do him any harm.

Many aspects of his far-flung ventures remain hazy: How much influence did he actually buy? How did he manage to stay so far ahead of the law for so long? Where did all the money go? But there's another mystery: Who is this man behind the flinty façade and why did he do what he did?

Keating has been many things to many people, but never a common thief. He has been an ostensible gentleman of great, if intermittent, personal charm. He's a husband and father

ILLUSTRATION BY STEVE BOSWICK

dedicated to his family. (Although dedication can go only so far: The day before Christmas 1991, when Keating's family and friends were trying to raise bail for him and his son, Charles H. Keating III, who was in jail on similar charges, they could come up with only enough cash for one or the other. Poppa promptly sprung himself and left the fruit of his loins to ripen further behind bars.) He's also a devout Roman Catholic, a philanthropist (when Mother Teresa toured the Southwest, Keating lent her his helicopter) and a relentless bluenose who, during a 40-year crusade against what he deemed to be pornography, sought to have this magazine, among others, banned from newsstands across the nation.

•

Money talks, but it can also laugh and smile and charm. And Charlie Keating, Jr., wasn't just a humorless moralizer. He was an effective glad-hander, a lanky developer in shirtsleeves who would refer to someone he liked as "the genius"; a father figure with a voice that could be soft and lilting or big and booming, who told his help at American Continental to call him Charlie (though he remained Mr. Keating to most), and who, on holy days, would remind his Catholic secretaries to go to church.

Above all else, though, Charlie Keating got things done. He built houses, created jobs and bought himself a shiny California S&L called Lincoln Savings. Long before the Keating Five, he laid hundreds of thousands of dollars on local politicians, gave millions to the Church and spread cash around Arizona like Johnny Cactusseed making the desert bloom.

Loving to be liked, he lavished gifts on people around him. One time he gave a Corvette to a female mail-room worker for doing a good job. Another time he took all the women in his legal department to a shopping mall, gave each one $500 and told them they had 20 minutes to spend it on something nice to wear or the money would be taken back.

He based some of his hires on hunches rather than résumés and won deep loyalty in the process. Many employees, like Ruben Muñoz, who became American Continental's advertising director, look back on their work for Keating with unapologetic pride. Keating paid terrific salaries—even secretaries earned $60,000 a year, sometimes more—and then demanded ceaseless effort in return. When *60 Minutes* came calling, he summoned one young woman into his office and gave her a raise right there on camera, making her, as Keating proclaimed, the company's first $100,000-a-year employee who had started as a secretary. The technique was straight out of televangelism, but the message was as clear as the engraving on a dollar bill—stick with me, all you struggling wage slaves, hungry investors and humble depositors, and I'll make you rich.

Yet, Keating's shimmering vision had its dark side, even before the bubble finally burst. Working conditions were draconian at American Continental's headquarters on Camelback Road in Phoenix. No pictures on office walls unless approved by management. Nothing to be left on desktops at night, not so much as a pencil or box of paper clips. Prussian order imposed on supplies (white-out bottles lined up like little soldiers on storage-room shelves) and on personnel (fresh-scrubbed secretaries with Stepford smiles clipping newspapers, whenever they had to, over wastebaskets, for fear that scraps might fall on the floor).

At an enormous subdivision called Estrella that American Continental planned to build on 20,000 acres southwest of Phoenix, Keating even tried to extend his control into the private lives of home buyers. Until members of the press found out and set up a howl, Keating wanted covenants that would prohibit residents from viewing pornography or having abortions. (After construction of a few houses and access roads, the project itself was aborted.)

But the darkest side was financial, since the obverse of Keating's tight control was his wild, untrammeled tactic of robbing Lincoln to pay Paul and defrauding new investors to keep his doomed corporation afloat.

Keating used American Continental to acquire the 58-year-old Lincoln Savings for $51,000,000. Within two years, the thrift was under close scrutiny by thrift regulators, and its parent company, American Continental, had been hemorrhaging cash. To stanch the flow, Keating began, in November 1986, selling $200,000,000 in American Continental debentures.

The bonds looked impressive, as bonds do, and the salesmen peddling the handsomely designed certificates sat at desks in Lincoln branches. Since the S&L was insured by the federal government, the surroundings functioned as a theme park of integrity. Little wonder, then, that Lincoln Savings' customers—many of them elderly and disinclined to read fine print—bought the ACC bonds and assumed that their investments were as solid as the U.S. Treasury.

Of course, the bonds were not insured at all, and ACC lacked the resources with which to back them. Keating most likely knew this when he put the first issue on the market in 1986, but he went ahead with the sale anyway; a thug at heart, he was also a thug in deed. And when he floated an additional $300,000,000 worth in 1988, he probably knew ACC was headed for bankruptcy. Here again, though, he never let honor interfere with his need for cash. Keeping the explosive knowledge of ACC's plight to himself, he encouraged his salesmen at Lincoln's branches to keep selling worthless paper and to keep telling prospective investors: "Trust me."

Keating also kept up a prosperous front at his corporate headquarters, spending lavishly and making bold plans. Still, even those who admired and believed in him began to worry, when, as Ruben Muñoz recalled recently, Keating would "come into his office at three or four in the morning to have his own concentration time." Did they think anything was seriously wrong? Muñoz nodded pensively: "It crossed our minds."

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Consider a brief moment from Keating's first trial in Los Angeles. The date is November 5, 1991, and the time is shortly before four P.M. The prosecution has just rested its case, the defense has moved for dismissal without putting Keating on the stand and the motion has been promptly rejected. Through it all, Charlie Keating has sat motionless, like a display at Madame Tussaud's, his hair dyed reddish-blond, his long, furrowed face with its sunbaked lizardly skin registering absolute zero on a scale of human emotion.

But now, another long day in court is at an end, and the time has come for Keating's ritual trooping past the media line. He strides out of the courtroom behind his lawyer, Stephen Neal, and then stands silent in the corridor as Neal agrees to make a brief statement. Nothing special about this so far. Lawyers often speak for their clients during trial; that's why they're called mouthpieces. The startling part is what happens to Keating's expression when the TV lights go on.

At the first moment of halogen dazzle, his jaw snaps to attention, his eyes sparkle, his thin lips separate to reveal a gleaming set of choppers. What had seemed half a second ago to be a botched job of embalming becomes a smile of remarkable jauntiness, an entirely convincing simulation of kindness, sweetness or Grant Wood goodness—you name it, or merely feel it, and you can project it onto Keating's face.

While Neal launches into an earnest sound bite—*We're disappointed that the*

(continued on page 86)

"Damn it, have you been seeing Van Gogh?"

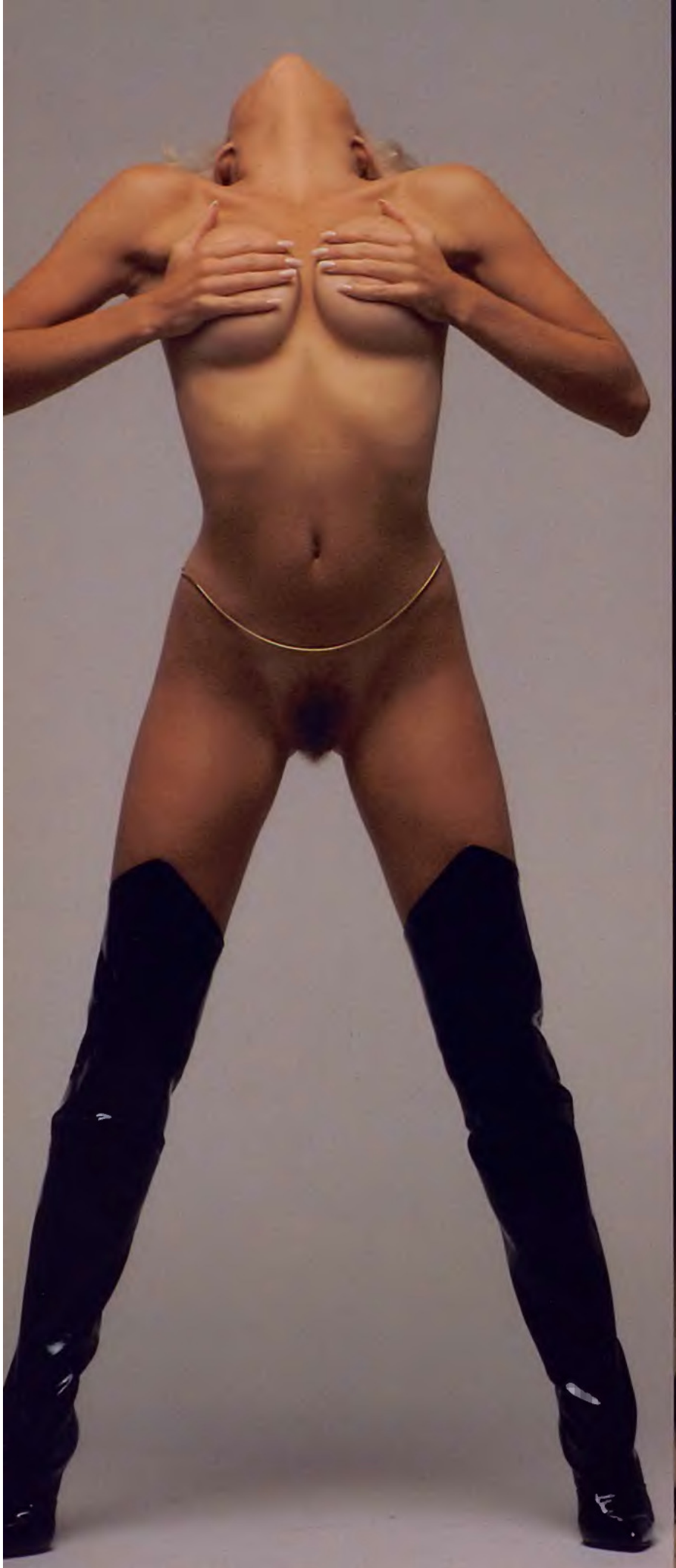
PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG

WE WATCH *Entertainment Tonight*. We read *Premiere*. We know all about the fake blood, stuntmen, special effects and other illusions that Hollywood uses to make movie magic. We know that Robin Williams wasn't really flying in *Hook* and that *T2*'s Arnold Schwarzenegger is actually human (or at least close to it) in real life. But as much as we like to think we know it all, the movie business still has a handful of mysteries that it's reluctant to share, even with John Tesh and Liz Smith feeding us scoops. And certainly one of the most alluring of those mysteries is Shelley Michelle.

You've probably already met Shelley—or at least some important parts of her. Remember the beginning of *Pretty Woman* and a voluptuous Julia

DOUBLE VISION

YOU'VE SEEN HER STANDING IN FOR JULIA ROBERTS. NOW SHELLEY MICHELLE STANDS UP FOR HERSELF

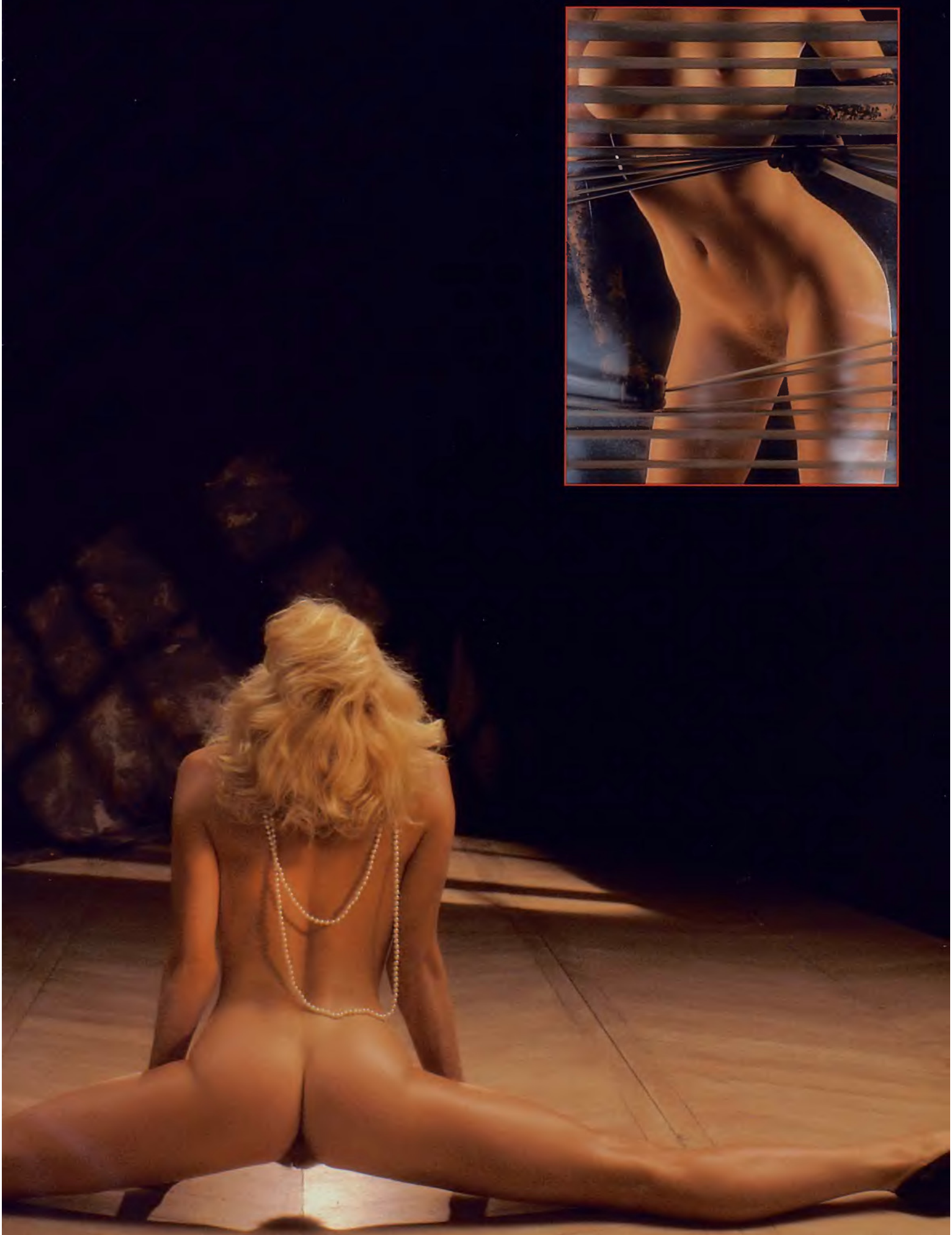


Roberts dressing for a night's work? Or the scene in *My Stepmother Is an Alien* in which we admire Kim Basinger's legs as they dangle in midair? Or Catherine Oxenburg's steamy sex scenes in *Overexposed*? Well, Julia, Kim and Catherine were nowhere near the set when those scenes were being filmed. Instead, film-goers were seeing various body parts of the hardest-working body double in show business.

A body double is not unlike a stuntman. If an actress is too busy, too fat, too skinny or too shy to do revealing shots, producers hire a substitute to go on camera for her.

"A lot *(text concluded on page 156)*

"Every day, Julia Roberts thanked me," recalls Shelley of her gig subbing for the star of *Pretty Woman*. "In fact, she asked me to work on her next film. To this day, the studio wants me to be quiet about it. They want people to think, Wow, Julia's got this great body. They think it ruins the illusion for the audience. I think they're wrong."



"I seem to be just big enough or just small enough and just curvy enough to fit the actresses and make it look believable," says Shelley. She keeps her body in shope by doncing and practicing martial orts. When she's not body doubling or acting, she sings, does stand-up comedy (including Modonna and Marilyn Monroe impressions) and performs for U.S. troops.

IT WAS JUST

ANOTHER COUPLE.

IT WAS JUST ANOTHER

MISUNDERSTANDING.

NOT.

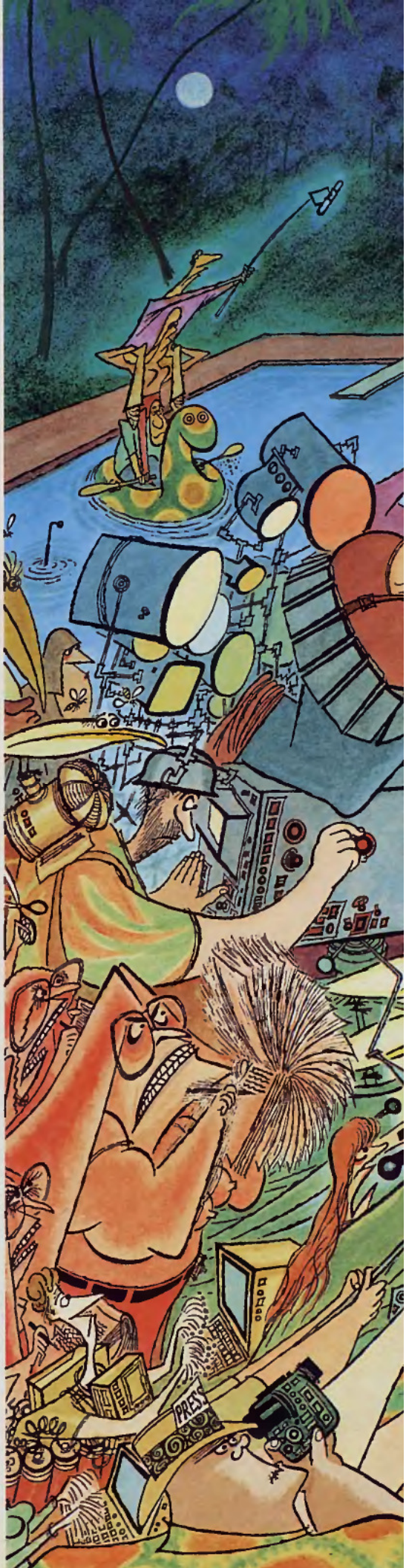
IT HAPPENED ONE NIGHT

AS I SAT in the courtroom watching prosecutor Moira Lasch meander through her lame closing argument at the William Kennedy Smith rape trial, it struck me that I might be witnessing something historic: the beginning of the end of a certain kind of feminism.

For years, after all, women have been ceded boundless stretches of higher moral ground. Both nationally and in millions of homes, the debate has been informed by a set of female assumptions that by definition put men on the defensive: that a woman's viewpoint is inherently more credible than a man's; that when something goes wrong, the responsibility must be the man's; that the murky and often volatile mix of needs and passions that figure in human interaction can be governed by political theories and abstract rules. Week after week, year after year, the message has been nearly as evident on the pages of *The New York Times* as in the magazines at the nation's checkout counters: Women are victims and men are victimizers. Case closed.

At no time in recent memory had such a view been more earnestly espoused than in the month immediately preceding the Smith trial, in the wake of the Thomas–Hill standoff. Indeed, Palm Beach was supposed to have been Clarence and Anita all over again—another case of a courageous woman sallying forth to do battle in an arena where men make the rules. Only this time, said the supporters of the semi-anonymous accuser, the decision would be in the hands of decent citizens instead of politicians spouting phony pieties, so justice was likely to be done.

As I listened to Lasch drone on, her case in shambles, that view seemed almost impossibly dumb. During the last week of the trial, even most of those with the strongest ideological ties to the prosecution found excuses to distance themselves from the case. As Lasch faltered, her supporters backpedaled furiously, saying that because of the peculiarities of the principals and the ambiguities of the evidence, the trial would do nothing to resolve the larger questions at issue. The dead giveaway came when *The New York Times*' Anna Quindlen, a reliable gauge of wind direction in the Northeast's politically trendy precincts, backed away from her reflexive support of the accuser, even as her paper's weekly "Science Times" predictably weighed in with a report that "new research suggests that only a small minority of rapists are *(continued on page 166)*



78 HARRY STEIN AT THE PALM BEACH RAPE TRIAL

ILLUSTRATION BY ARNOLD ROTH

NEWS

THE BATTLE OVER LYRICS RAGES, MICHAEL'S ONLY MILDLY DANGEROUS, COUNTRY COMES ON STRONG, METAL MANIA RULES

Yo, homeboys and girls. Listen up. In the beginning was the word and, 200 years later, we're still debating it. It's tougher these days to define free speech when the politically correct police are on your doorstep. Nothing recently has galvanized both sides of this debate in pop culture as much as Ice Cube's LP *Death Certificate*. Filled with anger and hostility toward Koreans, his former Jewish manager and other whites, *Death Certificate* nevertheless shot up the charts. Last fall, in an unprecedented move, *Billboard*, the music-industry bible, wrote an editorial condemning the lyrics for their "unabashed violence."

Billboard called for retailers to decide "whether or not Ice Cube's record is fit to sell or purchase." *Billboard* didn't find the album too offensive to run a full-page color ad for it. So there's the rub. Art and commerce. Does Ice Cube have the right to say what's on his mind even if it offends people? Does *Billboard* have the right both to disagree with and profit from Ice Cube's words? If this debate makes you uncomfortable, it's supposed to. That's why it's called free speech.

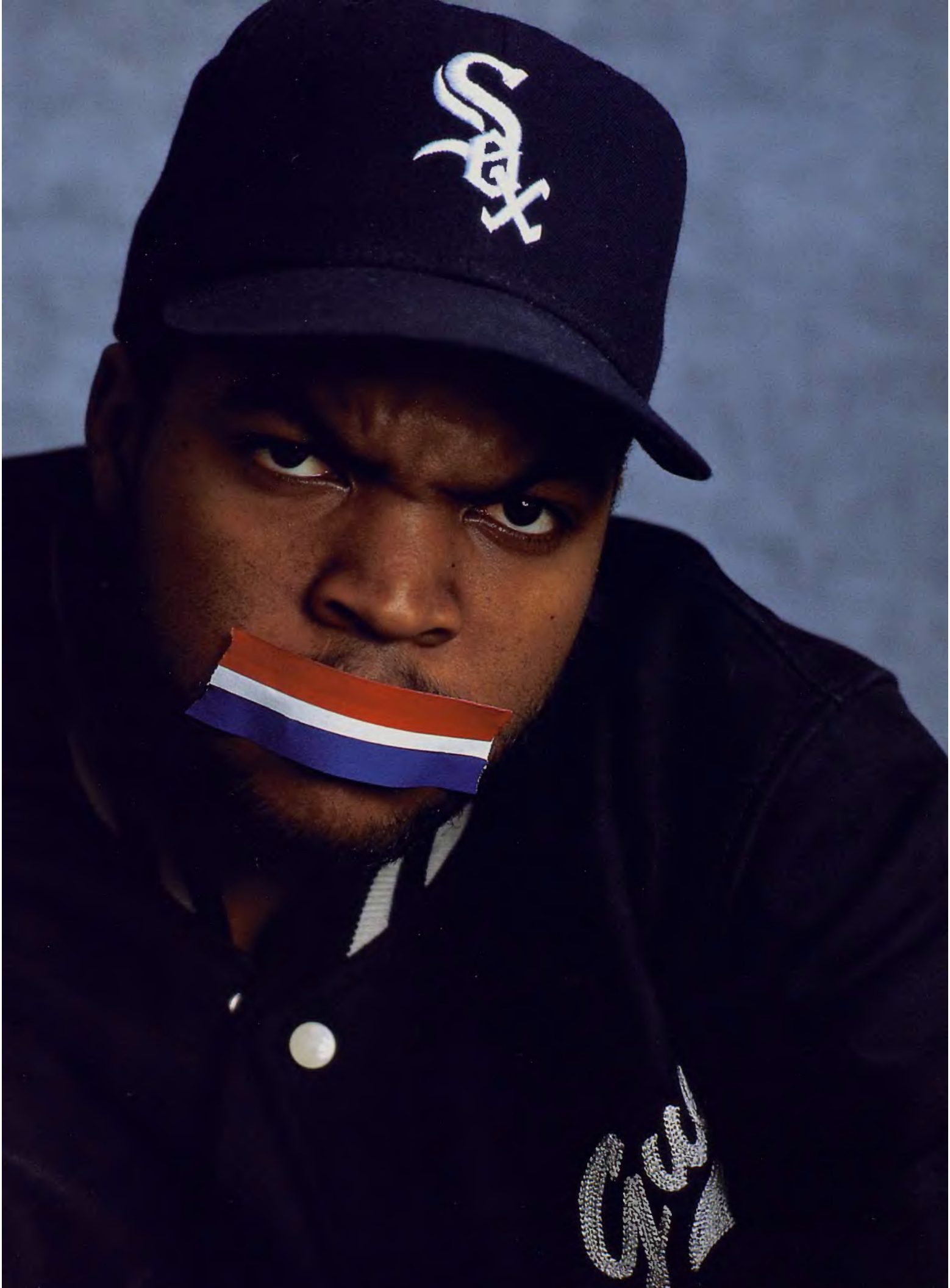
Rap lyrics had other problems this year, from labeling issues—how old does the consumer have to be to buy rap records?—to sampling. Sampling, at the heart of rap, is appropriating a piece of someone else's music without permission. A Manhattan federal judge ruled this past winter that sampling was theft and sent the case to a U.S. Attorney. Biz Markie, who sampled *Alone Again (Naturally)*, a Seventies pop ballad, settled the case out of court. This development changes the sound of rap.

Now, maybe you're asking: What does urban street music have to do with *me*? Plenty. Rap is everywhere, as a marketing tool, in ads, movies, on TV and even on *Sesame Street*. No way is rap just by black kids for black kids. You can't hit number one on the charts without a national following. Young men of all colors, intoxicated by dangerous words or images (in the safety of their living rooms, for the most part), are the direct heirs of Elvis, the Stones, Guns n' Roses and the Ices, Cube and T.

Since pop music is as much about appearance as reality, it's logical that Michael Jackson would be remaking himself again, visually and musically. *Dangerous* (there's that word again) went to the top of the charts in spite of lukewarm reviews and of Jackson family carping in the press (OK, we ran a piece of La Toya's book ourselves). Maybe Michael will always be a victim of the huge success of *Thriller*.

Phenoms translate into big bucks, and 1991 was a year of

PHOTOGRAPHY BY PAUL NATKIN



superdeals. The performers who currently receive the most lucrative royalty and compensation packages from the record companies are, in order, as follows: Michael Jackson, Aerosmith, Rolling Stones, Janet Jackson, Bruce Springsteen, Mötley Crüe, Fleetwood Mac, Crosby, Stills & Nash, Prince and U2. But look out! Madonna is getting ready to renegotiate her deal, too.

At the same time that these superdeals were the talk of the town, it was a very bad year for concert promoters. The Gulf war, the recession and soft record sales forced a lot of acts to stay home, cut tours short or lose money in half-empty venues. Paula Abdul took 100 support people out on the road with her. That's a lot of paychecks to sign!

So what made money in 1991? One place where marketing worked was in promoting and selling movie sound-track albums, especially with *New Jack City*, *The Commitments* and *The Doors*. Many sound tracks made the charts.

Another smart move, given the new technology and the phasing out of vinyl, was that music was remixed and remastered and then boxed. It made old fans happy to have their favorites on CD and it made new fans for artists such as Fats Domino, Jimi Hendrix and Billie Holiday.

Who made music this year? Metallica (upper left) saw its album reach number one on the charts. It's a Hammer (upper right) thing and everyone understands. The Judds (lower left) spent the year saying farewell, while Michael Jackson (lower right) reinvented himself.

And 1991 was a major crossover year. Witness the amazing success of Natalie Cole on both the jazz and pop charts with *Unforgettable*, her tribute to her dad, jazz great Nat King Cole. Or consider that Garth Brooks, Mr. Country Everyman, hit the top of both the pop and country charts. In part, these changes came from a new tabulating process by *Billboard*, but Harry Connick, Jr., wouldn't be selling out concert halls without scores of younger fans, many of them new to jazz. Every indicator points to a blurring of lines between different types of pop music. Even when radio continues to stick to its formulas, others don't. Witness the popularity of MTV's rap programing or NBC's *Hot Country Nights* or Paul Simon's African/South American music or blues festivals cropping up all over the country. Perhaps the greatest leap in 1991 was taken by Paul McCartney, whose classical music piece *Liverpool Oratorio* debuted in Liverpool, London and New York. With more and more homes wired for cable, pay-per-view concerts were another way to get music at home without a hassle, a fact handily noted by performers from James Brown to the Judds.

In 1991, death took jazz giants Miles Davis and Stan Getz. Queen's Freddie Mercury died of AIDS. But the sudden death of Bill Graham (who died in a helicopter crash) seemed to catch us most unprepared. The great rock-and-roll impresario's career spanned the early days of rock concerts in San Francisco to an event the day he died, returning from a Huey Lewis concert. We have him to thank for treating the paying customer like a guest, as well as for Live Aid, many of those great Stones tours and some unforgettable nights with Bob Dylan and the Band.

For all of the bad economic news, some performers managed to transcend it, probably because they weren't satisfied with success in a single medium. Hammer had a hot tour, a bunch of commercials, a doll and a Saturday-morning cartoon show. Madonna's tour was captured on film in *Truth or Dare*, and the performer herself was never out of the news. Amy Grant crossed over from Gospel to pop in *Heart in Motion*, which went double platinum. The C&C Music Factory started out as a studio creation. It made a video *Gonna Make You Sweat (Everybody Dance Now)*, then the album went triple platinum and started winning awards.

Nearly 40 years ago, when rock and roll exploded into public consciousness, it was equal parts rebellion, posturing, message, funny hair and dancing. It still is. If "Downtown" Julie Brown is the Dick Clark of this generation, as Prince is its Elvis, then isn't it possible that groups such as Public Enemy and even the deliberately menacing Ice Cube are its urban troubadours, telling us things (even crudely) that are hard to hear? Don't censor the messenger even if you hate the message.

1992 POLL RESULTS

OUR READERS HAVE THEIR SAY

VIDEO

"(EVERYTHING I DO)
I DO IT FOR YOU"
BRYAN ADAMS

SOUND TRACK

THE DOORS

The Doors' rebellious saga began in the Sixties and ended with the untimely death of Jim Morrison. Oliver Stone's film sparked a renewed interest in the band. The soundtrack album sold 800,000 units.

CONCERT OF THE YEAR

ZZ TOP

Drawing their music from Southwestern blues and R&B, these champions of Texas rock toured in their funny hats, beards and cowboy boots and made $24,000,000.

GOODBYE TO MILES

Playboy pays tribute to the greatest jazzman of them all, who died last September. Miles Dewey Davis, our first *Playboy Interview*, pioneered a new jazz sound—streamlined, uncluttered and always contemporary. Farewell.

VEEJAY

"DOWNTOWN"
JULIE BROWN

ALBUMS OF THE YEAR

ROCK
"FOR UNLAWFUL CARNAL KNOWLEDGE"
VAN HALEN

COUNTRY
"ELECTRIC BARNYARD"
THE KENTUCKY HEADHUNTERS

JAZZ
"UNFORGETTABLE"
NATALIE COLE

R&B
"GONNA MAKE YOU SWEAT (EVERYBODY DANCE NOW)"
C&C MUSIC FACTORY

HALL OF FAME ■ B. B. KING

Kudos to the King of the Blues. With four Grammys and more than 50 classic albums, this member of the Blues Foundation Hall of Fame, the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame and now the Playboy Hall of Fame has proved that the thrill is never gone. The year 1991 was a banner one for B.B. as he toured widely through the U.S., maintaining a high profile among both diehard blues fans and new converts. A dazzling showman, Riley "B. B." King, born in Indianola, Mississippi, in 1925, personalized his guitar as Lucille and, early in his career, developed a stage manner that is still unique. We salute and congratulate B.B. in all his bluesy glory.

SCULPTURE BY JACK GREGORY

TOP PERFORMERS

1992

PLAYBOY MUSIC POLL WINNERS

❶ MICHAEL BOLTON, Male vocalist/Rock ❷ MARIAH CAREY, Female vocalist/Rock ❸ VAN HALEN, Group/Rock ❹ ALEX VAN HALEN, Instrumentalist/Rock ❺ HARRY CONNICK, JR., Male vocalist/Jazz ❻ NATALIE COLE, Female vocalist/Jazz ❼ THE MANHATTAN TRANSFER, Group/Jazz

❽ KENNY G, Instrumentalist/Jazz ❾ GARTH BROOKS, Male vocalist/Country ❿ REBA MCENTIRE, Female vocalist/Country ⓫ ALABAMA, Group/Country ⓬ LUTHER VANDROSS, Male vocalist/R&B ⓭ ARETHA FRANKLIN, Female vocalist/R&B ⓮ C&C MUSIC FACTORY, Group/R&B

ILLUSTRATION BY JOE FOURNIER

WITHOUT HONOR *(continued from page 70)*

"The architecture is subtropical czarist-Stalinist—luxury at war with taste."

judge chose to deny our . . . but we're confident that the jury will agree with our . . . —Keating takes the camera like some great old star of the silent screen. You begin to understand why people believed him when he promised to make them rich.

Then Neal subsides, the lights switch off and lawyer and client step into a waiting elevator. As the doors glide shut, Keating's face goes dead again, as if a small internal battery with a shallow charge had just crapped out.

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When prosecutors brought their first indictments against him a year and a half ago, they warned that no smoking gun would be found; the evidence was almost entirely circumstantial. Yet their case proved solid enough for the Los Angeles jury, the first of several he would have to face. In delivering a guilty verdict last December on 17 counts of state securities fraud, jurors rejected the defense's portrait of Keating as a benign, hands-off boss whose evil underlings took it upon themselves to lie and cheat.

If the boss sought to keep his fingerprints off his financial dealings, he left them all over the Phoenician, the desert resort that he built—with Kuwaiti backers—at a cost of more than a quarter-billion dollars. Seized by the feds in 1989, a year after it opened, and recently sold to the Kuwaitis at a loss to taxpayers of $66,500,000, the hotel was one enterprise that Keating ran with unconcealed and unrestrained obsessiveness.

He lived on the premises for more than a year while the 130-acre project was going up. He micromanaged every detail of design and construction and vented his feelings in splenetic memos. These days, the Phoenician is trying hard to live down its reputation as Lincoln's memorial to the madness of the Eighties. Still, the resort came into being as Keating's supreme ego trip, and you can find the tripper's traces at every turn.

The architecture is subtropical czarist-Stalinist—a love of luxury at war with a loathing of taste. In the public rooms, soaring ceilings are slathered with 23-carat gold leaf and hung with crystal chandeliers the size of ice storms. Vast expanses of beige-and-white marble floors, stairways and walls suggest the cozy charm of the Ceausescus' government palace in Bucharest.

To be fair, coziness wasn't Keating's goal. He wanted to attract a rich clientele, so he used the most expensive materials he could find. He liked to boast, when he was still in his boasting mode, that the marble in the main lobby came from the same quarry from which Michelangelo "got his *Pietà*" (which Keating pronounced with the same slouching rhythm as "potato"). Unfortunately, the message of all the hard, cold stone surfaces and of the mausoleum decor seems to be that the rich are truly different from you and me; they're more depressed.

Even though the Phoenician's fashionable Scottsdale address turns out to be, like most of Keating's claims, a bit of a scam (it's Scottsdale-adjacent, plunk in plebeian Phoenix), and the mother-of-pearl swimming pool is actually stepdaughter-of-pearl (iridescent Japanese tiles), Keating didn't stint on the physical scale. Just as Frank Lloyd Wright was a little guy who designed houses with low ceilings, Keating, a long drink of water at 6'5", made sure each of his 604 rooms had an eight-foot ceiling, plus a minimum area of 600 square feet (covered in beige carpet to match the beige walls), and that each of the bathrooms boasted a marble tub big enough to accommodate his frame.

Every guest room also offers a small safe-deposit box tucked in one of the walk-in closets. Although the accompanying sign would have improved from proofreading—"The Only Guest Key For This Wall Vault Is Now In It's [*sic*] Lock"—depositing money in the box would have been safer than investing it in American Continental's subordinated debentures.

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Charles H. Keating, Jr., was born in Cincinnati in 1923. He attended Ursuline Academy and Annunciation Grade School, then Saint Xavier High School. Like his younger brother, Bill, he became an excellent athlete and won an N.C.A.A. swimming championship in the butterfly. Little has been written about the boys' parents, but it's known that their father, who died in 1974, was a dairy executive who came to southern Ohio from Kentucky, and who was disabled throughout Charlie's life, first by the loss of a leg in a hunting accident and later by Parkinson's disease.

After flunking out of the University of Cincinnati, Charlie enlisted in the Navy at the age of 17. Once he was discharged, he went to Ohio State on an athletic scholarship, transferred back to the University of Cincinnati to be closer to home, earned a liberal arts degree and went to law school. During the early Fifties he charted an unexceptional course in corporate law. By the end of the decade, however, he was a man to be watched.

For one thing, he had hooked up with a powerful mentor, Carl Lindner. Lindner is the founder of American Financial Corporation, a holding company of a vast corporate empire that Keating helped put together, and an astute, archconservative entrepreneur who would give Keating lessons in how to amass real estate and capital.

For another, Keating founded Citizens for Decency in Literature, an organization dedicated to upholding "traditional family values" and turning back the pornographic tide. C.D.L. quickly became a formidable force in Cincinnati's life. More than 30 years later, when the city's old guard of reactionary politicians took the Contemporary Arts Center to court for its Robert Mapplethorpe exhibit, Keating was remembered as the man who had started it all with his self-styled holy war against obscenity.

Like many wars, this one started small. One day in the late Fifties, according to an unusually revealing interview that Keating gave Charles Bowden and Richard S. Vonier in Tucson's *City Magazine* in 1988, he noticed a little shop across from a Cincinnati school selling what he called "rubber pricks and deeldos." As the lawyer for the Fraternal Order of Police, he took part in a police raid on the store; then he involved himself extensively in the prosecution. Next, Keating trained the C.D.L.'s guns on pornographic literature, along with such targets as *Playboy*, which he tried to ban from a newsstand near his office.

Later, when Keating decided that literature was only a small part of what threatened the American way of life, he changed the name of his organization to Citizens for Decency Through Law and built it into a national organization with headquarters in Los Angeles. The new C.D.L. went after homosexuals, who, Keating said, should be prosecuted and put in jail. It was instrumental in hounding Abe Fortas off the U.S. Supreme Court and also campaigned against X-rated entertainment like *Oh! Calcutta!* and *Vixen*.

•

Charles Keating was a man to be watched in more ways than one, and the FBI was doing its share of the watching. As early as 1956, federal

(continued on page 151)

"I love the mode you're in!"

VERY OLD BONES

fire and brimstone so tortured peter phelan that he had to paint them to get rid of them

fiction

By WILLIAM KENNEDY

IN EARLY childhood Peter Phelan had heard the Malachi events spoken of in cryptic bits by his mother, later heard more from his brother Francis, who was seven when it happened, and in time heard it garbled by street-corner wags who repeated the mocking rhyme:

If you happen to be a Neighbor,
If you happen to be a witch,
Stay the hell away from Malachi,
That loony son of a bitch.

When the story took him over, Peter moved out of portrait sketching into scenes of dynamic action and surreal drama that in their early stages emerged as homage to Goya's *Caprichos*, *Disparates* and *Los desastres de la guerra*. But in his extended revelation of the Malachi and Lizzie tragedy (and mindful of Goya's credo that the painter selected from the universe whatever seemed appropriate, that he chose features from many individuals and their acts, and combined them so ingeniously that he earned the title of inventor and not servile copyist), Peter imposed his own original vision on scandalous history, creating a body of work that owed only an invisible inspiration to Goya.

He reconstituted the faces and corpora of Lizzie and Malachi and others, the principal room and hearth of the McIlhenny three-room cottage, the rushing waters of the Staatskill that flowed past it, the dark foreboding of the sycamore grove where dwelled the Good Neighbors, as Crip Devlin arcanely called those binate creatures whose diabolical myths brought on that terrible night in June of 1887.

His first completed painting, *The Dance*, was of Lizzie by the sycamores, her bare legs and feet visible to mid-thigh in a forward step, or leap or kick, her left hand *(continued on page 112)*

ILLUSTRATION BY KINUKO Y. CRAFT

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
RICHARD FEGLEY

COUNTRY STOCK

april playmate cady cantrell comes in from the georgia outdoors for a taste of the limelight

WHEN Cady Cantrell arrived in Chicago from her current hometown of Atlanta to shoot her Playmate centerfold, she had just finished her first acting class and was eager to try out her new skills. So after a hectic day of photo sessions, we decided to introduce her to a friend from Chicago's Second City group on the city's Near North Side. We're thinking dinner and shoptalk with a rising star of the troupe, John Rubano, before catching his show. Waiting for a table at Trattoria Roma, Rubano points out from the celebrity pictures on the walls shots of Jim Belushi and George Wendt, two of the many actors who got their start at Second City. Nineteen-year-old Cady laughingly calls their predecessors, John Belushi, Dan Aykroyd and Bill Murray, "older comedians—my mom likes them." The 32-year-old Rubano winces. Cady laughs, her 5'7" body shaking and green eyes flashing. The trattoria's other patrons toss her appreciative glances. Her nonchalance at being the center of attention makes it obvious that she's no stranger to it. Is it from her four years as a high school cheerleader, first in Lanett, Alabama, then in Norcross, Georgia? Is it her earlier modeling for Playboy's *Book of Lingerie* and *Bathing Beauties* photo collections? Or was it perhaps her time on the front lines as a waitress at Hooters in Georgia? "No," Cady

"I think a lot of girls would pose for *Playboy* if they had the bodies for it. For me," says Cady, "there is a real sense of joy in not having clothes on. But the surprising thing to me was finding that modeling is hard work." Her love of going natural extends to her nine-to-five job; she works at a landscape gardening firm.

"Shooting outside is wild. We were in the hills about an hour outside Atlanta, and you feel like anybody could drive up at any minute and, well, there you'd be. But I'm comfortable with my body, so I wouldn't really mind. You do have to be more oware, though. I almost got bitten by a black widow spider."

insists, "I've learned a lot more about the realities of life as a good-looking woman from the envious behavior of other women."

Over a dinner of pasta and *pollo Roma* at a table covered with white butcher paper, Cady, serious now, asks John for advice on her fledgling acting career. He suggests that because of her Southern accent, she should employ a voice coach to broaden her range. "But," Cady points out, "Julia Roberts is a Southern girl with an accent, just like me, and she rose to the top quickly." John smiles at her youthful optimism. "Yes, but she doesn't just do Southern accents anymore." It's time for him to get over to the theater to prepare for the evening's show, so he excuses himself. But he has a surprise for Cady. "How about joining us for a small part in the second act?" Suddenly timid, Cady demurs, but we cajole her until she agrees.

The small, scuffed lobby of Second City is mobbed with people waiting to get into the theater, so John escorts us

"These pictures are closest to the real me. I'm really not that rustic at heart—give me frills. Maybe it's because they seem so *Playboy*—you know, glamourous, sensuous settings. I've always admired how sophisticated the women seem. It's not a shock to be here in the magazine for all the world to see—in fact, it's exciting. I've admired the Playmates for a long time."

through a side door to the troupe's equivalent of a balcony seat—a stool at the rail—where we can catch the first act. Throughout the performance, Cady's presence creates a stir—especially when one of the skits refers to her upcoming *Playboy* video and the audience realizes just who that great-looking woman seated at the railing is. For Cady, who is getting nervous about her stage debut, the lights rise for intermission all too soon and it's her turn to go backstage. Her scene opens with Rubano, Steven Carell and Ron West playing musicians panhandling at an airport. They vary their music to suit the foot traffic: *The Yellow Rose of Texas* for a burly fellow in a ten-gallon hat, *Pretty Woman* for a flight attendant in a hurry. Then Cady appears on the arm of Tim O'Malley; they mime an uptight couple studiously avoiding the musicians' entreaties. It's over all too soon—literally a walk-on part. But Cady beams when she returns to her seat. "I've been in Chicago a few times, but before tonight I'd never gone out on the town. Now I've been on stage! My mom's gonna die when she hears."

MISS APRIL
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Cady Cantrell

BUST: 36 WAIST: 24 HIPS: 36

HEIGHT: 5'7" WEIGHT: 118

BIRTH DATE: 9-12-72 BIRTHPLACE: Lanett, Alabama

AMBITIONS: To be a successful actress and model.

TURN-ONS: Fast cars, simple flowers & romantic music.

TURN-OFFS: Animal abuse, dishonest people & Sunday drivers.

ROLE MODELS: Julia Roberts - she's a Southern girl like me. Barbara Bush - even though she's the first lady, she still seems real and approachable.

IDEAL MAN: Is a dedicated hard worker, physically fit, honest & not afraid to express his feelings.

THANKS TO: God, my parents & Playmate scout Cynthia Kaye.

Jr. High Cheerleader

With my best friend Melissa

Won Sophomore Beauty!

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Son, I'm damn proud of you," the retired Marine colonel said to his paratrooper son, slapping him on the back. "Tell me about your first jump."

"I thought I was ready, Dad, but I froze when it was my turn," he said. "Then my sergeant ordered me to jump, but I still couldn't. Finally, he whipped out his dick and said if I didn't jump, he'd shove it up my ass."

"Well," his father barked, "did you jump?"

"Oh, just a little at first."

Mrs. Goldberg lived in a retirement home across the street from the retirement home of her old friend Mrs. Rossini. Meeting one day in the park, Mrs. Rossini asked Mrs. Goldberg how she liked the home. Mrs. Goldberg raved. She said the rooms were clean, the food good and plentiful and the social activities enjoyable. In fact, she said, one of the men she had met was kind of sweet on her. He had dinner with her and took her for walks. If there was a dance, he would be her partner, and after the dance, they would touch each other and sing sentimental songs.

Mrs. Goldberg then asked Mrs. Rossini how she liked her home. Mrs. Rossini also raved. The rooms were clean, she said, the food good and plentiful and the social activities enjoyable. She, too, had a man interested in her. She said after *their* dances, they would touch each other and then, since they didn't know any sentimental songs, they'd fuck.

Why are blonde jokes so short? So brunettes can remember them.

Shortly after helping deliver a healthy baby boy to a pretty young woman, the obstetrician strolled out to the waiting room to inform the father. The only man there was a frail old man of at least 90, who confirmed that he was the proud poppa.

"At your age, how do you do it?" the doctor asked.

"Two of my sons put me on and three take me off," the old fellow replied.

"If it takes two to put you on, why does it take three to take you off?"

"'Cause I put up a hell of a fight."

Jack and Mugs, two second-story men from Flatbush, were comparing notes on recent burglaries. "Didja get anything on that last heist?" Jack asked.

"Nuttin' at all," Mugs admitted. "Toins out da guy that lives there's a lawyer."

"Jeez, ain't that da breaks," his friend sympathized. "Didja lose anything?"

What do you call a lawyer with an I.Q. of 50? Your Honor.

A prominent businessman was sent this ransom message: "If you want to see your wife again, bring $50,000 to the 17th green of the country-club golf course at ten o'clock sharp on Friday morning."

He didn't arrive on the 17th green until noon. A masked man stepped from behind some bushes and growled, "What the hell took you so long? You're two hours late."

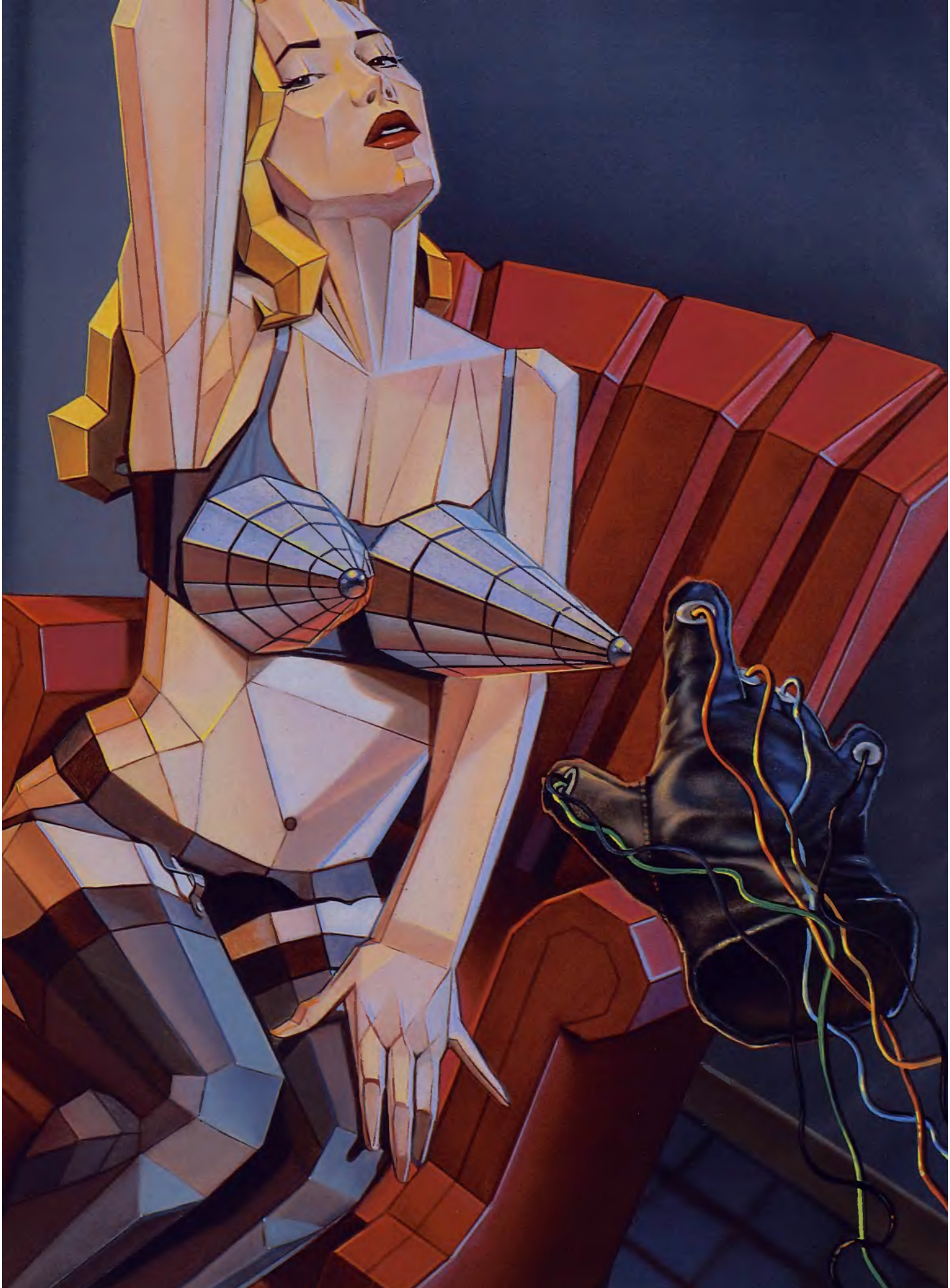
"Hey, gimme a break," the husband pleaded. "I have a twenty-seven handicap."

After falling from the deck of a cruise ship, a drunkard washed up on the beach of a deserted island. As he staggered along the sand, his foot kicked a bottle and a genie emerged, offering him three wishes. Without hesitation, the drunk wished for a whiskey bottle that would never run dry. As soon as it appeared, the fellow took a healthy swig from it. The bottle remained full. Again, he drank deeply from the bottle and, again, it remained filled to the brim. As he was about to lift the bottle to his lips once more, the genie reminded him that he still had two wishes coming.

"Oh, yeah," the drunk said, swaying in the breeze. "Let me have two more bottles just like this one."

Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, Playboy, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. $100 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.*

"Thank heaven they're finally starting to worry about the greenhouse effect!"



IN THE WORLD OF VIRTUAL REALITY, TO REACH OUT AND TOUCH SOMEONE IS JUST THE BEGINNING

ADVENTURES IN CYBERSPACE

I'd heard that virtual reality was a seductive world in which one's fondest desires and deepest imaginings—even sexual ones—could be realized with a wave of the hand, that it was an electronic, technicolor, three-dimensional wonderland of sight, sound and even touch. It was called cyberspace and I wanted to go there.

I AM STANDING in a conference room in New York's Marriott Marquis hotel, site of the third annual Conference on Interactive Entertainment. At my right is Chris Gentile, one of the creators of the Mattel Power Glove for the Nintendo entertainment system. "Slip this on," says Gentile, sliding a thick glove made of gray plastic over my hand and up my forearm. Immediately, a cartoon-colored rendering of a handball court appears on the monitor. There, above a light-brown floor, floats a dark-blue ball waiting to be whacked. To the left and below, a sky-blue hand gently rises and falls in time with my breathing.

"The glove on the screen will move the same way you move your hand," Gentile says. "Swing as though you were hitting the ball." I bring back my arm and whip my hand through an imaginary ball floating in front of me. The glove on the screen suddenly looms larger, as if it were approaching me, and then shrinks as if receding. It hits the ball on the screen, sending it caroming off the walls.

As the rebounding ball approaches me from the left side of the screen, I move back a few steps, line up the next shot and swing again. On screen, the disembodied glove merely freezes as the ball bounces over it, then rebounds back under it.

"Take a couple steps toward the screen," says Gentile, pulling my elbow. "You're too far away." These first few seconds contained my preschool lessons in the workings of virtual reality.

Meeting Gentile wasn't why I came to the conference. I came because I expected to interview Jaron Lanier, the man who coined the term virtual reality and whose VPL Research, Inc., in Redwood City, California, is the mecca of virtual reality. To tell the truth, the idea of being in a computer-made world gave me the hives. If you had asked me why, I probably would have said that if God had wanted us to walk through walls, fly by pointing our fingers, change our form at will or have X-ray vision, He would have put us in comic books.

•

It's predicted that virtual reality will have a great impact in medicine and architecture. For example, at the University of North Carolina, computer-science researchers have developed a virtual reality system that allows biochemists to test the pharmaceutical properties of specific molecules by grabbing a virtual molecule in a virtual fist and merging it with other molecules. Another model enables architects to "stroll" through blueprints by walking on a treadmill with *(continued on page 124)*

article By Walter Lowe, Jr.

ILLUSTRATION BY TIM O'BRIEN

BOBCAT GOLDTHWAIT

Except for a stint as a supermarket baggboy in his home town of Syracuse, New York, Bobcat Goldthwait's entire life has been comedy. Early fans—in the unlikely event they don't recall his screeching delivery—may remember him as Jimmy Goldthwait; he had to borrow his brother's I.D. to work stand-up in clubs where liquor was served.

After high school, he took up residence at Boston's Emerson College, Jay Leno's alma mater. Goldthwait never actually enrolled, though; he lived surreptitiously in a dorm and got on so well with the manager that he was given a meal ticket. Goldthwait insists that he never blew his cover. To this day, he's recognized by alumni who want to replay their college days. "I'm considering making a donation," he says. He also honed his stand-up skills in Boston.

After what he terms "numerous auditions," he was invited to appear on "Late Night with David Letterman." He took his stand-up act to San Francisco and was later tapped to appear on a showcase with Whoopi Goldberg in L.A. That performance led directly to the role of gang leader Zed in "Police Academy 2." He played a young exec axed by TV network boss Bill Murray in "Scrooged"; his latest effort, "Shakes the Clown," which premiered in January, was a three-year project that he, as the writer, pitched 30 times. The story of an alcoholic clown, "Shakes" has the "earmarks of a cult favorite," according to one critic. Despite his frequent references to drugs and alcohol in both film and stand-up, he places himself firmly among the "party responsibly crowd."

Warren Kalbacker caught up with a hoarse, perspiring Goldthwait at a New Hampshire club, one of the 100 road dates he works each year. "Goldthwait measures his performance by how dizzy he gets," Kalbacker reports. "He claimed he was really dizzy that night. I believed him. When he insisted that his greatest show would be his onstage death, I was glad I got to him as soon as I did."

america's sweatiest comedian reports from the front line on throat care, fashion and why he declines sex with axl rose

[redacted]

1.

PLAYBOY: You always open your act with the assertion you've never masturbated. Would you care to reconsider that claim?

GOLDTHWAIT: I openly cop to masturbating. A lot more people should do it. I've got a star on the Syracuse Walk of Fame. If I'm involved in any Pee-wee-type scandal, the mayor himself is going to be out there with a jackhammer.

2.

PLAYBOY: Your screech is your trademark. What's Bobcat Goldthwait's prescription for throat care?

GOLDTHWAIT: No lozenges. Lots of hot beverages. Coffee with caffeine. I'm pretty funky. That's from rock and roll. I got thrown out of a punk rock band called the Dead Ducks because I had no talent as a singer and I was worse as a bass player; then I started opening up for those guys. I was fifteen when I started doing comedy and I was just a sarcastic prick. My act hasn't changed—screaming and stomping around the stage. I was more influenced by rock bands growing up than by comics. Johnny Rotten had more to do with me than Johnny Carson.

3.

PLAYBOY: Did we detect the hint of a "Take my wife" joke in your performance the other night?

GOLDTHWAIT: That was parody. But there's something really classic about telling a joke. There's a craft to that. I've got more respect for Henny Youngman, who writes jokes, versus some dildo whining about how he can't get laid, complaining about everyday life. Right now, for a comic, there's no middle ground. You should be having kids and talking about how tough and kooky it is being a father. Or you should be on stage ranting about women. I'm extremely happy with my sex life. It's not a source of pain and anger for me. I sincerely believe that Sam Kinison and Andrew Dice Clay are latent homosexuals. I can't think of any other reason for them to spend that much time being angry at women and homosexuals. Mel Brooks said, "You are what you mock." And I always feel I am what I hate. I'm sure that underneath all of this I'm really a redneck Guns n' Roses fan.

4.

PLAYBOY: A fan mistakenly approached you earlier for Sam Kinison's autograph. You weren't wearing an overcoat and beret. Was it your delivery, by any chance?

GOLDTHWAIT: I have to live with this everyplace I go. I have no idea why I have this evil twin, especially when the guy weighs three hundred pounds. Years ago, Kinison said I stole his act. There's the delivery thing that he borrowed from me; Kinison knew he was influenced by my inflection. He used to sit in the Comedy Store and watch me night after night and tell me how funny I was. I've always been a hideous judge of who would make it in comedy. Once I picked on Kinison, saying that I wouldn't make fun of a wino in the street if I were a drug addict. He fired off a letter saying he was going to sue me. He must have some amazing shysters around him who told him, "Yeah, Sam, we could win that lawsuit." My only solace would be that someone—somewhere—might call him Bobcat.

5.

PLAYBOY: Among other political targets, you take aim at the National Rifle Association and David Duke. Do you secretly desire to be a crack shot or an Imperial Wizard?

GOLDTHWAIT: I get down when someone says I'm a political comedian. I spend more time on my peers than on political topics. Many comics don't talk about politics at all, so when ten percent of your act is politics, you're considered a political comic. By my own admission, I'm a left-wing lunatic. My dad was a big sheet-metal union man for a long time. We were Democrats. I don't mean to be condescending. I consider myself the lowest common denominator in comedy, so when I go over an audience's head, I'm surprised. When I used to talk about David Duke, I had to preface it by explaining who he is. Now everyone knows.

6.

PLAYBOY: When you offered a few *Sieg Heils* during your comments about David Duke, a member of the audience shouted that you were saluting with the wrong arm.

GOLDTHWAIT: Pretty scary. The other night in L.A., I asked all Nazis in the audience for a show of hands. The country's becoming so conservative. Our working class has become Republican for the first time. Most of the time my *(continued on page 142)*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY TOM ZIMBEROFF

GETTING IT AT HOME

everything you need to turn your living room into a state-of-the-art movie theater—except the gourmet popcorn

HOME THEATER is the electronics buzzword of the Nineties. By linking a large-screen television to video sources and a surround-sound audio system, you can create a cinematic experience in your living room that will hold its own against what most multiplexes have to offer.

To make things easy, some companies will do the work for you. Bang & Olufsen, for example, will send its reps to your home to install its custom version of audio/video nirvana. All you do is foot the bill, which could be anywhere from $8000 to $30,000 depending on the setup you choose. There's also the Thomasville Home Theater, a joint venture between Philips Consumer Electronics and Thomasville Furniture. For $10,000, Philips provides all the necessary electronics and you choose from among four Thomasville wood-finished wall units.

Creating your own home theater is more of a challenge. But it's a great way to go if your budget only allows you to build your setup one piece at a time. If you choose this route, the first thing you need to do is determine the dimensions of the room and which screen size would be most appropriate. Rule of thumb says that you should be seated at least seven feet from a 31-inch screen, 15 feet from a 52-inch screen and 17 feet from a screen that is 100 inches or larger. Direct-view TVs (the kind with a picture tube) have screen sizes up to 35 inches. If you want a screen bigger than that, you must choose between rear-projection and front-projection models.

Other essential components in the home-theater setup include a VCR, a laser disc player, speakers, amplifiers to power the speakers and a surround-sound audio/video receiver—the key to re-creating the theaterlike sound. By separating and routing a movie's sound track to at least four speakers around the room, the receiver can create the illusion that the sound is actually circulating around you—just like at the movies. For the *(continued on page 145)*

If you think the golden age of television was back when Howdy Doody was riding high on the small screen, then guess again, Buffalo Bob. At right is Mitsubishi's model VS-6017R 60-inch rear-projection monitor/receiver, which not only delivers a superb video image but also features picture-in-picture that con be displayed in one of four areos, an internal telephone dialer and modular phone output jack for quick pay-per-view orders, o 20-watts-per-channel, four-speaker sound system and a programable remote, $4300.

modern living By LAWRENCE B. JOHNSON

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD IZUI

SONY TRINITRON XBR PRO When it comes to picking a television set, direct-view TVs offer superior color, clarity and resolution—plus they're perfect if your home-theater space is limited (screen sizes go up to 35 inches). Among the top of this class is Sony's 32-inch XBR PRO model shown above. Aside from a brilliant picture, the set boasts "ultra–high fidelity" stereo sound with a two-way detachable speaker system and more input and output channels than most standard models provide. This means you can hook up lots of gear, including additional monitors. There's even a dedicated S-Video input for high-resolution video sources such as laser disc players and Super VHS, Beta or Hi-8 videocassette recorders. The price: about $3100, including a ten-key programable remote control.

YAMAHA DSP-A1000 SURROUND AMPLIFIER Packed with high-tech features, the $1500 Yamaha DSP-A1000 surround-sound processor at left offers Dolby Pro Logic circuitry as well as seven channels of amplification—enough for all your speakers. It also has Digital Sound-Field Processing (DSP) technology that re-creates the acoustics of a variety of listening environments, including a jazz club and stadium. There's even a 70mm-movie-theater setting that separates the foreground voices, special effects, music and surround channels of a movie's sound track just like the theaters do.

RCA VR690HF VIDEOCASSETTE RECORDER If you're in the market for a new VCR, the $629 RCA Home Theater model at right is one to consider. Aside from including all the features of the best VCRs—four heads, stereo sound, on-screen menu, etc.—it offers a "quick start" mechanism that brings the picture on the screen the moment you pop in the tape. Plus, it has built-in VCR Plus technology, which uses numerical codes listed in newspapers and *TV Guide* to simplify recording.

FOSGATE-AUDIONICS MODEL THREE THX SURROUND-SOUND PROCESSOR According to director George Lucas, "A THX sound system can make the difference between merely watching a movie and experiencing it." Of course, he's the man behind the creation of this technology—first heard in movie theaters, then in the home. Still, a THX surround-sound processor, such as the $2500 Fosgate-Audionics Model Three at right, is considered by many to be the ultimate in home-theater audio, since it reproduces movie sound tracks according to the director's original intent. That means dialog is crystal clear and spaceships sound—and feel—as if they're flying directly overhead.

PIONEER LD-S2 LASER DISC PLAYER Videophiles insist on having a laser disc player in their home-theater setups, mainly because film transfers are first-rate. A combination unit—one that plays both laser discs and compact discs—is a smart and economical way to go. But if you prefer to separate these functions, Pioneer's top-of-the-line LD-S2 Elite is a $3500 dedicated LD player that delivers 425 lines of resolution and a 52-decibel signal-to-noise ratio.

PANASONIC ET-100DS ADVANCED DIGITAL SCANNER Hef swears by this little black box. Made by Panasonic's professional video division, it's called the ET-100DS Advanced Digital Scanner and its purpose is to improve the sharpness and overall picture quality of large-screen televisions and other video sources. Here's how it works: On its own, a conventional TV scans the odd and even lines of video separately. The ET-100DS combines these lines and then releases them together—doubling the resolution and creating a picture that, in Hef's opinion, "make a projected television image look like a movie." The ET-100DS accepts three standard audio/video sources as well as one S-Video source, allowing for the simultaneous connection of a host of AV gear. Price: $3900.

Where & How to Buy on page 167.

VERY OLD BONES (continued from page 88)

"The money so excited Lizzie that she kicked off her shoes and danced until breath left her."

hiking the hem of her skirt to free her legs for the dance. But is it a dance? In the background of the painting is the stand of trees that played such a major role in Lizzie's life, and to the left of her looms a shadow of a man, or perhaps it is a half-visible tree in the dusky light. If it is a tree, it is beckoning to Lizzie. If it is a man, perhaps he is about to dance with her.

But is that a dance she is doing, or is it, as one who saw her there said of it, an invitation to her thighs?

In the painting, it is a dance, and it is an invitation.

•

Why would Lizzie McIlhenny, a plain beauty of divine form and pale brown hair to the middle of her back, choose to dance with a tree, or a shadow, or a man (if man it ever was or could be) at the edge of a meadow, just as a summer night began its starry course? Aged 26, married ten years to Malachi McIlhenny, a man of formidable girth whose chief skill was his strength, a man of ill luck and no prospects, Lizzie (nee Elizabeth Cronin) had within her the spirit of a sensuous bird.

Malachi imposed no limits of space on their marriage, and so she came and went like a woman without a husband, dutiful to their childless home, ever faithful to Malachi and, when the bad luck came to him, his canny helpmate: first trapping yellow birds in the meadow and selling them to friends for 50 cents each, but leaving that when she found that fashioning rag birds out of colored cloth, yarn, thread, feathers and quills was far more profitable; that she could sell them for a dollar, or two, depending on their size and beauty, to the John G. Myers dry-goods and fancy-goods store which, in turn, would sell them for four and five dollars as fast as Lizzie could make them.

At the end of a week in early June, she made and sold 16 birds, all of a different hue, and earned 27 dollars, more money than Malachi had ever earned from wages in any two weeks, sometimes three. The money so excited Lizzie that, when crossing the meadow on her way home from the store, she kicked off her shoes, threw herself into the air and into the wind, danced until breath left her, and then collapsed into the tall grass at the edge of the sycamore grove, a breathless victim of jubilation.

When she regained her breath and sat up, brushing bits of grass from her eyelashes, she thought she saw a man's form in the shadowy interior of the grove, saw him reach his hand toward her, as if to help her stand. Perhaps it was only the rustling of the leaves or the sibilance of the night wind, but Lizzie thought she heard the words "the force of a gray horse," or so it was later said of her. Then, when she pulled herself erect, she was gripping not the hand of a man but the low-growing branch of a sycamore.

•

Malachi's troubles crystallized in a new way when he lost his only cow to a Swedish cardsharp named Lindqvist, a recently arrived lumber handler who joined the regular stud poker game at Black Jack McCall's Lumber District Saloon, and who bested Malachi in a game that saw jacks fall before kings. Lindqvist came to the cow shed behind Malachi's cottage and, with notable lack of regret, led Malachi's only cow into a territorial future beyond the reach of all McIlhennys.

The lost cow seemed to confirm to Malachi that his life would always be a tissue of misfortune. At the urging of his older brother, Matty, who had come to Albany in 1868 and found work on a lumber barge, Malachi, at the age of 17, had sold all that the family owned and left Ireland in 1870, along with his ten-year-old sister, Kathryn, and their ailing father, Eamon, who anticipated good health and prosperity in the new world. In Albany the three penniless greenhorns settled in with Matty at his Tivoli Hollow shanty on the edge of Arbor Hill. Within six months Matty was in jail on a seven-year sentence for beating a man to death in a saloon fight. Within a year he was dead himself, cause officially unknown, the unofficial word being that a guard, brother of the man Matty killed, broke Matty's head with an iron pipe when the opportunity arose; and then, within two years, Eamon McIlhenny was dead at 59 of ruined lungs. These dreadful events, coming so soon after the family's arrival in the land of promise and plenty, seemed to forbode a dark baggage, a burden as fateful as the one the McIlhennys tried to leave behind in County Monaghan.

Malachi did not yield to any fate. He labored ferociously and saved his money. And, as he approached marriage, he bought a small plot of country land on Staats Lane, a narrow and little-used road that formed a northern boundary of the vast Fitzgibbon (formerly Staats) estate, and built on it, with his own hands, the three-room cottage that measured seven long paces deep by nine long paces wide, the size of a devil's matchbox. In 1882 Malachi moved into the cottage with his bride, the sweet and fair Lizzie Cronin, a first-generational child of Albany.

After five years the marriage was still childless, and Lizzie slowly taught herself to be a seamstress as a way of occupying her time, making clothing for herself and Malachi. But, with so few neighbors, she found other sewing work scarce and her days remained half empty, with Malachi working long and erratic hours. And so Lizzie looked for her pleasure to the birds, the trees, the meadows of the Fitzgibbon estate and the Staatskill, a creek with a panoramic cascade, churning waters and placid pools. Malachi saw his wife developing into a fey creature of the open air, an elfin figure given to the sudden eruption off her tongue of melodies that Malachi did not recognize. She began to seem like an otherworldly being to Malachi.

In the spring of 1887, two days after Malachi lost his cow, the waters of the Hudson River, as usual, spilled over their banks and rose into the lumber mills, storage sheds and piles of logs that were the elemental architecture of Sage's lumberyard, where Malachi worked as a handler. One log slipped its berth in the rising waters, knocked Malachi down, and pinned his left shoulder against a pile of lumber, paralyzing his left arm and reducing the strength in his torso by half, perhaps more. So weakened was he that he could no longer work as a handler, that useless left arm an enduring enemy.

He found work one-handedly sickling field grass on the Fitzgibbon land, work that provided none of the fellowship that prevailed among the lumber handlers. He worked alone, came home alone, brooded alone until the arrival of his wife, who grew more peculiar with every moment of Malachi's increasing solitude. He topped her at morning, again at evening after she returned from her communion with the birds of the field, and he failed to create either new life in Lizzie or invincible erectness in himself.

To test himself against nature, he sought out the woman known to the canallers and lumber handlers as the Whore of Limerick, her reputation as an overused fuckboat appealing to

(continued on page 157)

CERTIFICATE OF COMMENDATION
PUBLISHING
AWARD OF MERIT
BOOKS FOR TOTS
PRIZE OF EXCELLENCE CHILDREN'S BOOKS
BOOK OF THE YEAR TODDLER TALES
DOLLY DIMPLES GOES TO THE CIRCUS
CAW-CAW and MOO MOO
ERIC AND HIS FLYING CRIB
LITTLE PATSY PANDA
PEPITO PULGA OF BAJA
The ADVENTURES of the TEENSY FOLK in TEENSY LAND
JOHN DEMPSEY

"And I wuv oo, too, tweetheart."

GIRLS OF THE
BIG EIGHT
92
KANSAS
WILDCATS
KSU
STATE
GOODYEAR

GIRLS OF THE BIG EIGHT

ten years later, we're back for a better look

A DECADE AGO, *Playboy* sent Contributing Photographer David Chan to the nation's Great Plains in search of middle America's comeliest coeds—the girls of the Big Eight Conference. A clutch of colleges nestled between the Rockies and the Mississippi (with schools in Colorado, Iowa, Missouri and Nebraska and two each in Kansas and Oklahoma), the Big Eight marks the bull's-eye of the continental U.S.—geographically *and* culturally. The ladies of the conference, we reported in 1982, were a ripe representation of the country's college crowd, including "flower children, sorority people, freaky people, punk people, *everybody*." And as Chan's portfolio proved, they were beautiful to boot. But now it's a decade later. Would a return visit to the country's cornfields reap as bountiful a harvest as the first trip? We sent Chan back to Big Eight country and he captured some scenery you won't find in the *Farmer's Almanac*. "It was staggering," says Managing Photo Editor Jeff Cohen. "More than 200 women showed up in Colorado alone—with similar turnouts in Missouri, Nebraska and Iowa. And each one looked prettier than the last." We narrowed the plentiful crop to a breathtaking 41 ladies. (Pick your favorite and help her win $5000 to further her education. See details on page 143.) So enjoy—and, hey, welcome back.

Lighting up the night on the facing page are these Kansas Staters: Top row, Aimey Toyne, Joelle Prostler and Shannon Greenwood; middle row, Gail Anson and Donna Matthew; bottom row, Eve Wilson, Teri Taylor and Julie Ooks. Meonwhile, representing the Big Eight's other Sunflower State contingent is U of K's Gindy Schuetz (top left), who hails from the town of Hiawatha, Kansas. A family girl who enjoys "helping others and feeling needed," Gindy relaxes by lifting weights. Budding songstress Monica Dodd (playing snow bunny, top right) comes to us from the U of Colorado, where she's a freshman majoring in communications. "I love making music," she tells us—adding that she also craves "a nice dinner, chocolate, cheesecake and calories!" (You'd never know it.) Oklahoma State's Stacy Leigh Clarke (right) is a graphic-design major originally from Tulsa. A loyal sorority sister and true outdoorswoman, Stacy confesses a certain unpredictability. "My friends say they like me becouse I alwoys do the unexpected," says the stunning sophomore. "And I enjoy a challenge. The harder you work for something, the more rewarding it is in the end."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID CHAN

Kelly Harmon (above left) is a Salt Lake City native currently majoring in physical education at the U of Kansas. Partial to daisies and credit cards (and not so wild about green vegetables and credit-card bills), Kelly hopes one day to teach inner-city kids. All dressed up for a night on the town (above right) are seven of U of Nebraska's finest. Seated, fram left, are Meredith Timberlake, Maria Zoe Cacho and Kristin Busskohl; standing are Rhonda Young, Jodi Diaz, Jill Murray and Tamara Singh. Who are the guys? Let's just call them lucky. Hoping to become a top interior decorator—and, along the way, rich—is Dee McKenzie (taking her cue at left), a part-time d.j. from Kansas State. Dee is thankful for the support she gets "in everything I do," especially from her parents and (sigh) husband.

Andronico Thoyer (above left) is o notive New Yorker now hitting the books ot the U of Nebraska. An English major who hopes to enter law school, Andronico says this of her *Playboy* appeorance: "My father thinks I should hove been photogrophed in a ski mosk so his friends ot work wouldn't recognize me and tease him." We're glod she didn't take Dad's advice. To Andronico's right is Oklohoma State's Jill-Marie Siegfried, an ort appreciator who is fast compiling an impressive list of credits: She's an honors student, has traveled to Europe twice, trains birds to perform ("I teach them to talk ond do stupid pet tricks") ond plans to enter groduote school. The only things she's not crazy about: "chouvinistic men ond women with P.M.S." Singer, dancer ond future movie stor Holi Riley (right) hosn't yet decided on a major ot the U of Missouri, but that doesn't stop her from hoving fun. "I love guys and clothes and every kind of music ond donce," she says. "I have a hord time getting into clubs, so I go to o lot of porties. I'm usually the first person to put on the music ond begin doncing. I love to be the center of ottention." We like her thot way, too.

Until she strikes gold as a real estate wizard, U of Kansas' Gretchen Provines (above left) is going to play. An avid roller-blader, singer and cook, Gretchen slows down only far "romantic maonlit walks." Saaking up the lacal color (above right) are Trish Susan Boell (left) and Kelly Trunkle—both Iawa Staters and future broadcast journalists. Kelly was fated to appear in *Playboy*: She once partrayed a Playmate in a school play. Nikki Merle (below) is a cheerleader and engineering major at Kansas. Her ambition: to be a great mom.

When model and future actress Tina Lavon Wahl (left) enrolled at the U of Oklahoma, she was just keeping things all in the family. "My mother, brother and I *all* attend OU," says the psychology major, who admits that, of the three, her brother is the best student. Tina also studies physical therapy, works with disadvantaged children and, in her spare time, enjoys body-shaping, writing and watching football. Oklahoma State's Robyn Rae Bonfy (below) is the perfect embodiment of her native Kansas. "I like go-carting, sewing, easygoing people, romance, sunsets and helping my dad on the farm," says the bright-eyed junior. "And I also like country dancing." An accomplished rider, she's also a loyal family girl. "My family is supportive of whatever choices I make—in fact, my dad is the one who urged me to pose for *Playboy*." Robyn has her future all mapped out. "I'll get my Ph.D. in psychology, travel, then open up my own clothing store." We'll be the first in line.

Name the type of dance and U of Colorado's Dee Oliver (enjoying nature, above) has already mastered it—ballet, modern, even creative movement for children. She began dancing when she was three and is currently kicking her heels to the tune of a four-year dance scholarship at UC. Born in Boulder, Dee also likes skiing, sailing and "reading in bed when it's snowing." From the U of Nebraska is Angela Pruess (left), a junior majoring in elementary education. She's a self-professed people person whose vocational ambition is heartfelt: "I want to make a difference in this world through my teaching. It's the way to give the greatest gift of all: knowledge." Jessica Thompson (below) studies advertising at the U of Missouri, but, boy, does she know how to let her hair down: She spends summers water-skiing, loves to dance and shoot pool and savors "intimate evenings with my boyfriend and wild nights out with the girls."

U of Colorodo's Judy Hernandez (obove) is a psychology mojor from Pueblo who hopes to teoch exceptionol children ofter she groduotes. Among the things thot keep Judy jozzed: warm nights, white roses, her six-foot pet boa constrictor and her husbond—not necessarily in thot order. When the finol school bell hos rung, Iowo Stote's Therese Bulver (right) plons to take the business world by storm. Until then, the Iowo notive (who's one of five girls) is content chilling out—or worming up—with trips to Florido beaches. If you hoppen to run into Iowo State's Andreo Cooper (below) at a nightclub, be sure you know your stuff before asking her to dance. "I like seductive, exciting dancing," soys the heolth student, whose dance-floor sovvy ranges from ballroom to ballet. When the music stops, where would Andrea like to wind up? "In my own house by a loke in the mountoins."

Brenda Throm (left) is doing the pre-veterinary grind at the U of Missouri, hoping eventually to launch a practice. When she's not exploring the animal world, she works as a doughnut maker and keeps up with the ice-hockey action of the St. Louis Blues. Below is OU's Candy Duke, whose passions include numbers (she's an accounting major), exercise (she teaches aerobics) and theater (she wants to be an actress). We'll introduce the trio at near right from top to bottom: Kelly Nicholson is a volleyball enthusiast from U of Oklahoma who grew up on a farm—where she rode horses "and even learned to bale hay." The pretty premed student plans to become a surgeon or radiologist. Laurie Austin came to the U of Missouri from her native Florida—and she may stay put. "Florida is nice to visit," says the future lawyer, "but the Midwest is the place to be. People here are *real*." The U of Nebraska's Kristin McIntosh is confined to a wheelchair and she wants you to know about it. "I'm interested in encouraging awareness about disabled people," she says, "especially their potential for attractiveness and sensuality." An English major with a thing for "mystical creatures, fairies and pixies," Kristin wants to write children's books. Finally, say hi to U of Oklahoma's Dianne Morris (far right). "I'm usually a very shy person," says the Houston native and political science major. "But the people from *Playboy* made me feel comfortable." Glad we could help.

CYBERSPACE *(continued from page 105)*

"By pointing my forefinger up, I will fly skyward, and by pointing my finger down, I will descend."

handlebars, steering their way through the virtual corridors and rooms seen in their head-mounted 3-D display.

But the equipment at North Carolina is expensive. And while VPL Research recently announced its introduction of the first integrated VR desktop system, the $50,000 price is too costly for all but the most well-heeled consumers. That's where 31-year-old Eric Gullichsen has a better idea. He and his partner, 33-year-old Patrice Gelband, have formed their own company, Sense8, Incorporated, on the outskirts of Sausalito. Their goal is expressed in Sense8's vision of making virtual reality affordable. Gullichsen acquaints me with the tools I'll be using. The first is the same sort of power glove that I used to play the game above, Nintendo Super Handball. "Hold out your right hand," he says after I've put on the glove, "and open it. Now make a fist. Good. You're about to go into an office cubicle with a chair, some books, a painting and papers. Some of those things can be picked up and moved around with the glove."

Next, he introduces me to a large, rectangularly shaped cone that he fits on a color monitor. "This," he says, "is the Flogiston Cyberhood." I look into the narrow end and realize that it's basically a larger variation of the children's Viewmasters sold in toy stores. The only difference is that instead of looking at miniature slides, I'm looking at a television screen. Gullichsen then places my left hand over a palm-sized plastic track ball embedded in a plastic platform and explains that by pushing, pulling, lifting and twisting the ball, I'll have the same six degrees of freedom—up or down, left or right, forward or backward, roll, pitch and yaw—that I would have if I were actually standing in this office. To look around, all I have to do is move the ball as if I were turning my head one way or another. If I can't get the hang of holding my head in my left hand, Gullichsen can easily change the function of the ball to rotate the *room*, as if I were holding it in my hand.

Imagine for a moment that you have two heads and two right hands, and you can project one of each through the wall into the next room. That's what it's like as, staring into the Cyberhood, I push the ball forward. My vision brings me into the office Gullichsen has put on the screen. I turn the ball left and my vision rotates left to a painting on the wall. I turn the ball right and my vision rotates to a stack of papers on a wooden counter. I reach forward with my right hand and the outlined hand floating in the room moves toward the papers. I close my fist and the computer beeps.

"You've got the papers. Pick them up," Gullichsen says.

I raise my closed hand and the disembodied glove lifts the papers.

"They'll stay there unless you put them down," he says. "Gravity hasn't been programmed into this world."

When Gullichsen sees that I have learned to use these extensions of my senses, he introduces me to a different environment—a two-story town house. I drift toward it from the outside, floating across the yard. I pass through the walls and am inside a living room with a fireplace and a sofa. And, at the end of a hallway to the right, I see a doorless washroom. "I have to go to the john," I say.

"Go ahead, by all means," he says.

I float into the bathroom and try to lift the toilet seat.

"The toilet seat isn't programmed to lift," he says.

Several hours later, when I leave the Sense8 office on my way to the Autodesk Company, I've learned three things:

First, for less than $10,000, you can purchase enough virtual reality equipment to enable you to explore the inside of a building that hasn't been built.

Second, the operative laws in a computer-generated world are precisely what one programs them to be. If you want gravity, things fall. If you don't want a toilet seat to lift, it doesn't lift.

Third, the projecting of sensual perceptions into a disembodied hand and a headless point of view, while eerie at first, becomes quite comfortable. It feels normal to be in two places at the same time.

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Less than half a mile down the road from the Sense8 building sprawls the multibuilding complex of Autodesk, the world's largest designer of computer-aided design software. Here I'm about to experience total immersion, and the man who's going to baptize me is Chris Allis, Autodesk's applications and marketing liaison. Thanks to Gentile and Gullichsen, I feel prepared, like a pilot who has trained on single-engine craft before finally moving up to a Learjet.

I go through the standard procedure with the glove, opening and closing my fist. Then Allis puts VPL eyephones (or cyberspace goggles, as I like to think of them) over my eyes. Immediately, I notice little things. The resolution is better than Sense8's, the colors more vivid. The glove is made of flexible Lycra and covers my hand like a second layer of skin. But then, I shouldn't be surprised, since this is the VPL Data Glove, originally designed for use by astronauts.

"OK," says Allis, "you're in."

Yes, but I don't know *what* I'm in. It seems to be a huge, gaudy structure composed of Grecian columns surrounding a modern chair placed in the center of a marble-tiled floor.

By pointing my forefinger up, I will fly skyward, and by pointing my finger down, I will descend. By holding my hand open, I will stop. By making a fist on any object, I can pick it up—even throw it.

I lift the chair with the virtual hand and swing my arm across my body. After I release the chair, it becomes embedded in the opposite wall, with only the top half visible inside the room. I pass through the wall of the building, where my eyes encounter an azure sky.

"What are you trying to do?" Allis asks me.

"I'm looking for the other half of the chair," I say.

"Well, just turn around and you'll see it."

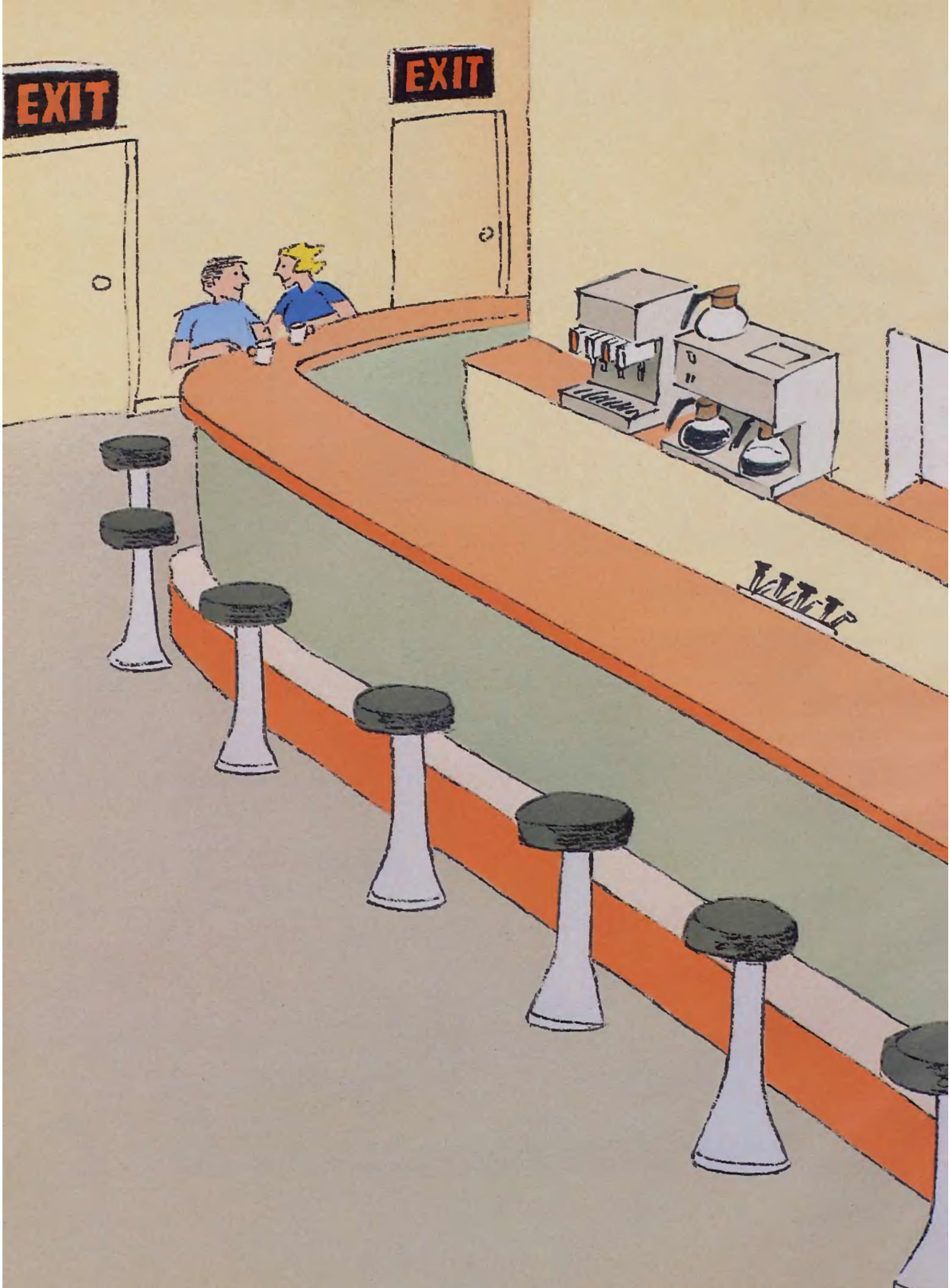
Half an hour later, I've played virtual racquetball using a real racquet wired with magnetic sensors. I've inhabited a posh mansion with a swimming pool in the backyard, flown above my estate and landed on the roof without a helicopter and generally lived the life of a man who has a lot of discretionary income. Were it not for the fact that the water in the pool didn't ripple, that after diving into it I came out dry, and that I wasn't smoking a cigar, I might have thought I was Bill Cosby.

When I remove the glove and headgear, I realize that the experience has left me with a feeling of déjà vu.

The first association that comes to mind is Patrick Swayze's character in the film *Ghost*. I could now identify with the disembodied spirit that can penetrate walls at will. Virtual reality also reminds me of my own dreams. In the dream state, we often are merely a "point of view." Our phantasmal bodies enter into play only as needed and more often simply as impressions. When I dream I'm running, I don't actually see my legs; I simply assume that I'm using them to move toward or

(continued on page 163)

"Gee, honey, I'm sorry, but you did say to talk dirty."


EXIT
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DATING
IN THE NINETIES

THE DATE—with its flammable mixture of male and female, cocktails and desire—has long held a special place in the male imagination. When we picture the ultimate date, we see James Bond in a white dinner jacket. The woman has him in for a martini, tipping her head seductively as she slips on diamond earrings. At the four-star restaurant, there's Dom Pérignon with dinner, then perhaps some dancing, more champagne and a run at the baccarat table. A moonlit drive finds them back at her place. Her lips are wet with wine and desire, the promise of something more lingering in the air. . . .

high-anxiety going out is out. so why is everyone still so nervous?

It may sound ideal, but the James Bond date is woefully out of date.

"No one's done that in centuries," says Serena, a 25-year-old make-up artist. "I don't know many people who 'date' date. You just hang out and fuck and get up and go eat, or meet up with friends for a drink, or go for a walk. It's unnatural and weird to get all dressed up to go out on some kind of formal date."

"In real life, everything would go wrong," says Dan, a 29-year-old commercial artist. "You'd get a table by the kitchen door, your VISA card would be declined, you'd mispronounce the wine. It's better to go to a restaurant where you seat yourself and the menu's in English."

Dates have always made people nervous, but in the Nineties, dating anxiety may have reached new heights. People don't even like to use the word anymore. No one has dates these days—they "get together," "run into each other," "meet someplace," "go out with a gang of friends."

"'Date' is a loaded word," says Dan. "It

article By DAVID SEELEY

ILLUSTRATION BY GUY BILLOUT

means your evening is serious, like you expect it to lead to something. It's better to keep things loose—just get together for a movie or go eat Chinese with a bunch of friends. Low-key stuff. But going out on a date. . . ." His eyes widen in horror.

"I don't think I've ever been on a date, really," says Grant, a Bard College junior. "In college, you don't date. It's more like, 'Oh, you're going to a party? Great, I'll go, too.'"

What caused this dating phobia? It may be a reaction to the date's "comeback" in 1986, when a confluence of events—years of Reaganism, a decline in alcohol and drug use and a threatened epidemic of heterosexual AIDS—sent America scurrying back to the rigid dating codes of the Fifties. Suddenly, national magazines ran stories with such titles as "The Return of the Date," "The New Monogamy" and "The 'Reputation' Returns," proclaiming the end of the sexual revolution. All the worst dating horrors of bygone times—blind dates, virginity, even meeting your girlfriend's parents—were revisited on a stunned populace.

The date had been semiretired since the Sixties, when love-ins and LSD blew away all memory of the uptight Fifties. The Seventies offered even fewer dating rules—people just dropped Quaaludes and went to discos, going home with whoever brightened their mood rings. They spent the first half of the Eighties doing coke and screwing in night-club rest rooms—and then the "date" returned. For a while, people actually tried it. They went on blind dates. They joined herpes-free dating clubs. They discussed people's "reputations." But since they already drank less, drugged less and screwed less, there was little social novocaine to numb them to the terrors of formal dating.

So the "date" didn't take. The Reagan years ended, the straight AIDS epidemic never arrived and the sexes were left to muddle their way toward a new set of rules. The good news: Sex is in again. But so is anxiety about everything from the economy to the new world order to splitting the dinner check. Here, then, are the new rules of engagement, compiled through interviews with men and women across the country, people who are sure of only one thing: They want to meet, merge and mate without actually having to date—because dating in the Nineties is simply much too tense.

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Rule 1: Get introduced. Women today are leery of men who don't come with some kind of pedigree, whether it's a friend's introduction or a connection through work. An introduction provides a wedge against anxiety, a sense of security that's partly about AIDS, but also a way to avert that most dreaded catastrophe: the date from hell. If this undercuts a date's adventure, so be it. Women in the Nineties don't like surprises.

"There almost always has to be some kind of introduction," confirms Michael, a 27-year-old investment banker who met his current girlfriend through their health-club swim team.

"I'm not into the pickup scene in bars," says Jill, a 25-year-old television producer. "I do see it happen—it probably happens more now than it did five years ago. But I like to meet people through friends or through work."

If you want to meet that luscious, unknown vixen across a crowded club, any connection can improve your "perfect stranger" status—some dim association you may have with a friend of a friend of a friend of hers or even an approving word from the waitress.

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Rule 2: Keep it low-key. Nobody wants to call a date a "date" and they don't want it to seem like one, either. So take the old formality—calling way in advance, the flowers, the box of chocolates, the corner table in the swank French restaurant—and chuck it out the window. Your first date should be casual, unromantic. Lunch on Tuesday makes an excellent choice. You're dressed for work, pressed for time and almost nothing can go wrong. Or try a ball game. Anything is better than an intimate dinner for two.

"I want a guy to know who I am," says Jill. "When I'm having a pizza, I'm more apt to say revealing things, like that I love basketball, than when I'm in a dress sitting down in some really nice restaurant. It would make me very tense if a guy took me to some romantic dinner on a first date. On a formal date, you're under pressure to perform, you have all these expectations, like it *has* to lead to something."

"If you start thinking of it in terms of 'We're going on a date,' it puts a lot of pressure on you," agrees Steve, 22, a senior at Indiana University, "whether you're trying to impress someone or to show them who you really are, for fear you won't get another chance. So you try to take the pressure off by making it less formal."

Grant probably has the most basic approach to dating, one he says is common on American college campuses. "You get drunk, screw each other brainless, then you get up and if you still like each other, you go do stuff."

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Rule 3: Saturdays are serious. If your Tuesday lunch went smoothly, it's time for a second date. How about Friday night, you say? What do you think this is—1960? Friday is potent date-night juju. You have to build up to that slowly. The days of the week reflect a hierarchy of dating seriousness; if you go straight to Saturday, for instance, you might as well go ahead and marry her. For now, play it safe. Let your second date be a weeknight.

"A weekend is real intimate," Dan says. "You're bringing things out of the day-to-day, away from work. It's valuable personal time and that just gives a date more gravity."

"On a weeknight," says Hillary, 23, "you're less likely to have that tension of, Do I go home by myself or with him, or does he come home with me? Because you have to work the next day. So you can relax."

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Rule 4: There's safety in numbers. First dates used to mean a table for two; only when couples were well established did they meet each other's friends. But people today are so nervous about dating, so uncomfortable and worried that things will go wrong, they prefer to drown out the classic getting-to-know-you date in the noisy hubbub of a table for ten. A double date won't do—it's simply too datelike. So, sometimes for the first several dates, couples never meet alone. They call each other and say, "Some people are getting together . . ." and the group date begins.

"You know those little lulls on a date, when for a minute or thirty seconds or even ten seconds there's nothing to talk about and there's just this silence?" says Jill. "I can't stand that. It's kind of nice to have other people around to fill in the blanks. And you can get to know a guy better if you see what he's like around his friends."

Caroline, a 25-year-old graphics designer, says group dates are fine once in a while and ideal as an alternative to blind dates ("You can meet a guy and it's not pushed on you at all"). But when the group date is the only date you do, problems arise: A raucous table can dilute and confuse a date's intimacy and romance.

"It makes the boundaries of your relationship ill-defined from the beginning," says Caroline. "In the old days, a guy would call a girl and ask her out, and they'd go out, have a good conversation and kiss good night. Then he'd call her and ask her out again. That meant he liked her, he wanted to pursue her. It was real obvious. But when you start by going out to dinner with ten people, and half of you go have drinks afterward, and then you just go home, you walk around saying, 'Are we just friends?' Then you sort of sleep together by accident, and the next time

(continued on page 147)

PLAYBOY'S SPRING AND SUMMER FASHION FORECAST

a 13-page guide to the
latest and greatest warm-weather fashion trends

fashion
By HOLLIS WAYNE

SPORTS JACKETS

picking the winning combination

The operative word in men's fashion this spring is versatility—clothes that look great and help you get more mileage out of your wardrobe. In other words, think cost per wear; when you look and feel great in something, you'll wear it more often. Sports jackets are the cornerstone of this new movement since they can be dressed up or down to create an infinite number of looks. Right now, the three-button single-breasted jacket with three open patch pockets shown on the opposite page is *the* style to consider. The model with flap patch pockets shown below right is another great alternative. Both feature soft construction and a relaxed fit, making them perfect partners for the newest silk or chambray shirts. When it comes to selecting jacket fabrics, look for those that can take the heat—namely, wool crepes, tropical-weight wools, silks and linens. A subtle pattern, such as a small bird's-eye weave, a minute check or a monochromatic plaid, is important. So is color: The top hues to choose include mid-to-light grays and tans, creams and browns, accented with shades of olive and plum. Blues are hot, too—especially "new blue," a steellike color. And traditional colors such as solid navy or gray are the best way to go if you prefer the classic look of a six-button double-breasted blazer in a lightweight wool or wool blend. What about trousers? Triple, double and single pleats are still stylish, with the last showing up even more on casual pants. For a flatter, neater look, there are pleats that face the pockets and flat-front pants in khaki colors. When it comes to cut, a relaxed fit is where it's at. That means fuller at the thigh, tapering to the ankle. Cuffs measure about one to one and a half inches wide and belt loops are slightly larger at about an inch and a half. One fabric that you can wear all year—for any occasion—is lightweight wool gabardine. As with sports jackets, stick with shades of tan, gray and blue. For a more laid-back look, pair a sports jacket with jeans and a T-shirt. The five-pocket style, washed to a mid-blue color (not too dark, not too light), is the way to go. More good news: White jeans are still in fashion. If you picked up a pair this past season, wear them this spring with a darker sports jacket.

A terrific trouser fabric for any season: linen gabardine, illustrated above in triple-pleated cuffed pants, $193, worn with a leather belt with brass buckle, $90, both by Joseph Abboud; plus suede lace-up shoes with leather soles, by J. M. Weston, about $540.

Sports jackets come in a variety of sharp colors and patterns, but one of the hottest is "new blue," the steellike hue that's showing up in both casual and tailored collections. Below is a new-blue linen three-button single-breasted sports jacket with patch pockets, $431, worn with a cotton striped sport shirt, $185, and silk leaf-patterned tie, $80, all by Giorgio Armani Le Collezioni.

The best sports jackets change their moods as often as you do. The casual yet cool look at left includes a wool/silk glen-plaid three-button sports jacket with notched lapels and open patch pockets, $475, and a silk twill sport shirt with straight-point collar, $160, both by Bill Robinson; linen double-pleated cuffed trousers, by Barry Bricken, $125; and suede belt, by Giorgio Armani, $145; plus leather loafers, by J. M. Weston, $395; and cotton geometric-patterned socks, by Polo Ralph Lauren, $17.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOHN GOODMAN / ILLUSTRATIONS BY ANGELLA DASKALAKIS

CASUAL ACCESSORIES

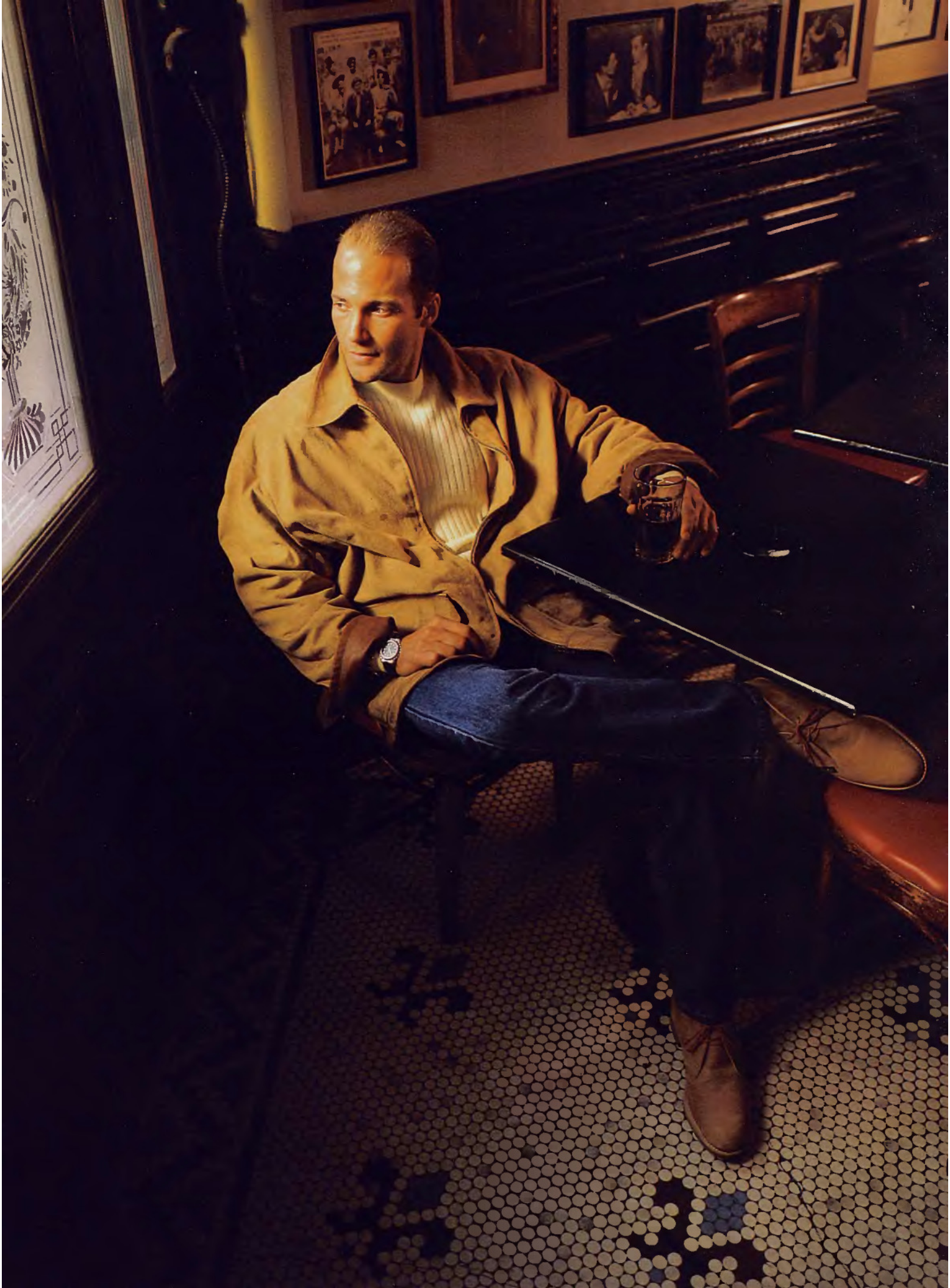
getting down to the details

Just like wire wheels on a sports car, the word accessory means "something extra." In fashion-speak, the term encompasses everything from shoes and socks to ties and pocket squares. In other words, they're the details that contribute to the final impression you create. Here's a roundup of some of the season's best. *Footwear:* Moccasins go great with casualwear. Soft-soled "driving" styles—glove-soft but a bit fragile—are a luxury. Equally comfortable but far more practical are nubuck and suede moccasins with flat or cleated soles. Wear them with bulky sport socks. Desert boots offer the same casual comfort, as do thick-soled leather oxfords. And the traditional penny loafer (with a new, higher vamp) is the classic shoe to wear with a sports jacket, pants and a tie. *Belts:* For jeans and sports pants, pick a belt that's made of woven leather with a brass buckle. Look for belts that are slightly wider to fit the new, larger belt loops. Brass buckles are the hottest look. *Sport shirts:* For the past few years, the style has been to button your sport shirts up to the top—with or without a tie. Now you can loosen up. Leave two buttons undone on all collared shirts, including the new banded-collar styles that are available in solid and antique-striped cotton and washed silk. If the weather's still cool, try layering your shirts. For example, let a white T-shirt show at the neck under your sport shirt, or wear a polo shirt with one of the new open-knit sweaters. (For more on this new style, see the section on outerwear and sweaters.) *Miscellaneous essentials:* Sunglasses are an important accessory. Round wire-rimmed styles are the spring's freshest look. (Even classic aviator shades have been updated with tortoise wire rims.) And to stay on time, pick up a sturdy multifunction chronograph watch, preferably with a thick leather band. Some of our favorites are by Hamilton, Longines-Wittnaur, Timex and Swatch.

Footwear designers have given new life to the classic penny loafer by introducing updated models with a higher vamp and rich pebble-grain leather. Below: A leather slip-on loafer with hand-sewn leather sole, by Paraboot, $290; warn with cotton monochromatic diamond-print socks, by Gordon Walker, about $11.

One of the newest collars in shirts is no collar—or "banded collar," as dubbed by fashion experts. Above is an example in bronze cotton, by Wilke-Rodriguez, $55. Earth colors, soft fabrics and comfortable shoes are the details to look for in men's fashion accessories this spring. Opposite page, clockwise from top: Striped cotton banded-collar shirt, by Barry Bricken, $70. Silk knit three-button polo shirt, by Axis, $105. Chronograph watch with gold-tone sundials and a leather band, by Pulsar, $250. Chronogroph wotch with romon numerols and leather band, by Hamilton, about $400. Open-weave cotton sweater, by Joseph Abboud, $740. Cotton shirt with straight-point collar, by Jhone Barnes, $68. Ray-Ban wire-rim aviators, by Bausch & Lomb, $150. Suede driving moccasins with rubber-cleoted soles, by J. P. Tod's, $165. Leather braided belt, by Crookhorn Davis for Joseph Abboud, $70. Cotton nub socks, by E. G. Smith Socks, $8. Leather oxfords featuring a split-seam toe with indentations, by To Boot New York, $235. Cotton Fair Isle socks, by Royal Bermuda Knitting, $10. Mirrored sunglosses with tortoise frames, by Cutler & Gross, $125.

JAMES IMBROGNO



OUTERWEAR & SWEATERS

opt for long-lasting leathers and subtle-patterned pullovers

A well-made leather jacket lasts forever, so be sure to select a classic style such as a baseball jacket, a multipocketed bush jacket or the shirt-type jacket shown on the opposite page. Motorcycle and jean jackets tend to look best on younger men, but anyone looks sharp in an anorak. The one shown below right is made of cotton and denim and features a drawstring waist. (The new green and brown denims are our favorites.) If you opt for a suede jacket or one made from a woven fabric such as denim, try to find a style with a contrasting leather collar. It's a hot fashion detail this spring that's worth seeking out. Hoods, on the other hand, have been going strong for the past few seasons but seem to be losing ground this year. Although sweaters won't be an important fashion item this spring, pick up a crocheted or open-knitted model or one with subtle prints. The former are meant to be worn over shirts, polo shirts or T-shirts—but save the see-through skin for the clubs, please. The favored prints feature abstract designs in soft, muted colors, making the brightly colored patterns of the past appear too overpowering in comparison. Again, go with classic shapes such as pullover crew and V-necks or solid-colored flat-knit cardigans. The Henley style (a collarless pullover with a front button-placket opening that echoes the look of the banded-collar sport shirt) is making a comeback in lightweight knits. Speaking of knits, cotton is still the number-one sweater yarn because it's comfortable, practical and good-looking. But you may want to consider investing in a lightweight cashmere sweater. There's nothing more luxurious and, if you take care of it, it will last for years to come. One final tip: Sweater shapes may be traditional this spring, but there's a new way to wear them—over a simple T-shirt that shows just slightly at the neck.

There's nothing better than a sweater to keep you warm during the early months of spring. This year, printed models with obstroct designs and subtle colors are the way to go. The silk/cotton crewneck sweater pictured above is a takeoff from last year's patchwork, by Andrew Fezza, $300.

Get more life out of your leather jackets by sticking to classic styles. On the opposite page we've paired a suede shirt jacket with leather collar and cuffs, by Joseph Abboud, $1160; with a cashmere crewneck, by Brunello Cucinelli, $475; cotton stonewashed jeans, by Wrangler, $25; and suede desert-style boots with rubber soles, by Paraboat, $250; plus chronograph watch with sharkskin band, by Gruen, $75; and silver cross bracelet, by Robert Lee Morris, $232.

Denim takes on a chameleon air this season, turning up on jackets in earthy shades of green and brown. Below, for example, is a versatile green cotton washed-denim anorak with a contrasting leather collar, drawstring waist and front pockets that snap to close, by BTU, about $150; worn with a cotton and linen three-button Henley sweater with contrasting bonded collar, by Calvin Klein Sport for Men, about $105.

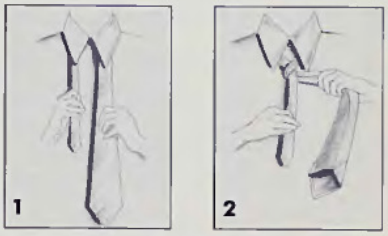
SHIRTS AND TIES

replacing the power look with nineties subtlety

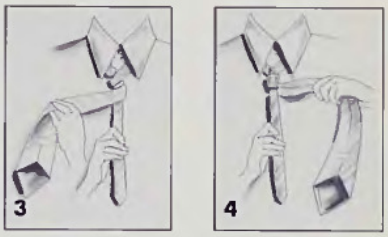
Before stocking up on dress shirts and ties, keep in mind that the hard-edged fashion looks of the Eighties have gone the way of hard-edged greed. Red and yellow power ties, contrasting and spread collars, bold stripes and fat tie knots have been replaced by more muted colors, softer collars, roomier cuts and narrower tie knots. In short, everything has taken on a more casual attitude. Stripes in plum, olive, black and blue are turning up on shirts with gray, deep blue and earth-tone backgrounds. White shirts—which always look crisp and impeccable—have returned as the top fashion choice for any occasion, with blue ones coming in a close second. Regardless of style, the best dress shirt is still all-cotton with a relaxed fit. Also new this season: collars that are soft (no stays), with long points measuring to three inches. This style, which is perfect with both single- and double-breasted jackets, requires a tie with a long, skinny knot, commonly referred to as a four-in-hand with an extra go-around. The bottleneck tie, which has a width of 3¾ inches, is the best shape for tying a long, slim knot. To make things simple, we've outlined how to do it in the drawings at right. Just follow them as if you're looking in the mirror. Patterns to look for include rep ties with unorthodox stripes in either rich (rather than bright) jewel tones or soft, earthy colors. Vertically striped ties, which are available from several top designers, look exceptional with subtly striped shirts (see the photo on page 139). Small geometric patterns and abstract floral prints are also hot. And jazzy-looking conversational ties, such as the colorful thematic ones by Nicole Miller, will make you the hit of the party.

The striped cotton straight-point-collar shirt, by Andrew Fezza, $60, shown above, will look best with a slim-knotted tie. Start with a tie that has a 3¾-inch width and then follow the directions at right.

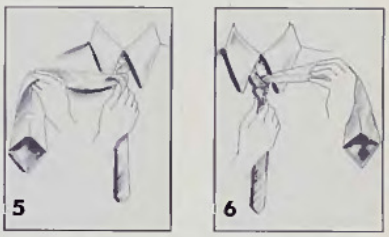
Soft, straight-point collars (which have no stays) and small stripes and earthy background colors signal the new direction for dress shirts. Shown on the opposite page is a cotton model with an open chest pocket, $212, worn with a silk geometric-patterned tie, about $70, both by Giorgio Armani Le Collezioni; a wool/linen striped six-button, one-to-button double-breasted suit with peaked lapels and double-pleated trousers, by Mani, about $850; and linen pocket square, by Ashear Brothers, $15.



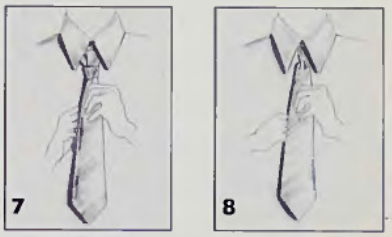
How to tie a slim knot: View the illustrations as mirror images. (1) Hang the wide end of the tie on the right; narrow on the left. (2) Bring the long end over and then under the short end.



(3) Now bring the long end around the top of the short end. (4) Then wrap the long end under the short end again to begin the extra go-around that gives the knot its distinctive look.



(5) Moving your left hand up to hold the first knot tightly, once again bring the long end of the tie around the short end. (6) Bring the long end up through the center near your neck.

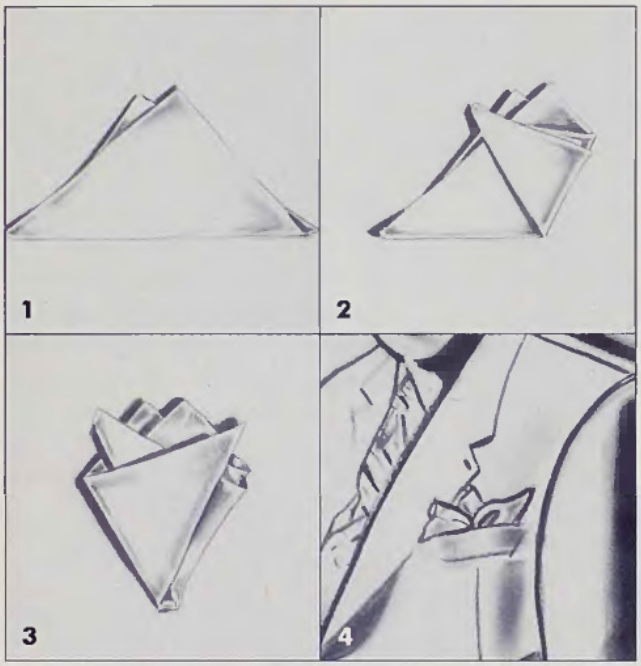


(7) Pull the long end through the loop formed by the second knot and form a center crease. (8) Slide the completed knot into place and straighten it to finish the job. Lookin' good!

TAILORED ACCESSORIES

adding it all up to equal a polished look

Being well-dressed takes more than a designer suit. Details count. After all, who's going to notice your Armani when your collar's hopelessly outdated or your tie looks like a landing strip for a Boeing 747? To avoid these faux pas, here's some advice on what to do with a tailored suit. As mentioned, you can wear dress shirts in a variety of colors from snow-white to striped, but they should have a soft, long-pointed collar. Tie stripes have gone in a vertical direction, and there are new, unusual color combinations in irregular rep stripes, including subtle blues, olive greens and pastels. For guys who like shirts with French cuffs, there are plenty of styles to choose from. The options are equally varied when it comes to cuff links, but you should stick with understated links in brushed silver or gold. Semiprecious stones and stone mosaics are also hot this year; rhinestones, star sapphires and large turquoise stones are not. In fact, a good rule of thumb is to keep your cuff links on the small side—oversize is overkill. The wristwatches to watch for can have a retro or vintage look, as long as they're simple, with round faces and, preferably, leather bands. To put your best foot forward, wear slip-on loafers with the latest single-breasted suits, and lace-up shoes with double-breasted models (shades of rust and brown work well with the new-blue suits). Try suede, nubuck or pebble leather for a softer, richer look. And plain cap toes are on target, but details such as perforations and top stitching make them even better. Skip the brightly patterned socks of seasons past and opt instead for monochromatic geometric patterns. (Solid colors are also safe.) A white linen pocket square will put the finishing touch on almost any suit—especially when you're wearing a white dress shirt, too. Directions for how to fold one in the "sharp points" style are at left. And don't forget your sunglasses. The shades that go best with suits have small tortoiseshell or matte metal frames. The same holds true for prescription eyeglasses.



The color of your pocket square should complement the colors of your necktie—but never be identicol. There ore four ways to fold a pocket squore; we've outlined the "shorp points" style above, which works best with the spring's top look: the white linen handkerchief. Once again, the illustrations are mirror imoges. (1) Fold squore in half diagonally, leaving a small space between the two top peaks. (2) Fold up the left corner ond (3) do the some with the right. (4) Adjust the four points to your liking and tuck it into your breast pocket, you rakish devil.

Whether you choose a dress watch with a contemporary or a vintage look, elegance matters. The Movado Museum 110 Anniversary watch above is a classic example, with Movado's handsome signature black face, an 18-kt.-gold-finished double bezel, domed sapphire crystal and self-winding mechanical movement, $595.

Pictured at right, clockwise from the top, are some accessory essentials: Striped cotton shirt, by Andrew Fezza, $60. Sun-face-print silk tie, by Brion Bubb, $65. Abstract-print silk tie, by Volentino, $75. Solid-color cotton shirt, $50, and multistripe cotton shirt, about $60, both by Bill Robinson. Diagonal-striped silk tie, by Grays by Gary Wasserman, about $50. Nubuck oxfords, by Charles Jourdan, $190. Cotton socks, by Polo Ralph Lauren, $17. Suede oxfords, by Ralph Lauren, $235. Silk Jacquard vertical-striped tie, by Andrew Fezzo, $65. Pinstripe cotton shirt, by Hugo Boss, about $100. Tortoiseshell eyeglasses, by Oliver Peoples, $285. Linen pocket square, by Ferrell Reed, $30. Onyx-and-silver cuff links, by Bradford, about $95. French-cuffed cotton shirt, by Gitman Bros., about $70. Silk print tie, by Bill Robinson, about $65.

JAMES IMBROGNO

SUITS

how to enjoy the best return on your investment

Suits are the mainstay of a male's wardrobe. Culturally, a boy becomes a man about the same time he buys his first serious suit. Whether you're nearing that point or well beyond, the best long-term strategy can be summed up in one word: quality. A suit made of quality material will not only look impeccable but will outlast a succession of shirts and ties. In addition to fabric, style also factors into the longevity of a suit. The look should be fashionable yet classic, such as the six-button, one-to-button model on the opposite page. With a coat that's cut fuller across the chest and trousers that fit loosely at the thigh and taper down to the ankle, this slightly drapey suit looks best on taller men. For guys with a smaller build, a four-button, one-to-button jacket is a more flattering alternative. It should be softly constructed with broad shoulders measuring 20½ to 21½ inches across. Regardless of your stature, suit trousers look best with double pleats and 1¼-inch cuffs. The cuff break is usually very pronounced, in keeping with the soft look of the tailoring. Spring is the time to buy lightweight fabrics, which can be worn almost ten months of the year. Tropical-weight wool always looks smart, but a newer alternative, wool crepe, has a drape that complements the softer suit cuts. For something fresh but not too trendy, check out the subtle houndstooth, herringbone or bird's-eye crepes shown on the swatches pictured above right. Linen and silk blends are also smart fabrics to wear when things heat up. Some linens are now being mixed with microfibers, new high-tech polyester threads that are spun finer than silk. The beauty of microfibers is that they can be blended with natural fibers such as linen to create soft fabrics that keep their shape and resist wrinkles. In terms of color, spring 1992 suits come in the traditional mid- and light-gray shades. But blue is *the* hue for suits this season, with shades ranging from navy and new blue to dark green and smoky "petrel" blues coming from Italy.

Shoulders are broader on this spring's newest double-breasted suits—20½ inches or wider. Illustrated above is a wool/linen six-button model with peaked lapels and double-pleated trousers with cuffs, by Hugo Boss, $880; paired with a striped cotton straight-point-collar shirt, by Gitman Bros., about $85; a deco geometric-patterned silk tie, $65, and a pocket square, $30, both by Ferrell Reed.

This is the season to look for suit fabrics that are soft and textured. Shown above are some examples including (1) tiny houndstooth check, (2) bird's-eye weave tropical-weight wool, (3) lightweight wool, (4) all-wool crepe, (5) wool-blend crepe, (6) new-blue linen blend, (7) herringbone wool blend, (8) wool/silk blend. On the opposite page is another sharp example of a new-blue wool/linen six-button, one-to-button double-breasted suit with double-pleated trousers, by Joseph Abboud, $895; worn with a cotton straight-point-collar shirt with an open breast pocket, about $100, by Hugo Boss; silk leaf-patterned tie, by Joseph Abboud, about $70; white linen pocket square, by Ferrell Reed, $30; and suede lace-up shoes, by J. M. Weston, about $540.

Where & How to Buy on page 167.

GOLDTHWAIT *(continued from page 107)*

"I'll defend anyone's freedom of speech unless there's something ignorant, redneck or pussy about it."

act meets resistance from the audience. That's my job, and the thing that keeps me performing is that when I have a feeling toward something, I try to articulate it and make it funny even to someone who's opposed to it. Right now, my favorite piece is the gay-bashing thing. I'm beating up on the microphone, telling this guy how much I hate him because he's a faggot . . . but that he's really kind of attractive and I'll go home and masturbate later because I don't want to come out of the closet. It's a lot of fun, the reaction out there. Those who are offended should be.

7.

PLAYBOY: Are you expecting to get a backstage pass to a Guns n' Roses concert any time soon?

GOLDTHWAIT: If I didn't like Guns n' Roses, they wouldn't have bothered me so much. I kind of like them because rock and roll is dangerous. And then they'll say something moronic and my heart is crushed. Axl Rose complained that I singled him out in a bit. This was when *One in a Million* came out. They were huge. As if I was doing it for publicity. What are they? Fucking whacked? They move more albums than anyone on the planet. They're part of the news. On Arsenio's show, I added that I wasn't familiar with that part of American history—Axl Rose's thing on immigrants and faggots—"You come to this country, then you do as you please . . . spread disease." I thought gays were born and raised here. I didn't realize they all came from some European country known as Homoslavia. Rose said, "Fuck Mr. Bob Goldthwait." And I said, though I do find him quite attractive, since drug users are high-risk, I think I'll pass. When Axl Rose sings, it's not a character. That defense pisses me off. When anybody says on stage, "Niggers and fags, get out of the way," and the crowd cheers, the audience isn't thinking, What a funny character. They're thinking that here's someone who's finally articulating the hate they feel. I'll defend anyone's freedom of speech unless there's something ignorant, redneck or pussy about it. But I am everything I hate. I'm sure I'm a flaming redneck.

8.

PLAYBOY: That was one angry man doing stand-up tonight. Is the offstage Bobcat really a pussycat?

GOLDTHWAIT: I get about ninety percent of my anger out on stage. But I'm really losing my cool a lot more. Two days ago, I was driving down the highway and this guy's going out of his way to put me off the blocks. He thought I didn't leave the green traffic light soon enough. I stop. I get out of the car. I'm insane. The next thing I know, I'm having a fistfight in the middle of the road. Of course, when I was a kid I got into fights, but here I am—a dad—pummeling the guy. I went home and told my kid that I'd done something really stupid. I told him this was the completely wrong thing to do. He's nine and I told him what I did wrong so that he wouldn't get into fights. Then he gets into an altercation at school. I go all nuts. Then I find out he was defending this little kid who had his hat stolen. He had to be a hero.

9.

PLAYBOY: You've complained about high health-care costs. Are you relying on paying audiences to help you work through a mid-life crisis?

GOLDTHWAIT: The mental-health field really scares me. Ending up on *Hollywood Squares* or in Las Vegas is my biggest fear. I don't want to be babbling about Kinison thirty-four years from now. It's such a drag. Baldness is my kryptonite. I'm obsessed with my hair. I just wish I could go bald in peace. Since when is it mandatory that being a comic means you have to be date bait? I'm scared I'll lose a lot more hair and want to take up golf. I've never golfed, but now I slow down when I see some bald-headed guy in plaid slacks and I think, I could pull that off. I've never been asked to do one of Bob Hope's specials. I feel kind of jilted.

10.

PLAYBOY: You stick up for women and gays. Can't you vent prejudice against some group?

GOLDTHWAIT: I was outing bald people for a while. All these comedy gods are sporting really bad rugs. I've got a bald head. At least I'm honest. I'm going to wear a rug for my *Playboy* photo session. I'll sport an early Burt Reynolds

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unit. You won't be able to use anything about my hair.

11.

PLAYBOY: You first appeared on *Late Night with David Letterman* a decade ago. For those who didn't catch Bobcat way back when, what was he like?

GOLDTHWAIT: Up until *Letterman*, clubs were terrified of booking me. When I lived and performed in Boston, I'd ask, "Does anyone in the audience have a herring?" And my roommate would bring up this big raw fish. It was an old herring. One time, this woman vomited, and as she was vomiting I put the mike down so we could all hear her. The next comic who came up was this observational comic. He's talking about kids and relationships and there's fish guts and vomit all over the stage. My act was kind of weird to follow.

12.

PLAYBOY: Was your fish-scaling routine a desperate attempt to compete with your macho outdoorsman brother?

GOLDTHWAIT: I don't know if he's macho. He's a big hunter. He collects unemployment and fishes a lot. He loves to go out and shoot game. Put him and Ted Nugent in the wilderness and I guarantee he'll end up eating Nugent and making a hut out of his hide. He goes to see my act and then sends me a picture of his kid wearing an N.R.A. cap just to bust my balls.

13.

PLAYBOY: Was your appearance in *Scrooged* the only known instance of Bobcat Goldthwait clean-cut and sporting a jacket and tie?

GOLDTHWAIT: That was acting. The hair had to be cut off. When I was a kid, I was punk; well, the Syracuse version of punk—a skinny tie and flannel shirt with ripped-off sleeves, Canadian punk. When I was inducted into the Syracuse Walk of Fame, the mayor was wearing a tuxedo. I went down to the local department store and put a suit on. My friend Paul's mother said, "He had such a nice suit on, but he looked like such a scumbag." That's what she called me.

14.

PLAYBOY: You have little sympathy for celebs who admit their drug or alcohol problems in public. Did you form the belief in Catholic school that confession should remain a private affair?

GOLDTHWAIT: I find it so annoying when celebrities who have recovered from things are able to parlay that into sympathy or a career move. All these people come out on *Arsenio Hall* and they say, "Oh, I've been sober for so many weeks." And they get a round of applause. Then they cut to a beer commercial. I don't get it. Of course, if they didn't do it, I'd have to babble about something else.

15.

PLAYBOY: Lead us around the talk-show circuit.

GOLDTHWAIT: Bread and butter for comedians. I'm a whore. I'll do any show. I don't really know what Arsenio's like. I go on the show, he introduces me and then he acts like he's in pain when he talks to me. Joan Rivers had me on just as she was leaving *The Tonight Show*. I think she did it to piss everyone off. I was introduced as a trained-dog act. I was crying and explained that my dog had just been hit by a car. And I made this heavy old man—I said he was my dad—jump through a hoop and catch Frisbees in his mouth. I'm a staple on *Live with Regis and Kathie Lee*. Kathie Lee rules. I love doing her show. I don't really have a crush on Kathie Lee, but I definitely have the hots for Florence Henderson. Florence is pretty nutty. She asked if her character in *Shakes the Clown* could have a hickey on her boobs. So with make-up she put a hickey on her *own* boobs. Never in my life have I had a thing for jailbait. I've always been hot for older women. My wife? Let's just say she doesn't fall into the jailbait category.

16.

PLAYBOY: How do you and your wife, to use the title of one of your cable specials, *Share the Warmth*?

GOLDTHWAIT: She's never been a fan of my work; that's why we get along. We met on *Police Academy 2*. She thought I was an actor; I told her I was a comic and asked her to come see me. She completely hated my act. She was so embarrassed she had her hands over her face. She told me how badly she felt for me. And I wasn't even having a bad day.

This weekend there's a pajama party at our house for my wife's birthday. Not Victoria's Secret nighties, more like *Little House on the Prairie* units. All these women keep calling me, asking if I'm going to be there. Am I going to be walking around in my pajamas like Hef? I'm gonna be doing a gig in Salt Lake. I'll be hanging out with the Mormons while my house becomes Dame Island. In a nutshell, that's my life.

17.

PLAYBOY: Is the conviction that Scott Baio is the Antichrist really a centerpiece of your personal religious beliefs?

GOLDTHWAIT: I've been saying Scott Baio is the Antichrist for so long I think I'm beginning to believe it. They seated Baio right next to me at the Richard Pryor tribute. It was the longest meal of my life. I didn't make a lot of eye contact with him. Finally, I told him I just thought it would be funny because he comes off so straight and he's the last person to be the Antichrist. His girlfriend was defending him: "He's not a bad person, but he's not a goody-goody." Sometimes celebrities do flip out. Stallone used to call my manager and say he was going to rip my head off.

18.

PLAYBOY: Fans scream for your Bono impression. Didn't that routine disconcert U2 so much that the group couldn't release an album for nearly two years?

GOLDTHWAIT: The first time I did the impression, it was totally indulgent. Now when I do it, at least it's goofy. I don't know why it goes over well. I'm a big U2 fan. I talked to Bono a couple times about the impression; he didn't really give me any pointers. He said the guys in the band wanted me to take over for a night. He had a great sense of humor. I was surprised. I expected him to be very dour. Doesn't want to kick my ass. He's one of the few celebrities who doesn't.

19.

PLAYBOY: You appeared in *Police Academy 2*, *3* and *4*. Are the men and women in blue more or less lenient with you because of that?

GOLDTHWAIT: I get recognized more from *Police Academy* than anything else I've done. Once Jack Carter stole my wife's parking space at the Improv. I got a screwdriver and I took the vanity license plate from his Mercedes-Benz. As I was walking away with it, the cops grabbed me. Then they recognized me and they asked me what I was doing. I go, "Jack Carter is kind of a prick. He took my parking space, so I stole his license plate." Then this cop goes, "Is the guy a dick?" I say he's a big dick. The cop says, "Keep the plate." He recognized me from *Police Academy*, so he bonded with me. The plate says JACKSCAR. For the longest time, I had it in my rumpus room.

20.

PLAYBOY: Once and for all, what's the secret of comedy?

GOLDTHWAIT: Comedy is crowd control. A guy's up there asking, "You people having a good time? You want a fucking comedy show?" What I do isn't art by any means. You can replace me with a mechanical bull or a wet-T-shirt contest. All over Los Angeles, they're booking variety acts, magicians and guys with puppets. The rimshot is coming back. Karaoke is going to replace comedy. It's funny. Everyone can do it. You don't have to pay for comics. The Japanese win again. But I don't want to be jingoistic. I don't blame them for buying our country. I blame the people who put the FOR SALE sign out on the lawn.

At Home

(continued from page 108)

greatest aural impact, place two speakers up front (for delivering dialog and music) and two in back (for sound effects). A subwoofer is also recommended to enhance the bass, and if you choose a receiver equipped with Dolby Pro Logic, you'll need a fifth, central speaker (also for dialog).

With all that in mind, we've proposed three complete systems, beginning with an ideal hookup for a bedroom or small den and culminating with the kind of setup that's worthy of an Oscar.

SMALL ROOM, BIG IMPACT

How big is big? If you're accustomed to looking at a 19-inch TV, then a 27-inch screen can be stunning—especially if the TV's parked at the foot of your bed. But to sense the glare and heat of the sun on endless sand in *Lawrence of Arabia*, you'll need a picture that's at least 30 inches. We recommend a direct-view television and three of the best are Mitsubishi's 35-inch CS-3535 ($2899), Sony's 32-inch XBR PRO ($3560 with an optional component tuner) and Panasonic's new 31-inch Prism SuperFlat ($1800).

To hear and feel the explosion of the planet Krypton in *Superman: The Movie*, use Yamaha's award-winning DSP-A1000 surround-sound processor ($1500). This feature-packed component will serve as a direct link between the TV and video sources and has enough amplification to power all the necessary speakers.

Since you're planning for limited parking space, place two high-performance SAT6 bookshelf speakers from Analog and Digital Systems ($800) at the front to meet the right/left stereo channel demands of Dolby Pro Logic. Then add an Altec Lansing Model 66 magnetically shielded speaker in the middle ($200) for the center channel (one of the few models that's sold individually rather than in pairs). Back them up with Velodyne's self-powered ULD-15 subwoofer ($1895) and add another pair of SAT6s in the rear.

Lastly, round out the picture with two excellent video sources, Yamaha's user-friendly CDV-1700 laser disc player ($699), which also plays compact discs, and Thomson Electronics' RCA VR690HF ($629) videocassette recorder. The latter is a hi-fi machine featuring built-in VCR Plus technology, which uses codes published in daily TV listings for easy programing.

ONWARD AND UPWARD

Now move up to a projection monitor. What the top direct-view TVs offer in clarity and brightness is nearly matched by today's finest projection models—then compounded by the thrill factor of

Now Hear This

the right audio stuff for your home theater

Each of our classy home-theater systems will deliver the *Star Wars* trilogy in intergalactic splendor. But what happens when your eyes start to spin and all you want to do is kick back and listen to some tunes? To be complete, any audio/video package must have a few key items from the sonic side. Here are our recommendations:

Compact disc player: Three of the laser disc players listed in the main story will play CDs as well. But if you spend a lot of time listening to music, the quick, smooth action of a CD-loading drawer will make you much happier than the ponderous movement of the laser disc's 12-inch loader. Plus, there's the argument that the top machines sound better simply because they were designed expressly to play CDs.

To that end, Denon's single-play model DCD-2560 ($750) represents the standard in this category. It's ruggedly built and visually uncluttered. To assure the front panel's clean look, Denon has concealed all secondary controls behind a drop plate. But more importantly, the 2560 ranks among the best in terms of sound quality. Of course, if price is no object, California Audio Labs' Genesis CD player ($1995) is an appealing alternative. Using the latest in laser drive and digital technology, the Genesis produces a clear and harmonious sound.

CD changers have also become a popular option and the best of them should please the most critical listener. High on that list is Harman Kardon's model TL8600 ($699), a five-disc top-loading carousel featuring elegant, curvaceous lines and first-rate sound. Pioneer offers a novel changer in its CLD-M90 ($700)—a carousel CD player that doubles as a laser disc player.

Cassette decks: The future of tape is the hottest topic in consumer electronics. It seems the solidly entrenched analog cassette has held off digital audiotape (DAT) in the mass-market wars, but looming on the horizon is an intriguing new format called digital compact cassette (DCC). Whatever the Nineties bring, the analog cassette is not likely to surrender primacy any time soon.

When recording buffs talk about patrician cassette decks, you can expect early mention of the Nakamichi Dragon ($2400). Its cardinal virtue is automatic correction alignment between the tape heads and the traveling tape, which results in consistently stunning sound. At a fraction of that price, Onkyo's flagship model TA-2800 ($650) shares another of the Dragon's highlights—visual electronic matching of any tape with the deck's recording system. The Onkyo may be the finest deck in the world priced under $1000.

DAT decks: Nobody disputes the superiority of DAT. If you want to make a copy of Tina Turner's *Foreign Affair*—one that sounds exactly like the compact disc you're recording from, right down to the subtlest, sexiest innuendo—then DAT's your medium. Sony's model DTC-87ES ($1800) offers four heads for optimum recording stability and off-tape monitoring. For half that price, Technics' SV-DA10 ($800) delivers superb performance based on the company's patented MASH digital technology (a one-bit system that has come to dominate compact-disc-player design).

Tuner: Probably 98 percent of all component tuners include both AM and FM bands. If you want to listen to the Bulls, the Knicks or the Warriors in full-court hi-fi, Carver's TX-11b tuner ($800) provides the stereo AM source you'll need, plus an exceptionally sensitive FM section. The most sophisticated FM components often eschew the AM side. So if you want component-quality sound from your favorite Sixties rock station, invest in an FM tuner. The crystalline sound of Magnum Dynalab's Etude is considered the FM benchmark. Its price: $1300.

—LAWRENCE B. JOHNSON

the 45-inch-plus screen. Some of the top models to consider include Hitachi's stunning 50-inch Ultravision 50UX7K ($3300); Pioneer's 50-inch Elite Pro 95 rear-projection TV, which boasts a high-contrast, glare-resistant screen ($4800); and, on an even grander scale, Mitsubishi's VS-6017R 60-inch and VS-7017R 70-inch sets ($4299 and $6399, respectively). The 60-inch Mitsubishi can even be built into a wall, so only the "picture window" shows.

Denon's AVP 5000 preamp ($2500), which doubles as a surround-sound processor, and the matching POA-500 six-channel power amp ($1500) provide the audio. Both components are versatile and easy to operate. Plus, they look slick in brushed gold. They will also serve as the direct link between the TV and the video sources. In this case, a combination laser disc/compact disc player, such as Sony's MDP-605 ($900) or Philips' CDV-600 ($700), would be a good choice. And for optimum VCR resolution, go with a Super VHS model, such as Panasonic's PVS4280 ($1600) or Toshiba's SV-F990 Super VHS ($1800).

Here, as in any audio package, the issue of loudspeakers is critical. The choice is especially tricky when you're trying to balance a system intended for both movie sound and music. The speakers must be able to handle enough power to let you feel the rumble of the Starship Enterprise and yet sophisticated enough to put a sparkle on Oscar Peterson's piano. Tommy Freadman, the designer for Altec Lansing, offers just such adaptability in his Model 511 speakers ($3000). These imposing, strikingly elegant towers will anchor this system as the front stereo pair. Freadman's Model AHT-2100 ($900), a sort of butterfly-shaped speaker that can be wall-mounted, is a logical choice for the rear surround sound, and his Model 66 ($200) will provide for the center channel.

AND THE WINNER IS

Either of the first two home theaters will get your blood pumping, but this last setup is a dream system. It's so slick, that once installed in your living room, you'll forget it's there—until show time.

The viewing screen, Stewart's LXE120 ($2567), is a 120-inch (diagonally measured) powered design that vanishes into the ceiling when not in use. The projector here is BarcoVision's model 1500HDTV ($19,995). As the suffix suggests, the 1500HDTV is ready to handle high-definition television images from broadcast or video sources. Another excellent alternative—one that's a third of the price—is Sony's VPH-1042Q ($6990). Although it's not equipped for HDTV, this front projector has been touted for its brightness and fine picture resolution.

Both projectors can either be fastened to the ceiling or, better yet, mounted on a motorized lift and then lowered from inside the ceiling at show time and raised after the credits roll. Some projectors will accommodate a line doubler. This special processor removes the scanning lines in a TV image by combining the two halves of each scan field in memory, then releasing the image whole. The result is an even better picture than the projector alone will provide. A line doubler to check out is the Panasonic ET-100DS ($3900), available only through the company's professional video division. But before you buy one, make sure your multiscan TV or projector can handle it. Only those that accept video feed from a computer are compatible.

Moving on, neither the Barco nor the Sony projector has an internal TV tuner, so you'll need to link your choice to the tuner in the VCR. In this case, JVC's HR-S6700 (about $1000). This Super VHS model's hi-fi sound and high-grade image are complemented by editing features suited to the home-video producer. But the ultimate source for tapping the projector's potential, at least until digital TV broadcasts become reality, is the laser disc. This setup calls for the state-of-the-art player, Pioneer's LD-S2 ($3500), noted for its stability and superior image.

A top-of-the-line home theater such as this needs an audio setup based on the THX playback system created by Lucasfilm. The object of THX, which designer Tomlinson Holman has adapted from theater to home use, is to replicate the perspective and detail of the film sound track and keep the dialog clear. Fosgate-Audionics' Model Three surround-sound processor with THX decoder ($2500) does just that. And while the official THX seal of approval is given only to licensees who meet certain design criteria, we suggest that you mix and match equipment to reach an even higher audio plane. The vivid, gutsy sound of Snell Acoustic's THX-certified speakers ($4993 for seven), for example, can be backed up with three Counterpoint SA-220 amplifiers ($8985 total), each boasting 220 watts per channel. This trio of amps will pack enough punch to drive the front stereo channels, the ambient and center speakers *and* the subwoofer required in the THX scheme.

Finally, the nerve center for this impressive layout will be Counterpoint's matching SA-5000 preamp ($3595), an all-tube design that imbues the sound with a warmth equal to the muscle of those big power amps.

Somewhere down the road, when high-definition TV brings digital technology to the home-theater adventure, we'll be watching Indy go for the gold on a TV monitor shaped more like a movie screen. In the meantime, it's possible to create a respectable, high-powered experience at home with the kinds of gear we mentioned. You may even end up managing the most popular theater in the neighborhood. So get your dealer to throw some laser discs—or at least the popcorn—into the bargain.

"To you, it's doing the dishes. To me, it's foreplay."

(continued from page 128)

you go out you're with ten people again. You just don't know what to think about each other."

•

Rule 5: Don't expect sex on the first date. Sex is the whispered possibility, the tantalizing raison d'être behind every date. Back in the Seventies, it was almost automatic. As one 36-year-old woman put it, "If you agreed to go on a date back then, you pretty much agreed to have sex, too. There was no reason not to—everyone was on the pill, the moral climate was liberal, there was no AIDS or V.D. scares. My first husband told me that if we hadn't had sex on our first date, he probably wouldn't have asked me out again. Having sex was a sign you liked a guy and wanted to date him. It was just expected of you."

Woman today are more conservative sexually—even if that just means delaying sex until the second or third date.

"Women my age, who used to sleep with guys right away back in high school and college, are only now discovering how sexy it is to make men wait," says 27-year-old Lissa, a publicist. "For me, they have to wait till, like, the third date. It has nothing to do with being a prude. It's almost fun, it's like drawn-out foreplay." She pointed out the elaborate mating rituals in the animal kingdom, the naturalness of building up to sex. "Orangutans do this thing where they go around in circles for hours. So the game itself can be pleasurable and fun."

"Men both want to sleep with you and hope you'll make them wait," says Karen, a 30-year-old copy writer. "I think they don't appreciate things they get too easily. So I prefer the 'bake' method of dating. You know how things come out better in the oven than in the microwave? I think a relationship isn't as good if you rush sex. With the bake method, you preheat it for two dates, and by the third date, you're ready for him to enter your oven."

But what's changed by then, what's the difference between sex on the third date or the first?

"Well, by the third date, he's spent three hundred dollars on you," Karen jokes. "Really, it's like dangling the carrot on the stick, or some other phallic thing. You'll be closer, you'll know each other better. There may even be some filtering out. By the second date, you may decide you don't like him."

Sometimes even men put the brakes on first-date sex. "I don't like to rush things," says Dan. "I come from a family where my father, my grandfather and my brother each met a woman and said, 'This is the woman I'm going to marry.' They did, too, and frankly, I think all three of them have shitty relationships. I used to get that same feeling about women, but I realize it's just a hormone surge. I don't want to make the same mistake. It's better if you know each other first, at least a little."

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Rule 6: Sometimes girls just want to have fun. If you think all women just say no, holding out for sex until they're in a long-term relationship aimed at marriage and babies, you're taking rule five too far. Having to wait a few dates for actual penetration doesn't make this a new Victorian age. Besides, rules are made to be broken. If the moment is right, sparks are flying and the gods are with you, women can be just as eager for no-strings, first-date sex as the next guy.

"I don't have to see a man for two weeks to know if I want him," says Serena. "I know that immediately. I guess you could draw out the intrigue if he's fabulous. But being really attracted to someone is so rare and I'm too selfish to wait."

"I don't think casual sex ended in the Eighties, not at all," says Hillary. "The whole thing about the AIDS scare didn't slow people down. I have a friend who dates five or six guys at a time and has sex with all of them, and it doesn't faze her at all."

Men are mistaken, Hillary says, if they assume women are always serious about sex. "I have another friend who is a model. She's absolutely gorgeous and as sweet as can be. She was doing this nude shoot with a photographer—one thing led to another and they ended up screwing. Then he told her, 'Now, I don't want you falling in love with me.' She was appalled. She just wanted to have sex and she probably would have done it with him again. But now she'll never touch him again because he was such a dork."

•

Rule 7: Don't plan ahead. Another classic dating rule reversed. In the past, if you wanted a Saturday-night date, you had to ask a woman by Wednesday at the latest—and that was pushing it. Calling her up Saturday was practically a mortal sin. But in the low-key Nineties, last-minute dates aren't only acceptable, they're preferable. People don't want to obsess about dates any longer than they have to. It's as if there's something frightening, too permanent and formal, about lingering for a week in someone's Filofax.

"There's nothing more boring than a man who sets a date for next week," says Lissa. "I mean, it's fun if you have to wait and think about it for two or three days, but any longer than that and the guy just seems anal. There's a lot to be said for spontaneity."

Grant takes a practical look at last-second dating. In a high-speed world, people just don't have time to plan anymore.

"I called a girl yesterday at five P.M. and asked her if she wanted to go to a show at eight, and she said, 'Sure, why not?'" says

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Grant. "Who knows what they're going to be doing a week in advance, anyway?"

•

Rule 8: Plan an escape. People used to look forward to dates, fantasizing about romance, sex, excitement. Today, they look down the bleak perspective of the date ahead and see only disaster. To avert that, men and women plan escape hatches where dates can be abandoned like junked cars. The trick is making your exit plausible.

"I generally have a safety valve by planning things on a weeknight or for Sunday brunch," says Michael. "If it's brunch, I can say, 'Well, I have to do the laundry.' On weeknights, by the time you have dinner, it's nine-thirty or ten and you can say, 'I've got a big day tomorrow. I gotta go.'"

"A movie is good because it's two solid hours where you don't have to talk," says Dan. "And if you're really horrified by the time you get to the theater, you can switch your plans and see some four-hour Russian film."

The danger with escape hatches, Dan says, may be bailing out too soon. "You might escape from someone who really would turn out to be good. You might miss some qualities just because she's nervous, and you'd never get to go out with her again."

•

Rule 9: Women must pay. Back when people went on formal dates, James Bond dates, women never went near their wallets. Try to picture 007 splitting a Dom Pérignon tab or going halvsies at baccarat. Paying for dates was a man's duty.

But that's not the Nineties way. Women have come a long way and they're proving it when the dinner check comes. True, some women still expect men to pay for everything, just as some men feel threatened by a woman who pays her own way. But they're behind the times. The only reason for someone to pay more on a date is if he or she earns a much higher salary.

Under the still-evolving rules, men usually pay for the first date, when there's enough to worry about without splitting checks. But by the second or third date, it's strictly dutch or taking turns. Women may look like the losers in this deal, but many see it differently.

"Twenty years ago, women didn't have as much respect from men," Jill says, "and back then, men paid for everything. I don't know if that has anything to do with it, but when a man pays for you and pampers you all the time, it kind of makes you feel frail, like you can't stand on your own. Women have spent years trying to get stability and have it recognized by men."

But beyond economics and equality, some women have a nagging belief that going dutch—like many of these new dating rules—takes the romance out of dating.

"Fumbling for the check is always a bit of a downer," says Caroline. "You have this great conversation, have fun drinking wine or whatever, and then the check comes. Figuring out the check is very banal anyway, even with your friends. It does take a little romance out of it."

Caroline gets a wistful look. "To me, one of the sexiest things in the world is when a man protects you. The whole idea of trying to take care of you and pay for you and jump in front of a cab for you, that to me is so sexy. It may be very bad and old-fashioned, but that's the way it is." Still, she insists on chipping in—especially since she often makes more money than the men she dates.

•

Rule 10: Use her answering machine. The trend in dating is away from head-on contact and toward side-swiping intimacy and connection. So what better way to talk to each other than through answering machines? Men who fear rejection or women who want to ask a serious question can simply leave their words on the incoming message tape—and hang up if their date actually answers. By calling a woman's answering machine, you can ask her out, make the obligatory "next day" call and tell her you're going away for the weekend, all without making any scary human contact.

"It's creative phoning," says Dan. "You can make it look as if you really tried to reach her by leaving messages on her voice mail at work or calling her office at lunchtime."

People in the Nineties can have entire relationships—meet, seduce, argue and call it quits—by leaving messages on machines. You never have to meet each other, which is as low-key as dating gets.

•

Rule 11: Don't fax her off. Sometimes a man and a woman are just Stealth bombers passing in the night. If so, don't let all this technological distancing keep you from ending things the right way. For example, if you're going to break up with a woman, you should not do it over her fax machine.

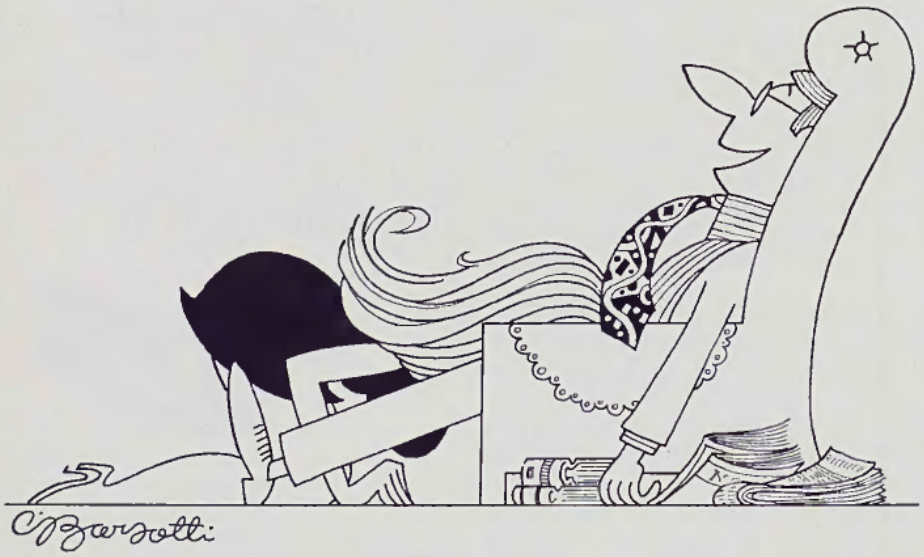
"He should just call and say things aren't working out," says Jill. "It just wastes time to beat around the bush and say, 'I've got a sick grandma in Alabama and I have to move there.' I'd much rather be hurt by the truth than by some guy who can't figure out what to do."

If you end a relationship gracefully, you can hasten the next step: starting the whole routine over again with someone else, on a Tuesday afternoon.

•

No one can predict how long these new rules of engagement will last. For now, though, people seem to be comfortable with sex but nervous about nearly everything else. It may reflect the emotional vacuity of our times, a free-floating anxiety about the future or simply a fear of connecting. If we're so willing to abdicate control of our relationships, if we're so skittish about intimacy that we plan escape hatches before a date begins, what does it say about our willingness to make a commitment when it counts?

Then again, we may just be hanging ten on the dating zeitgeist, riding the tide, going with the flow. Who knows? This decade may even see the return of the James Bond date. By 1996, you may be wearing white dinner jackets, winning at baccarat and snipping the spaghetti straps off Plenty O'Toole. Hey—worse things could happen.



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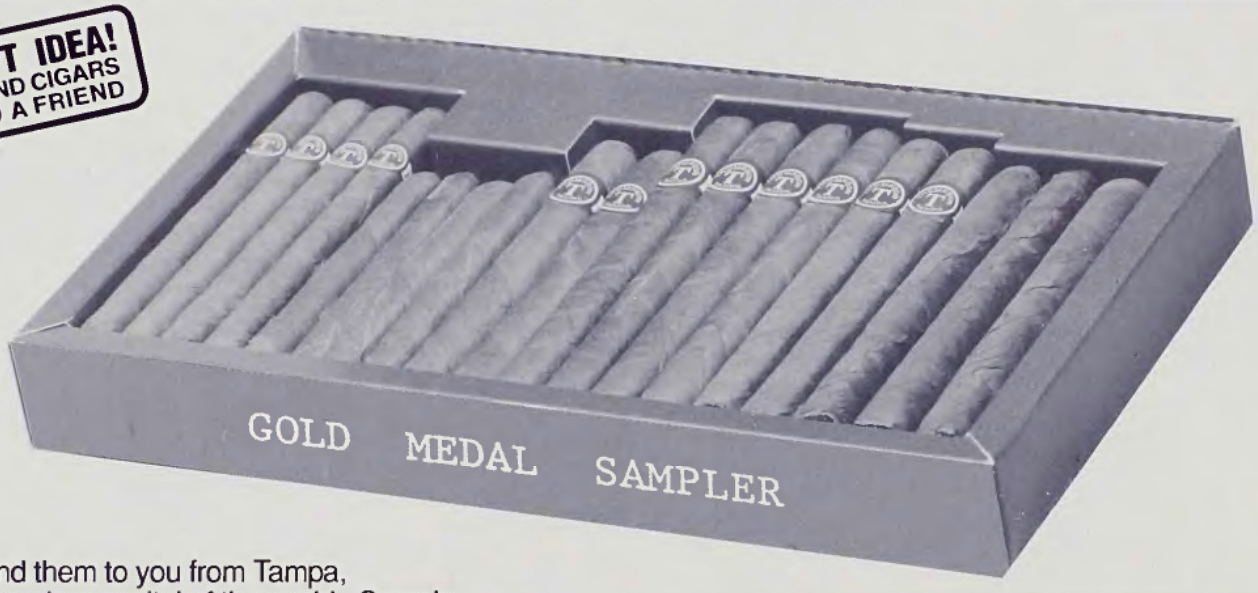

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REAL-LIFE DATES

college kids tell us what they look for and what they want when they go out

WHAT WOMEN WANT

"A guy that osks me to do stuff I can't refuse," says Liz, o 23-yeor-old studio-art major who went on three dotes with Jim, o 30-year-old medicol student. Dote one: the morgue. "I didn't quite know whot to weor, but I didn't wont to miss seeing co-dovers." Dote two: "He colled up ond soid he had o pilot's license. Do I wont to go flying? Of course I wont to go flying. We did o three-sixty around Alcatraz. It was o blast." Date three: the opera. "No woy would I have money to go on my own. I had to go with him."

•

"A nice guy with o motorcycle," says Leecia, o senior who works port-time in the university health club. We osked which is more important, the bike or the rider? Leecia bit her lip and thought for o minute. "Hmm. I'd say the guy. Yeah, I think the guy comes first."

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"Mystery, definitely," says Annie, o bisexual sophomore at Wesleyan University, explaining why she pursued the "androgynous fuzzy blond thing" in her government class. "I didn't know if it was o boy or girl and I didn't care," she continued. "I followed it after closs one doy. I said, 'You're hot, whatever you are.' And that's how I met Mike—o boy." Their first date? "I woke him up and asked him if he wonted to go to breakfast or keep sleeping."

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"I like for the guy to have the dote plonned," says Karen, o sophomore at the University of Colorado. "The worst is when you get in the car ond he says, 'So what do you want to do?' Some guys wont you to do the planning. I'm not going to decide how to spend your money. If I'm paying, we're staying in the dorm and wotching movies."

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"I don't know anyone who really dates," says Jenny, o senior at the University of Wisconsin. "There are always those nights when o guy is sleeping over after o party and you're just friends but sleeping next to each other. Things happen. That's inevitable."

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"I know what I don't like," says Joan, who went to Florence for her junior yeor ond found doting abroad o bit humiliating. "With tocky shorts and gym shoes, I looked os American as can be, so of course some Italian guy asks me to dinner. We sit down and he says, 'I have o surprise for you.' They bring this big pizza in o heort shape and all the waiters sing *Born in the U.S.A.* I think I ron away, but I blocked it out."

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"I don't even know what o date is," says Mary, who is on o leave of absence from Kenyon College. "If you fool around at the end of the night, then it's o date. And if you want to fool around, you moke sure there's alcohol."

•

"You look for o guy who's hormless," says Eloise, o freshman at the University of Chicago. "The type who sits by himself in the dining hall. You just opproach him and act really funny and confident. Before he knows it, he's so stunned to get ottention from o woman, he's hooked. To kiss him, you have to get him into o crowded place where it won't look strange to be unusually close together. Then, when he doesn't expect it, you just lean over and do it."

•

"It depends," says Mindy, o senior at the University of Woshington. "On o first date, get o beer, tolk o little, relax. A movie isn't really breaking the ice. If you're already involved, o motel room. You want to moximize the sex time and there are olways people interrupting you at school."

•

"No Frenchmen," soys Kristen, o senior ot Bornard. "My girlfriend set me up with this French art director from Yves Saint Laurent. We went to o fancy restourant and we were speaking in French and he soid, 'Whot do you like to do in bed?' I said, 'I'm not telling you,' and he said, 'What are you, o typical American? I bet I know what type of underwear you're weoring.' He guessed right, too—block lace. He thought he wos Mr. Sophisticated and I was just not impressed. At least guys in college are goofy ond you can relote."

WHAT MEN WANT

"Danger, the thought of injury, doing something you're not supposed to do," says Don, o junior at the University of Akron. "I want o date that goes one hundred thirty miles an hour. I took o girl to o Dread Zeplin concert and stage-dived with her. No one is reckless onymore, which is the cool thing about being young. No one does drugs, everyone wears condoms and seat belts."

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"The right person," says Terry, o senior at Georgetown University whose girlfriend Claudia is deaf and ottends Gallaudet, o school for the heoring-impoired. "On our first date, I'd practiced signing the whole first two minutes of conversation and then my cor breaks down in front of her house ond I forget everything. We wound up spending the whole night sitting on her porch writing messages on our hands."

•

"Cooking is always good," says Lance, o junior at the University of Colifornio. "One time, I told o dote I'd moke her Chinese food and then ron out ond bought three containers of moo goo gai pan and threw it into the wok before she got there. I had on the opron, had water on my face like sweot, I was throwing around the soy sauce. She came in ond wonted to know how I cut the water chestnuts into star shapes."

•

"A party is good," says Ben, o sophomore at Boston College. His strategy? "Pretend you're too drunk to walk home alone so she'll go with you. When you get there, sit on the bed ond see what happens. Pray you hove some beers in the room. If she drinks your beer, that's o good sign."

•

"Sex in your roommate's cor when it's parked behind your house," soys Sebastian, o senior at Middlebury College. "It's o good date ond you can teose your roommate the next day."

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"Sneak into the football stadium at night," says George, o sophomore at Northwestern University. "Make her lough. Tell her something dumb like the Astroturf has o beautiful green glow at night."

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"An expensive dinner you con't afford," says Tony, o freshman ot Rice University who dislikes compus food service. "It feels like you're doing something illegol ond you get to shore the pain of the check."

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"Nothing at all," says Peter, o senior majoring in economics at the University of Michigan. "It just has to happen." And for Peter, it does happen. "I was in o bor after o job interview and somehow I'd lost my wallet ond keys. I went up to this girl. I told her, 'I have no keys, no money, no cor, but os you can tell from my tie, I have greot taste. Could you buy me o beer?' Later I said, 'If you don't take me home tonight, you'll be aggravoting one of our greatest social problems—homelessness.' She took me home."

•

"There's more coupling now than dating," says Chris, o fifth-yeor senior at the University of Montono. "Most kids come from single porent fomilies now so they look toward instant intimacy. There ore o lot of people looking for father and mother figures in their relationships."

—SHANE DUBOW

WITHOUT HONOR

(continued from page 86)

agents had him under investigation for possible fraud and espionage. Nothing was known about this extraordinary chapter in the Keating saga until last fall, when a banking industry trade publication, *National Mortgage News*, obtained FBI documents on two separate probes into Keating's activities in the Fifties, plus internal memos in which the Cincinnati office sent warnings about Keating to FBI director J. Edgar Hoover.

Agents first focused on Keating's role as a lawyer for Research Laboratories of Colorado, a shadowy company that described itself to the Internal Revenue Service as "a group of chemists, physicists and scientists doing various types of research and discovery." Research Labs may have been nothing more than a bush-league stock swindle, but the FBI took notice when Keating petitioned the Atomic Energy Commission to give special "Q" security clearances to company employees. According to these newly uncovered FBI documents, Keating may have made fraudulent claims in his petition and may have released classified AEC information to unauthorized persons; hence, the suspicion of espionage.

From today's perspective, the FBI's fraud case was tenuous and its suspicion of espionage probably silly, a product of the same Cold War climate that lent urgency to Keating's moral crusades.

Yet the FBI files provide a fascinating preview, 30 years before the Keating Five, of Keating's eagerness to curry favor with public figures who might help or protect him.

In 1960 the object of his seduction was no less than J. Edgar Hoover himself. Keating invited Hoover to speak at an antipornography rally in Cincinnati and accompanied his invitation with a letter from the city's Catholic archbishop urging the FBI director to accept. When Hoover's office sought guidance from FBI agents in Cincinnati, they advised the director to keep his distance—Keating couldn't be trusted, and the rally, rather than being sponsored by an established group, appeared to be "Keating's own personal idea." Three years later, Hoover's office received another invitation, which prompted another warning: "Cincinnati further suggests that Keating not be dignified in any manner by apparent FBI backing."

Still, Keating's idea seemed full of promise. By 1969 the smut-smiter from Cincinnati had made so much noise and rallied so many influential conservatives to his cause that President Nixon appointed him to fill a vacancy on the Commission on Obscenity and Pornography. And when, the following year, the commission's majority delivered a moderate report that came out against laws that restricted sexual materials for consenting adults, Keating issued his own dissent.

"Never in Rome, Greece or the most debauched nation in history," he declared, "has such utter filth been projected to all parts of a nation." In the course of a perfervid treatise that might have warmed Cotton Mather's heart, Keating warned that the country's moral fiber seemed to be "rapidly unraveling"; linked pornography to abortion, marital infidelity, divorce and suicide; sideswiped the sexuality of Marcel Proust; and demanded "a return to law enforcement, which permits the American to determine for himself the standards of acceptable morality and decency in his community."

What a guy—willing to let his conscience be everyone else's guide. And what a spiritual and fiscal journey, from egregious regional scold to preeminent national scoundrel in 30 years. Not that it took him that long to polish his art of saying one thing while doing another. In the early Seventies, when he was still pursuing his antipornography crusade like some Ben-Hur in a chariot—Keating claimed to have traveled 200,000 miles on the lecture circuit in 1970 alone—evidence surfaced that the C.D.L. served mainly to sustain its own bureaucratic bloat; several states denied it the right to solicit funds because of what one official in Pennsylvania described as "sky-high fund-raising expenses."

•

Four years after Keating joined Lindner's American Financial Corporation, he ran into his first serious problem with federal regulators. In 1976 stockholder suits questioned a $600,000 bonus that Keating received from the three-billion-dollar holding company, supposedly for his part in the sale of the *Cincinnati Enquirer* by American Financial. Soon afterward, the Securities and Exchange Commission charged Lindner, Keating and others with defrauding stockholders and filing false or incomplete statements with the federal government. Among the charges was an SEC contention that American Financial funds were manipulated to provide Keating, the company's executive vice president, with $4,500,000 in bank loans—$3,600,000 of it unsecured.

Lindner eventually settled with the government, without admitting guilt, by agreeing to pay his own corporation $1,400,000. Keating got off even lighter: The SEC made him sign a consent decree in which he promised not to engage in fraudulent conduct. The incident cost him a political plum when President Reagan scuttled plans to nominate him as U.S. Ambassador to the Bahamas. By this time, though, Keating had already come out of the Cincinnati cold to

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Phoenix, where he was building a Sun Belt empire of his own.

•

At least once in recent memory, Charles Keating spoke from what passes for his heart. Asked if his huge contributions to the campaign coffers of the Keating Five prompted them to intervene with thrift examiners on behalf of Lincoln Savings, Keating replied, "I certainly hope so."

Most of the time, however, Keating has been to the unvarnished truth what the Sex Pistols were to the sentimental ballad. For a vignette of the Great Prevaricator at the top of his form, there's nothing better than the night in 1990 when he explained to Ted Koppel on *Nightline* how to measure a hotel's profitability.

The exchange started when Koppel asked a simple question: How much net profit had the Phoenician made in the previous year?

"Well," Keating replied blithely, "it earned about $80,000 . . . $75,000 to $80,000 gross receipts per room for the 604 rooms. That would have ranked it about fifth for resorts of its size in the United States and Hawaii, probably the most unique feat in history."

Sticking to his guns, Koppel asked: "Net profit last year?"

"Net profit?" Keating repeated, as if the phrase were Sanskrit. "All I know is that with that kind of income per room, the resort had to be a very, very successful resort."

Koppel kept at it, suggesting several times in several ways that gross receipts per room might not be the best index of a hotel's profitability. But his guest was adamant, even indignant: "Ted, you can insist on that all night, but that's the criteria by which you judge a hotel."

As Keating restated his revolutionary theory of accounting, first with a straight face and then with his seductive trust-me-pardner smile, simple logic got so thoroughly scrambled that black could well have been an optional shade of white, or an American Continental bond a gilt-edged security. And when Koppel wondered why Keating paid his 31-year-old son a salary of $900,000 a year, the old schemer sounded like a Korean immigrant describing his corner grocery:

"I have six children, a wife of forty years, twenty-two grandchildren, and probably three of those people were paid meaningful wages. The rest of them worked like dogs, including my grandkids, and never took a nickel. It was a family effort to make this thing work."

•

On the first page of a 1988 status report listing proposed advertising and promotional projects for ACC's hotel operation, Keating scrawled a comment next to the first item:

"I'd execute whoever thot of this."

"Thot" was obviously the boss's shorthand for thought, but it's less obvious why the item in question—a straightforward proposal for hotel picture postcards—should have prompted such verbal violence.

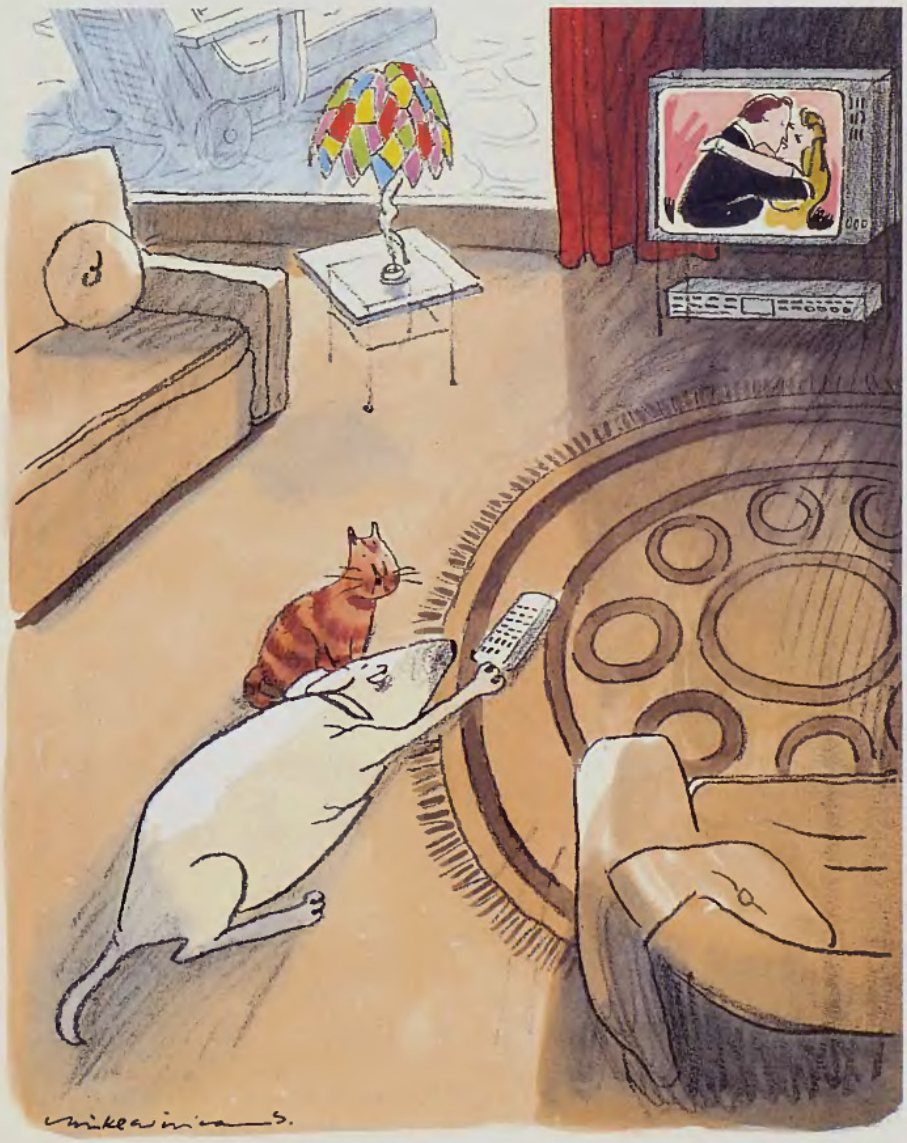
Could "execute" have been a joke? Hardly likely, since Keating wrote "same" on the next suggestion (for a children's menu), described 23 other proposals as "a waste" (writing out the two-word phrase 23 times), dismissed one as "crazy" and another as "insane." He then declared on the penultimate page of the report, "I'm sick!" and on the last page, "I'm real sick."

No, the violence of Keating's language reflects a real sickness, a conviction that he was surrounded by enemies, incompetents and fools. In the financial arena, his nemeses were those ruthless thrift regulators, whom he still blames for the downfall of Lincoln Savings and for the disappearance of his personal fortune. (The *supposed* disappearance. Only Keating knows how much of his money still lurks in foreign bank accounts.) At the Phoenician, his enemies list included design consultants, wine experts and purveyors of overpriced foodstuffs.

During three years of planning, Keating hired and fired four design teams. He finally set up his own in-house design shop and installed, as the Phoenician's interior decorator and chief aesthetician, his tightly wound, stiffly coiffed wife, Mary Elaine.

This was the pattern throughout the hotel's gestation period. As one of the nation's leading entrepreneurs, Keating could have had his pick of the finest talent in the world to help him realize his dream—creating a resort that would outstrip even the great hotels of Europe. But because he trusted no one outside his small circle of friends and family, he ended up as producer, director and host of a big-budget amateur show.

Day after day, in endless meetings and countless memos, he stewed over such details as where the Phoenician logo should be sewed on hotel bathrobes, how many and what brand of miniature



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bottles of shampoo would be set out in the bathrooms and which stools to buy for the bars. He even wondered what sort of paper doilies would rest beneath the room-service cups.

He once decided that he didn't like a curve in a long concrete walk. In a scene that could have come straight from *Bugsy*, he had the entire thing torn up and repoured. It took three more tries for contractors to get the walk right. When he crossed paths with an elderly tile-setter who happened to be whistling while he worked, Keating fired him on the spot for insufficient seriousness.

•

If someone wanted to put a positive spin on this behavior—who that someone could be is another matter: "It seems almost impossible," wrote *Fortune* magazine, "to find anyone who actually *likes* Charlie Keating"—he might try to portray him as a man who cared passionately about all aspects of his work. But being charitable to Keating is a reach. Most of his passions have been angry responses to an abiding fear that things were slipping out of control.

Take a rambling, seven-page memo he sent his staff at the end of April 1988, five months before the Phoenician's grand opening. Keating had just finished reviewing menus, booklets, brochures and advertising materials for the world's finest resort hotel, and his reactions included the following:

> As I pour [*sic*] through this maze of material, there is no question that our executives, our marketing, our PR, etc., have completely lost sight of the only goal a hotel should have—to produce profit. . . . Nothing else counts. . . .
>
> Buy wines like you buy everything else, with common sense and with an eye toward turnover. Do not hire a specialist or wine steward to buy wines. Do not permit salespeople to sell us wines (or anything else for that matter). . . .
>
> The entire brunt of the menus, design included, should be marketing, i.e., to cause the customer to buy and consume. . . . Menus should consist of basic good food, very little "fancy" stuff and nothing that is not high turnover, e.g., rattlesnake meat, duck, except as a special, etc. . . .

There's a strong controlling intelligence at work here, but one that would have been better suited to a fast-food outlet or a G.M.C. truck dealership. Even though cost control and common sense are indispensable elements of any business operation, and rattlesnake meat is an acquired taste, Keating sounds like George Babbitt or the prototypical 19th Century innocent abroad—an indecently rich American rube who finds Europe so bewildering that he scorns all manifestations of culture and takes refuge in a grumpy puritanism.

What, then, was his staff to do? "I do not know exactly where to turn, but I would not look for this expertise in former hotel employees. The best bet would probably be a housewife who can cook and has common sense. In this regard, I am like Potter Stewart on the Supreme Court referring to pornography. He said, 'I cannot describe it, but I sure know what it is.'"

•

One balmy evening in the Forties, when Charlie Keating was a young Navy pilot, he brought his Grumman Hellcat in for a landing at a south Florida airfield after night-training maneuvers. As far as he was concerned, getting back on the ground was the most important part of the exercise, since a date with a lovely woman awaited him. In his excitement, however, he forgot to put down the landing gear and he couldn't hear frantic warnings from the control tower because a Harry James trumpet solo was blaring on the radio in his headphones.

Sparks sprayed the darkness as the fighter hit on its belly and a ground loop ensued, but Keating leaped from the cockpit while his airplane was still skidding down the runway. Rescue workers found him sitting on his parachute at the edge of the airstrip, watching the Hellcat burn to ashes.

Decades later, Keating enjoyed telling this story and journalists enjoyed using it as a metaphor for his resilience. "Keating still conducts himself with the same single-mindedness that nearly claimed his life on that military airstrip in Vero Beach toward the end of World War Two," wrote a business reporter in 1988 in the *Los Angeles Times*. "Just as he lived through that crash, Keating has survived many scrapes in the business world without major damage—at least so far."

All of which was perfectly true, at least at the time. These days, though, one can draw another moral from the Hellcat story: Even as a young man, Charlie Keating was going down in flames, walking away from the wreckage and letting the taxpayers foot the bill.

•

Keating brought an evangelist's power to his public performances, whether he was denouncing the evils of pornography or promising financial grace. Because of this, some have likened him to Jim Bakker or Jimmy Swaggart, sinners who also yammered endlessly about sin and who tried to control other people's lives because they couldn't control their own impulses. Others see Keating as a deeply disordered, monstrously intelligent predator.

Disordered he may be, a personality cobbled together from pieces that don't fit. Yet there's nothing to suggest that he's crazy in a clinical sense. And he's surely not the genius he has so cavalierly called others.

Take the months he spent slaving in the Phoenician stables like some loopy Hercules. For the countless distortions that can be laid at Keating's door, there's no evidence that he conceived the hotel as a scam. He wanted to make the place work, but he didn't know how, and he may not have known that he didn't know until it was too late.

If anything, the Phoenician reveals Charlie Keating as a screwup who sandbagged himself with such idiotic concerns as paper doilies while the entire

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fabric of his financial kingdom was coming apart. People often obsess over tiny details when they can't cope with the menacing whole, and, as the Eighties staggered to a close, Charlie Keating was running scared.

He wasn't the only one, for he hadn't been alone in building pyramids on the decade's shifting sands. He was only practicing on a smaller scale what the federal government was doing in broad daylight, with the voters' eager assent—stealing from the poor to enrich the rich. If he held out his hand and said, "Here, look at these magic beans. I'm going to plant them and grow a beanstalk that will let all of us climb to the clouds," no one else shouted, "Nonsense, that's just an ordinary bunch of garbanzos," because climbing to the clouds had become a national passion.

But poor Jack of the original beanstalk was a self-deluded fool. Charlie knew better, constantly preached better, while doing his devious worst—to the small investors who thought his word was his bond, to the employees who bought his blather about boundless success and to all the rest of us, who'll be paying for his sins long after he's gone.

•

As part of the Keating legacy at the Phoenician, the maids who turn back guests' covers at night still leave little booklets, entitled *Stories for Bedtime*, propped against the pillows (Charlie preferred light reading to foil-wrapped chocolates). On the last page of a recent issue, under "Thoughts to set sail by," the final entry reads:

"In today's uncertain and deceptive world, it's good to be a man of principal—and to put it in the right bank."

"I knew the apple was forbidden, but I had no idea this was a national park!"

DOUBLE VISION

(continued from page 74)

of times, the actress has had a baby or hasn't been able to work out because she's been busy with the script. Or she has a bruise or something like that," explains 28-year-old Shelley.

Other times, the star's body just isn't up to expectations. Vanity, by the way, is not exclusive to women. Men also use body doubles—in fact, both Michael Douglas and Clint Eastwood have used the same actor to portray their hands.

Touchstone, the studio behind *Pretty Woman*, urged Shelley to remain quiet about her role as Julia Roberts' body double (rumor has it that Julia was, shall we say, a tad thin). Touchstone used the same technique to spice up the movie poster of Julia and co-star Richard Gere standing back to back. In reality, a photo of Julia's head was superimposed on a picture of yet another body double.

"We've had Westerns that have been going on for two thousand years and we know that the actor is not falling off the building, not risking his life. But body doubling remains hush-hush," complains Shelley.

That seems to be changing, as more body doubles get some credit for their work. Usually, the stars are grateful. Kim Basinger personally chose Shelley after viewing countless pairs of legs at an audition. She later asked Shelley to fill a similar role doing some nudity on her new movie *Final Analysis*. Anne Archer recently had Shelley perform as her stand-in during sex scenes with Dennis Hopper in a made-for-cable movie. "You've added ten years to my career," Archer reportedly told Shelley.

Shelley, who spent four years wearing short shorts in Nair commercials, is much in demand as a double and gets top dollar—$750 a day. She has insured her legs for $1,000,000 with Lloyd's of London. But the best news, she reports, is that casting directors are suddenly interested in putting her parts together in one package.

"Now I'm getting the opportunity to prove myself from the neck up," she says. "I'm looking for a good lead part. One of my goals is to be the next James Bond girl. I've turned my dancing into martial arts and I can really kick and stuff. These legs aren't just for beauty."

Shelley plans to continue doubling—"It pays the rent"—and she has been approached by two major stars, one of them a well-known Oscar winner, to disrobe in their stead. But much of her energy is now focused on her own career as an actress. "I look at it this way," she says. "In the first thing I did, *My Stepmother Is an Alien*, I was putting on nylons. So I've literally started at the bottom—my feet—and I'm working up to my face."

VERY OLD BONES

(continued from page 112)

Malachi's free-floating concupiscence. After several iniquitous successes that proved the problem existed wholly in Lizzie, Malachi abandoned the fuckboat and sought solace again in Lizzie's embrace, which cuddled his passion and put it to sleep. He entered heavily into the drink then, not only the ale that so relieved and enlivened him, but also the potsheen that Crip Devlin brewed in his shed.

Drink in such quantity, a departure for Malachi, moved him to exotic behavior. He lay on his marriage bed and contemplated the encunted life. Cunt *was* life, he decided. Lizzie came to him as he entered into a spermatic frenzy, naked before her and God, ready to ride forever into the moist black depths of venery, indeed even now riding the newly arrived body of a woman he had never seen, whose cunt changed color and shape with every nuance of the light, whose lewd postures brimmed his vessel. Ah love, ah fuckery, how you enhance the imperial power of sin! When he was done with her, she begged for another ride, and he rode her with new frenzy; and when he was done again, she begged again and he did her again, and then a fourth ride and a fifth; and, as he gave her all the lift and pull that was left to him, his member grew bloody in his hand. When the woman saw this, she vanished, and Lizzie wept.

The following morning when he awoke, Malachi found not only his wife already gone from the house, he also found himself bereft of his privities, all facets of them, the groin of his stomach and thighs as hairless, seamless and flat as those groins on the heavenly angels that adorned the walls of Sacred Heart church. Here was a curse on a man, if ever a curse was. God was down on Malachi—God or the Devil, one.

Malachi clothed himself, drained half a jug of potsheen, all he had, then pulled the bedcovers over his head. He would hide himself while he considered what manner of force would deprive a man not only of his blood kin, his strength, his labor and his cow, but now, also, his only privities. He would hide himself and contemplate how a man was to go about living without privities; more important, he would think about ways of launching a counterattack on God, or the Devil, or whoever had taken them, and he would fight that thief of life with all his strength to put those privities back where they belonged.

•

In the painting he called *The Conspiracy*, Malachi's nephew, Peter Phelan, created the faces of Malachi and Crip Devlin as they sat in Malachi's primitive kitchen with their noses a foot apart, the condiments and implements of their plan on the table in front of them, or on the floor, or hanging over the fireplace. The bed is visible in the background, a crucifix on the wall above it.

Malachi is in a collarless shirt, waistcoat and trousers of the same gray tweed, and heavy brogans, his left arm hanging limp. Crip Devlin wears a cutaway coat in tatters, a wing collar too large for his neck, a bow tie that is awkwardly tied.

These men are only 34 and 40, Malachi the younger of the two, but they are portraits of psychic and physical trouble. Malachi's face is heavily furrowed, his head an unruly mass of black curls, his black eyes and brows with the look of the wild dog in them. Crip is bald, with a perpetual frown of intensity behind his spectacles, a half-gray mustache and sallow flesh. He is moving toward emaciation from the illness to which he has paid scant attention, for at this time he considers all trouble and trauma to be the lot of every man born to walk among devils.

Crip was in a late stage of his pox veneris, not knowing how close he was to death, when he brought his mystical prowess to bear on the lives of Lizzie and Malachi. He had studied for the priesthood briefly as a young man and later taught primary school but was unsuited to it, lacking in patience toward eight-year-old children who could not perceive the truth. In recent years he had worked as a lumber handler with Malachi, and in the winter they cut ice together on the river. But his disease in late months kept him from working and he lived off the sale of his homemade liquor, which, by common standards, was undrinkable but had the redeeming quality of being cheap.

Crip had brought the recipe for the potsheen with him from Ireland, as he had brought his wisdom about the Good Neighbors, those wee folk who, he insisted, inhabited a grove of sycamore trees and hawthorn bushes not far from Malachi's cottage. Crip was a widower who lived with his nine-year-old daughter, Mab, and he taught her all the lore of the Good Neighbors that he himself had learned from his mother, who had once kept one of the wee creatures (a flute player) in the house for six months, fed it bread and milk on a spoon, and let it sleep in the drawer with the knives and forks. And didn't Crip's mother have good luck the rest of her life for her generous act? Indeed she did.

When Malachi listened to Crip Devlin talk, something happened to his mind. He saw things he knew he'd never seen before, understood mysteries he had no conscious key to. When Crip stopped talking, Malachi felt eased, relieved to be back in his own world, but felt also a new effulgence of spirit, a potential for

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vigorous action that just might give back a bit of its own to the foul beast that was skulking so relentlessly after his body and his soul.

In Ireland, Crip boasted, he'd been called the Wizard, the Cunningman who could outwit the Good Neighbors. And when Malachi heard this, he confided to Crip that he had lost his privities.

"Did you ever lose them before?" Crip asked Malachi.

"Never."

"Was there pain when they went?"

"None. I didn't know they were gone till I looked."

"It's a shocking thing."

"I'm more shocked than others," Malachi said.

"I've heard of this," said Crip. "Somebody has put the glamour on you."

"Glamour, is it?"

"A spell of a kind. The Neighbors could do it. I read of a man who lost his privities and thought he knew who did it, and it was a witch and he went to her. He told her his trouble and also told her she had the most beautiful bosoms in the village, for he knew how witches love flattery. And she took him out to a tree and told him to climb up it and he'd find what he needed. When he did that, he found a great nest full of hay and oats in the treetop and two dozen privities of one size and the other lying in it. And the man says, I'll take this big one, and the witch says, No, that belongs to the bishop. So the man took the next smaller size and put it in his pocket, and when he got to the bottom of the tree and touched the ground with his foot, the witch disappeared and his privity was on him. And he never lost it again."

"You're thinkin', is it, that a witch did this to me?" Malachi asked.

"It well could be. Do you know any witches yourself?"

"None."

"Have you had any in the family?"

"None that I know of."

"And your wife's family?"

"I've never heard it spoken of."

"They don't speak of it, don't you know."

"I'll ask her," said Malachi.

"I saw her up on the Neighbors' hill two days ago."

"Is that so?"

"It's so, and she was dancing."

"Dancing, you say?"

"I do. Dancing with her skirts in the air."

"No."

"Didn't I see it myself, and the shape of a man in the woods watching her?"

"The shape of a man?"

"Not a man atall, I'd say."

"Then what?"

"One of the Neighbors. A creature, I'd call it."

"Lizzie dancing with a creature? You saw that. And were you at the potsheen?"

"I was not."

"Did you go to her?"

"I did not. You don't go near them when they're in that mood."

"What mood?"

"The mood to capture. That's how they carry on, capturing people like us to fatten their population. They like to cozy up to them that come near them, and before you know it somebody's gone and you don't even know they're gone, for the creatures leave changelings in place of the ones they take. But there's no worth atall to *them* things. They melt, they die, they fly away, and if they don't, you have to know how to be rid of them."

"You know how to do that, do you?"

"I've heard how it's done. I have the recipes."

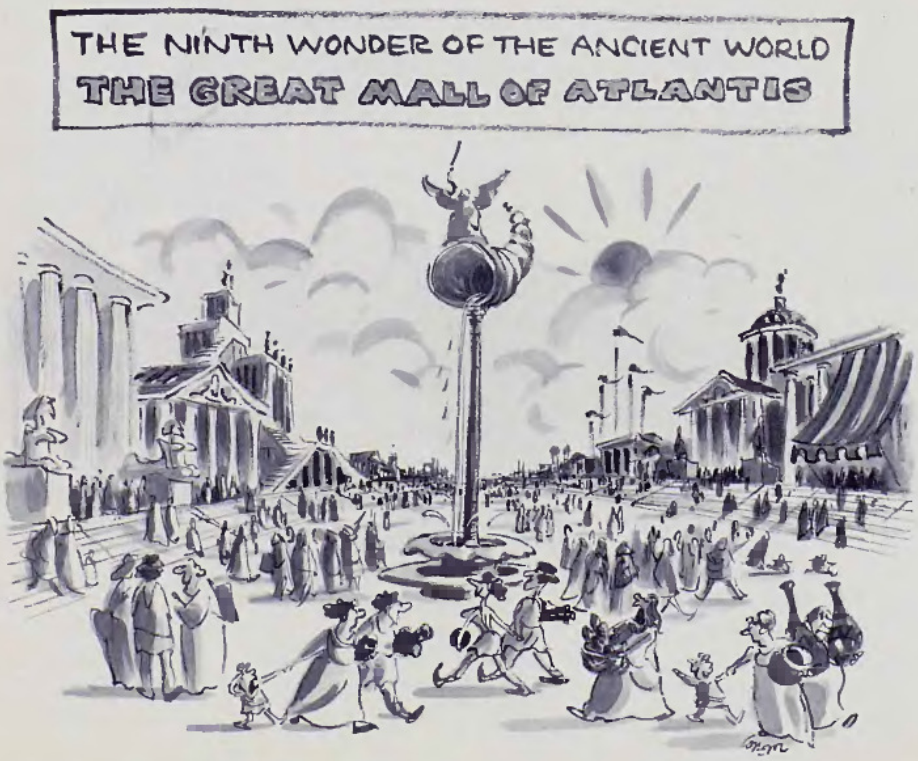
•

Two books lie on the table in Peter Phelan's *Conspiracy* painting. The first is the *Malleus Maleficarum*. Its subtitle, not visible in the painting, is *The Hammer of Witches Which Destroyeth Witches and Their Heresy as with a Two-Edged Sword*. The book is a 15th Century theological analysis of the anarchical political forces that for centuries sought the overthrow of civilization through witchcraft, plus abundant remedies for this evil; and it is a work that had motivated Crip Devlin since the days of his priestly intent, for its divinely inspired misogyny conformed to Crip's own outlook, especially after his infection with the pox by his wife. And did she give it to him, the witch? Well she did. Didn't she die of it herself, and die before Crip? Was that the proof or was it not?

When Malachi listened to Crip's wisdom, handed down from the sages of history, he felt like a chosen man, one who would yet again do battle with the dark spirits, the lot of the true warrior in every age. Malachi accepted the role without complaint, for its rules and its goals were as familiar to him as the streets and the fields of Albany. He agreed with them, he understood them and he knew from his wound that he had been singled out for this challenge. As the *Malleus* pointed out so clearly, devils existed only with God's permission, and Malachi perceived that God had allowed these devilish things to happen to him, allowed his life to be taken away piece by piece, in the same way He had allowed Job and Jesus and the martyred saints to be warrior sufferers for His sake.

Without ever having heard the phrase, and with small capacity for understanding it if he had, Malachi had become an ascetic idealist, as obsessed by his enemy as Peter would be by his art; and when you look at the eyes Peter gave the man, you know that both Malachi and Peter understood that the world was inimical to them and to their plans of order and harmony, that their lives existed at the edge of disaster, madness and betrayal, and that a man of strength and honor would struggle with the dark armies until he triumphed or died on the battlefield.

Malachi truly believed he would win this struggle with the black villain. He



had done as the *Malleus* counseled, had said his Aves and his Our Fathers, had made the Stations of the Cross on his knees, had talked to the priest and confessed his sins (not his loss) and had gone to mass so often that the women of the parish thought he must be either very guilty or dying. But, in truth, he was coming to understand that some sort of action that went beyond heavenly recourse was called for, action beyond what was known on earth—except by a chosen few whose courage was boundless and whose weapons were mighty.

The second book on the table in the painting is a slim volume that is open to a sketch of a plant with leaves and berries that any herbalist would recognize as foxglove. Also in the painting, Crip is holding a chicken by the neck with his left hand and from its anus is receiving droppings in his right palm, some of these already floating in a bowl of new milk on the table.

Crip, before the moment shown in the painting, has enlightened Malachi on the things witches fear most, things that cure enchantment and banish the witch back to her own devilish world: foxglove and mugwort, white mullein and spearwort, verbena and elf grass, the four-leaf clover and the scarlet berries of the rowan oak, green and yellow flowers, cow parsnip and docken, a drawn sword, the gall of a cow, the tooth of a dead man, rusty nails and pins, the music of a jew's harp, a red string around the neck, the smoke of burned elder and ash wood, the smoke of a burned fish liver, spitting into your own shirt, pissing through a wedding ring, and fire.

Crip mixed half a dozen potions for Malachi and he drank them; the two men burned ash wood and fish liver; they found foxglove and cow parsnip and made a paste of it, and Malachi went off by himself and rubbed that on his groin. He thought of pissing through his mother's wedding ring, but remembered that he had nothing to piss with. More things were done, but every one of them failed to restore Malachi's privities.

Crip then moved to the next logical step: an inquiry into the behavior and physical properties of the women around Malachi (his sister Kathryn, the Whore of Limerick, Lizzie), for it was well known that witches sometimes assumed the shape of living people, especially women. Even so, they could be found out, for they always had marks and traits that were not human. Crip knew of one witch who had an extra nipple on her stomach, and another with nipples on each buttock. A third witch always lived with two creatures sucking her, a red one at her left breast, a white one at the inward walls of her secrets.

When Malachi heard these revelations, he immediately undertook a thorough but surreptitious study of his wife. For the first time he realized that she had shrunk in height by four inches, that the mark on her left thigh could well be an extra nipple. He remembered that she brought a succubus to their bed and encouraged him to copulate with it until he was bloody. Also, Crip swore to him that on the night he watched Lizzie dancing on the Neighbors' hill, her partner, the shadowy creature, had the webbed feet of a goose.

And so Malachi made ready to launch his counterattack against the demon (and all its hellish consorts) that inhabited his wife's body.

•

Peter Phelan, obsessive artist of Colonie Street, subsumed in the history of his family, all but smothered under his ancestors' blanket of time, had willfully engaged it all, transformed history into art, being impelled to create, and purely, what Picasso called "convincing lies"; for Peter believed that these lies would stand as a fierce array of at least partial Phelan truths—not moral truths, but truths of significant motion: the arresting of the natural world at an instant of kinetic and fantastic revelation, the wisdom of Lizzie's lofted leg in her dance with the shadows; the wizardly acceptance of chicken droppings by the demented Crip Devlin; the madly collective flailing of arms in *Banishing the Demons*.

This latter painting is the largest of the Malachi suite, that remarkable body of paintings and sketches that made Peter Phelan famous. By the light of an oil lamp, a candle and a fire in the McIlhenny hearth (shadowed homage to La Tour), the players in the Malachi drama enact their contrary rituals: Kathryn Phelan (abundantly pregnant with Peter, the arriving artist) is sitting on the bed in the background, holding the hand of the beset Lizzie, who is supine in her calico chemise, blue flannel nightgown and black stockings, her hair splayed wildly on her pillow; and the Malachi minions—the wizard Crip Devlin; Crip's daughter Mab; Lizzie's father, old Ned Cronin, who badly needed a shave; Malachi's ancient cousin Minnie Dorgan, with her dropsical stomach and her stupid son, Colm, whose hair was a nest of cowlicks; and, central to it all, Malachi himself, with his wild curls and wilder eyes, all these clustered figures pushing upward and outward with their arms (Colm gripping a lighted candle in his right hand and thrusting upward with his left), ridding the house of any demons that may have been summoned by the archdemon that Lizzie had become. The entrance door and two windows of the house are open to the night, and those errant demons, who well know that this room is inimical to their kind, are surely flying fearfully out and away,

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back to their covens of hellish darkness.

Malachi had gathered his counsel, his blood kin and his in-laws about him for a communion of indignation at what was happening to Lizzie, and also to people his house with witnesses to his joust with the evil forces. He'd begun that joust with interrogation of Lizzie.

"What is your name?"

"Lizzie McIlhenny. You know that."

"Is that your full name?"

"Lizzie Cronin McIlhenny. In God's name, Malachi, why are you asking me this?"

"We'll see what you think of God's name. Why are you four inches shorter than you used to be?"

"I'm not. I'm the same size I always was."

"Why are you asking her these things?" Kathryn Phelan asked.

"To find out who she is."

"Can't you see who she is? Have you lost your sight?"

"Just hold your gob, woman, and see for yourself who she is. Don't I know my wife when I see her? And this one isn't her."

"Well she is."

"Are you Lizzie McIlhenny, my wife?"

"Of course I am, Malachi. Can't you see it's me? Who else do you think I am?"

"Do you believe in God the Father, God the Son and God the Holy Ghost?"

"I do, Malachi, I do."

"You do what?"

"I believe in God the Father, Son, Holy Ghost."

"She didn't repeat it exactly," said Crip Devlin.

"Let me ask her," said Ned Cronin. "Are you the daughter of Ned Cronin, in the name of God?"

"I am, Dada."

"She didn't repeat it," said Crip.

"Repeat it," said Malachi.

"Dada."

"Not that, repeat what he said."

"I don't know what he said."

"Ah, she's crafty," said Crip.

"You'll repeat it or I'll have at you," said Malachi. He grabbed her and ripped her nightgown, then pushed her backward onto the bed. When she tried to get up, he held her down.

"Ask her where she lives," said Crip.

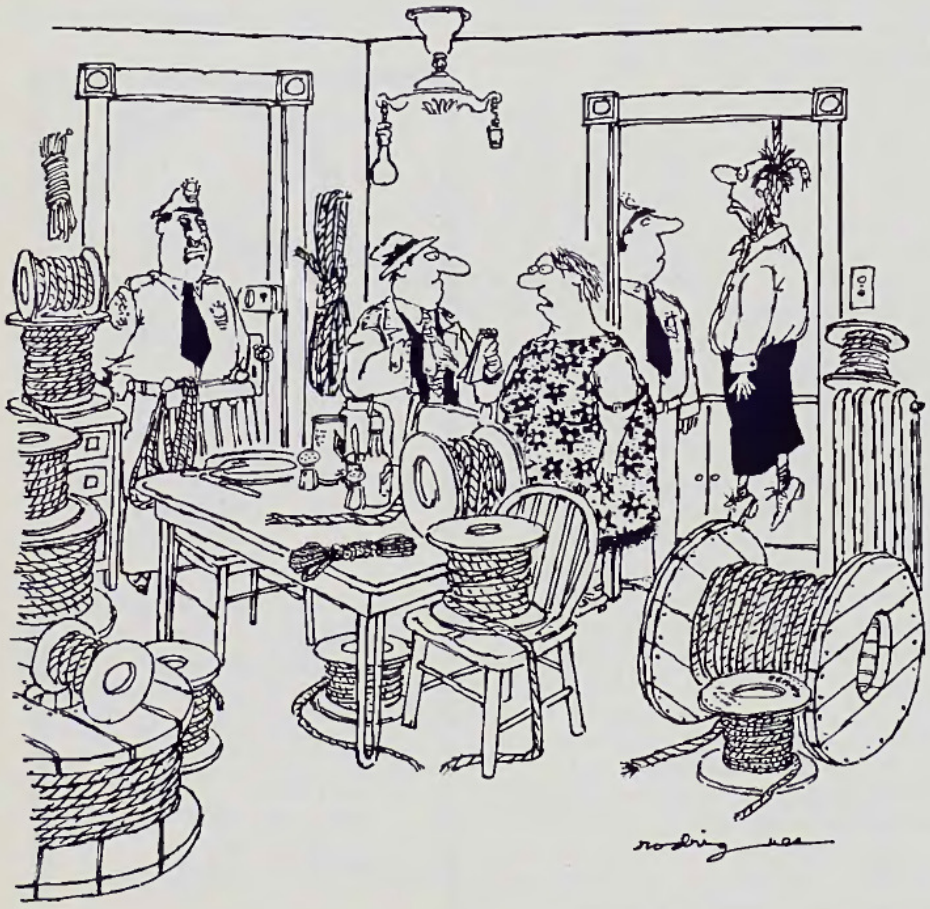
"Do you live up on the hill with the Good Neighbors?"

"I live here with you, Malachi."

"Who are you?"

"I'm Lizzie, your wife."

"You're four inches shorter than my wife."



"I figured if I gave him enough rope, he'd hang himself."

"I'm not. I'm this same size since I was a girl."

"You really are insane, Malachi," said Kathryn. "You're torturing her."

"We'll see who's insane. Do you believe in Satan?"

"I don't know," Lizzie said.

"Crafty again," said Crip.

"By the Jesus," Malachi said, "we'll get the truth out of you," and from the table he took the cup of milky potion he and Crip had prepared for this encounter, set it on the bedside table and lifted a spoonful to Lizzie's mouth. "Take it," he said.

She smelled it and turned her head. "It's awful."

"Drink it," Malachi said, lifting the cup to her lips. Lizzie pushed it away and some of the potion spilled onto her nightgown.

"Oh, you'll take it, you witch," Malachi said, shoving the cup to her lips and pouring it. Some of the fluid entered her mouth and she screamed and spat it out.

"She won't take it," said Crip. "And if any of it falls on the floor, she's gone forever."

"She'll take it, or I'll break both her arms," said Malachi. "Hold her legs, Colm," and the dimwit flung himself crosswise on the bed, atop Lizzie's legs.

"Like this?" Colm asked.

"That's it," said Malachi.

"There's rewards in heaven for them that beats the Devil," said old Minnie Dorgan, rocking her body on a straight chair in the corner, plaiting and unplaiting two strips of cloth as she watched the exorcism. She blessed herself repeatedly and dipped her fingers into a jar of holy Easter water she had brought with her. She sprinkled the water at Lizzie and then at Malachi.

"If you get the drink into her, the witch is dead," said Crip.

"We'll get it," said Malachi.

"That's enough of this crazy talk," Kathryn said, putting herself between Malachi and Lizzie.

"Get out of my way, Kathryn."

"I'll get out and get the police if you don't leave her be."

Malachi walked to the door, locked it and pocketed the key.

"You'll go no place till I say you will," he said. "And neither will anybody else in this house. Build up the fire, Mab." And Crip Devlin's child, silent and sullen, threw twigs and a log on the dying fire. It crackled and flared, creating new light in the bleak room, into which not even the faintest ray of a moonbeam would penetrate tonight.

Kathryn whispered into Lizzie's ear, "I won't let him hurt you, darlin', I won't let him hurt you." And she stroked the distraught Lizzie's forehead and saw that

her eyes were rolling backward out of their rightful place.

"You're a vile, vile man to do this to her," Kathryn said.

Malachi looked at the women and walked to the hearth. He picked up a long twig and held the end of it in the fire until it flamed, then he pulled it out and shook out the flame and walked toward the bed.

"You bring that near her," said Kathryn, "you'll have to burn me, too, Malachi," but he quickly put the stick between his teeth, grabbed his sister with his good right arm and flung her off the bed and into the lap of Minnie Dorgan, who sprinkled holy water on her. "Mother of God," said Minnie. "Mother of God."

"You'll not be burning her, Malachi," said Ned Cronin. "You won't burn my daughter."

"It's not your daughter that's here, it's not the wife I married. It's a hag and a witch that I'm sleeping with."

"It's my daughter, I'm thinking now," Ned said.

"Have you no faith, man?" said Malachi. "Don't you know a demon when it's in front of your eyes?"

And he had the twig in his hand again, and he lighted it again, blew out its flame again, and put it in front of Lizzie's face.

"Now will you drink what I give you?"

When she threw her head from side to side to be rid of the idea, he touched her on the forehead with the burning stick, and she screamed her woe to heaven. "Now you'll take it," he said, and with terrified eyes she stared at the madman her husband had become; and she knew no choice was left to her.

"Let her be!" screamed Kathryn, and she tried to move toward Lizzie. But Minnie Dorgan and Ned Cronin held her.

"Give her the drink, Mab," Malachi said, and the child raised the cup to Lizzie who stiffened at the odor of it and, retching dryly, said weakly, "Please, Malachi."

"Drink it, you hag, or I'll kill you."

And she took the cup and drank and screamed again as the foul concoction went down her throat, screamed and spat and drank again, then fell back on the bed as the cup's remnants splattered on the floor.

"It's done," said Malachi.

"And it's spilled," said Crip. "There's no telling what it means."

Colm, lying across Lizzie's legs, sat up. "I'm goin' home now," he said.

"Indeed you're not," said Malachi. "You'll stay till we're done with this."

And Colm fell back on the bed with a weakness.

"When will we be done?" Ned Cronin asked. "For the love of Jesus, end this thing."

"We'll end it when I've got my wife back," Malachi said.

"How will you know?" asked Ned.

"We'll see the demon leave her," Crip said. "But time is short. Ask her again."

"In the name of God and heaven," Malachi said, "are you Lizzie McIlhenny, my wife?"

All in the room watched every inch of Lizzie, watching for the exit of the demon. But Lizzie neither moved nor spoke. She stared at the wall.

"We've got to go to the fire," said Malachi. "We've no choice."

"It'll soon be midnight," said Crip, "and then she's gone for sure, never to come back."

"We'll carry her, Colm," said Malachi, and the dimwit rolled off Lizzie's legs. Then he and Malachi carried the now limp figure toward the hearth as Mab stoked the fire with a poker. Lizzie's nightgown was off her shoulder and Malachi ripped it away and it fell on the floor. Mab moved the grate and Malachi sat Lizzie on it so she faced the fire.

"Are you goin' to make a pork chop out of me, Malachi?" she asked. "Won't you give me a chance?" And on the dark side of the room the women fell on their knees in prayer.

"Do you know what I'm doin' here, Ned Cronin?" Malachi called out.

"Jesus, Mary and Holy Saint Joseph," said Ned, "I pray you know what you're doing." And he knelt beside the women.

Malachi leaned Lizzie toward the fire, and when it touched her, it set her calico chemise afire. Kathryn Phelan wailed and screamed at her brother, "You'll live in hell forever for this night, Malachi McIlhenny. It's you who's the demon here. It's you that's doing murder to this woman."

Malachi let go of Lizzie and she fell away from the fire, burning. He watched, with Crip beside him, and Colm holding the now unconscious Lizzie by one arm.

"Away she go, up the chimney," Malachi said. "Away she go!" And he waved his good arm into the flames.

"I saw nothing go," said Crip.

"Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee, blessed art thou amongst women," said Kathryn on her knees.

"Come home, Lizzie McIlhenny!" yelled Malachi, waving his arm, watching his wife's body. The room was filling with smoke from Lizzie's burning clothes and flesh.

"Beast!" screamed Kathryn.

"Do you think that's Lizzie that's lyin' there?" Malachi asked.

"I saw nothing leave her," said Crip.

"More fire," said Malachi, and Colm leaned Lizzie back toward the flames. Another edge of her chemise caught fire and now half her torso was exposed, the flesh charring from below her left breast to her hip.

"Let her down," said Malachi, and from the floor beside the fireplace, he took a can of paraffin oil and threw it onto Lizzie's stomach. Her chemise exploded in flame.

"Away she go!" yelled Malachi, waving his arm. "Away she go!" And he threw more oil on her.

Kathryn Phelan ran to the wildly flaming Lizzie and threw herself on top of her, snuffing the fire, burning herself and sobbing with the grief known in heaven when angels die.

•

The last painting Peter put on exhibit was *The Protector*, a portrait of Kathryn Phelan smothering the flames on Lizzie's clothing, her own maternity dress aflame at one corner, the smoke obscuring half her face, the other half lit by firelight. Kathryn's burns were not severe but her act did precipitate, two days later, the premature birth of Peter Phelan, child of fire and brimstone, terror and madness, illusion and delusion, ingredients all of his art.

What Peter had intuited from the Malachi story was the presence of a particular kind of thought, a superstitious atmosphere aswirl with those almost-visible demons and long-forgotten abstractions of evil—votive bats and sacrificial hags, burning flesh and the bones of tortured babies—the dregs of putrefied religion, the fetid remains of a psychotic social order, these inheritances so torturous to his imagination that he had to paint them to be rid of them.

He had always rejected as extraneous any pragmatic or moralistic element to art and could not abide a didactic artist. Nevertheless, his work already had an effect on the moral history of the family and would continue to do so through the inevitable retellings of the story associated with the paintings; and these retellings would surely provide an enduring antidote to the poison Malachi had injected into the world.

•

The Burial was Peter's major unfinished work. But if he lived on, it would very probably not be his last in the Malachi suite. He'd already made several sketches of Malachi and Crip in hell and was trying to assign a fitting punishment for them; but *The Burial* was as far as he'd gone with his great graphic leaps through those abominable events.

It is raining in the painting, and Colm Dorgan, with the point of a spade, and Malachi McIlhenny, with his muddy right brogan, are pushing the half-folded corpse of Lizzie into her muddy grave, which is too short for her. The grave's borders are a sea of mud, and Malachi and Colm are drenched. Lizzie is naked except for her black stockings and a burlap bag over her head. Colm is pushing her feet into the grave. Malachi

is stepping on her right breast with his foot. The left side of her chest is a broad crevasse of flesh, her half-charred rib cage and parts of her internal organs protruding, the flesh burned off two fingers of her left hand, leaving the charred bones visible.

A small cottage, Malachi's, wherein the other witnesses to Lizzie's burning are locked and awaiting the return of Malachi, is visible in the distant background, as are a sky and a landscape full of demonic figures, including the lithe form of Lizzie dancing on a hill with a web-footed creature with the head of a goat.

Piles of dirt beside the grave will be heaped on Lizzie and the secluded grave, which is at the side of a ditch, with a high fence on one side and trees on the other. When the grave is covered with dirt, it will be hidden by leaves and twigs, and Lizzie will lie scrunched in it for five days before searchers find her corrupted body, tortured even in death.

Upon his return from the grave to the cottage, Malachi will, with a long knife in his hand, swear all present to secrecy and will invent the story to be circulated: that Lizzie ran away from the house in a crazed condition the previous night. Malachi will be especially threatening to his sister, Kathryn, whose throat he swears that he will cut if she peeps a word of what happened. When Kathryn swears this out of fear, Malachi will then scrape his trouser leg with the blade of his knife and say, "Oh, Kate, that's the juice and substance of poor Lizzie that I'm scraping."

And Kathryn will say, "Malachi, even if you scrape off your skin, God will not let the stain be off you. You're damned, my brother, and I hope the devils in hell never let you draw a painless breath."

Upon public revelation of this story, neighbors will sack and burn Malachi's house, and Malachi and Crip Devlin will be tried and convicted of murder and sentenced to 20 years in jail. Colm Dorgan will be sentenced to ten years, will serve all ten and emerge toothless, hairless, mindless and without a family. Ned Cronin will be given, and will serve, one year in prison, and live six more months before dying of public shame. Minnie Dorgan, though guilty of conspiracy to murder, will be set free because of her advanced age and will sell all that she owns to move away from Albany.

In the first six months of his incarceration Crip Devlin will sicken from the pox, develop intolerable headaches and lightning pains to the legs. He will vomit and become incontinent, will develop ulcers of the heels, soles, toes and buttocks, blockage of the penis and rubbery tumors in the testicles. At the moment when his memory vanishes and he can no longer remember who he is or what he did to Lizzie, he will die of suppressed urine and an exploded brain.

In 1890, during the third year of his sentence, Malachi, with leather thongs he created in the shoe shop of the Albany penitentiary, will hang himself in his cell, swearing to the moment of his death that it was not Lizzie but a demon that he burned, and he will be buried in a potter's field. On the day after his burial his grave will be violated and his corpse stabbed through the heart with a wooden dagger in the shape of a cross, a suitable implement for destroying the soul of a heretic.

Kathryn Phelan will be the chief witness against Malachi. Already the mother of Francis, Sarah and Charles, she will give birth to Peter two days after Lizzie's death.

Mab Devlin will become a charge of the city but will escape confinement and become a vanished child.

•

Poor hubristic Malachi, think of it. When you cross the border of the real world, as he did, the way back is perilous at best, and not only for yourself.

We are, after all, a collective, a unified psyche that so desperately wants not to be plural.

I am one with the universe, we Phelans say, but I am one.

The universe answers us with black riddles of the past that refuse to yield their secrets: lost faiths and barren dogmas that weave the web and the winter that the poet of order had seen: The web is woven and you have to wear it, the winter is made and you have to bear it. . . . It is all that you are, the final dwarf of you.

"OK, y' don't want to exchange names, y' don't want any long-term commitments. Do y' still want the hundred bucks?"

CYBERSPACE

(continued from page 124)

away from something.

As I was leaving Autodesk, still not fully recovered from the lingering memory of total immersion, I asked Allis if he has had any aftereffects from being in VR.

"Negative side effects? Not really," he answers. "If people attend to the other dimensions of their lives, virtual experiences aren't in any way deleterious. But now and then I feel that I *ought* to be able to float up over a building and look down on the roof. I think I've gained a gut feeling of what it's like to fly."

My flights thus far have been over rooms and roofs; useful capabilities from an architectural viewpoint, but not particularly astounding. The thrill of flying perhaps lies in having someplace unusual or special to fly to. And that's one of the many experiences that awaited me in the domain of Jaron Lanier at VPL.

•

Standing in the VPL demonstration room, I have a rush similar to the one I felt more than 20 years ago when I went to my first Jimi Hendrix concert. I had been to dozens of blues and rock concerts, but never before had I seen such an intimidating array of amplification hardware. Although I'm going into VR alone, the room is equipped for a two-person VR experience, which David Levitt, who has a Sc.D. in computer science from MIT, calls RB2-Pro: reality built for two. There are two Silicon Graphics Skywriter computers, which are as big as refrigerators. One will create the images I see according to my head movements. The other will do the same for the other participant. It has one display adapter; two Data Glove systems with control units; and two eyephone head-display systems with units for tracking and control. The hardware is coordinated by Body Electric software, which defines the behavior of the objects or "creatures" in VR worlds. Total cost: $400,000.

If you don't understand the system, don't feel bad. I don't understand it either. The point is that the equipment gets me into Duck World, where I'm about to do some meaningful flying using a quacking duck as my aeronautical point of reference.

Imagine that you're the male half of a duo of ducks that have built a nest on the topmast of a ship afloat on a vast, featureless sea. You have been abruptly thrown aloft by the ship's captain. Your goal is to return home quickly to be reunited with your mate, who flies in a great parabola above the ship searching for you and quacking piteously.

This, in any case, is my fantasy as I descend out of a great cloud toward the sound of a crazed mallard. As I approach the ship, I notice something strange. Towering above the deck is a giant tube that looks like an oversized smokestack for a steamboat. But there's no steam coming from it, and a flapping duck periodically darts out of and back into it.

I descend through the mouth of the smokestack and see my feathered friend flying up and down in endless spirals. As she flies away from me, the sound of her quacking recedes, and as she dives closer, it becomes louder.

When I exit through the bottom of the great tube, I'm on the ship's deck. I find a strange cargo of objects there, all of which I can pick up and handle. There's a black top hat, a bright green lime and the most luminous red apple I've seen since the one the witch gave Snow White.

"Pick up the hat," says Levitt. I grasp it in my virtual hand and it instantly transforms into a beautiful red rose.

I'm a stranger in three more strange lands. In Munchkin World, a spidery little creature begs me to pick him up and throw him down, thanks me profusely each time I do so and immediately begs to be picked up again. Sadomasochism aside, it's sort of an electronic version of a three-year-old who wants you to play horsey until you drop.

There's an ominously desolate kitchen with a whirling ceiling fan and a clock ticking on the wall. I can turn off the fan by flicking a wall switch; the clock always shows the correct time.

And there's a towering island from which comes the sound of pounding African drums. The drums get louder as I fly toward the island, until I feel as if I'm standing in the middle of them. Yet I don't see any drummers.

I'm told to pick up what looks like a shining white stalagmite, and find it's the source of the drumming. I wave it around my head, and the sound whirls around with it. I instantly feel free, powerful and exhilarated.

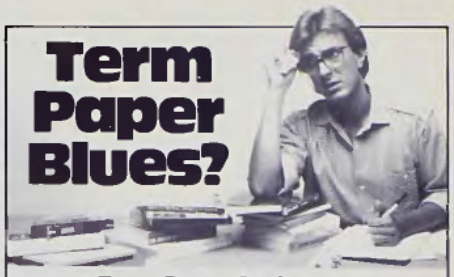
I realize that someone watching me wave my empty hand around my cranium might think I'm nuts. Embarrassed, I remove the eyephone and smile sheepishly at Levitt, who smiles knowingly. Behind him, chuckling, is Jaron Lanier.

Lanier has promised that he can teach anyone to create a virtual reality world in a few hours. He, Levitt and I gather around while he explains what goes into making characters.

"You work with sculpture, behavior and sound. It's not hard at all. I created Duck World in an hour and a half."

Levitt guides me as I attempt to create a building and a little square-faced character. The results are primitive. After watching me fumble with the mouse, Lanier takes it from me. He uses the mouse to summon colors, shapes and shading, creating a character named Esky, who was once the symbol of *Esquire* magazine. Very cute, this ironic jibe.

"We believe in speed around here," Lanier says. "We have hundreds of worlds. Right now we're making a



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VIRTUAL SEX

After hearing about all the amazing applications of virtual reality, inquiring ROM minds naturally wonder: What is this technology going to do for my sex life?

That depends on what you consider hot sex. Before we get into that, you should know that the inventors of virtual reality aren't inclined to talk much about this application of their research. In fact, some VR pioneers, such as Jaron Lanier, refuse to discuss it at all. Too much money has been invested, they say, to risk reducing their work to some advanced mechanism for eroticism—or to jeopardize corporate funding and industry support. Nonetheless, there are several brave souls who will discuss this delicate subject, coined "teledildonics."

One interactive turn-on, which could become a goggle-and-glove experience by the mid-Nineties, is a version of Reactor Inc.'s Virtual Valerie, an interactive game currently on CD-ROM. Created by Mike Saenz, a former Marvel Comics illustrator, Valerie is like Spider-Man's wife, Mary Jane, gone bad—*real* bad. She's a party girl (drawn in the anatomically appealing style of most Marvel Comics female characters) who lives in a penthouse to which you gain access with your trusty mouse. After inviting you into her living room, she asks you a few questions, such as: "Do you like my breasts?" If you give her the right answers, she'll lead you into the bedroom and, at your command, strip, vigorously masturbate and then kneel doggy-style while you plumb her inner recesses with a dildo of your choice. Eventually, if you work long enough, she has an orgasm—moaning her satisfaction in a dialog balloon hanging above her naked behind.

If you're the kind of guy who's dreamed of being the main character in an eight-pager, Valerie is at least a ticket to a microboner. And macro may not be too far off. According to Saenz, it's not inconceivable that before we have another Democratic President, Valerie or her equivalent may be available in complete 3-D with sound. You'll enter her apartment wearing goggles. She'll talk to you with a real voice, and you'll be able to "touch" her most private parts with your finger while she moans in sync.

Further down the road, the potential for virtual sex gets even more interesting, both tactilely and socially. For example, within the next five to six years it may be possible to stimulate a virtual female and to be stimulated by her.

"We've already achieved the first step in that direction with audiovisual stimulation," says Saenz. "For most guys, just having the power to command a gorgeous woman to remove her clothes is a pretty powerful turn-on. Add to that a way to generate the tactile simulation of, say, a blow job or hand job. Communicate the reaction through a 3-D digitizing device and then through a fiber-optic line that goes from the computer into a sort of 'dick sleeve,' and you could probably approximate the sensation that is synchronized in the audiovisual presentation.

"Other than being disease-free, it doesn't mean much in terms of smell, flesh, touch and all those things real people enjoy. But it's the male equivalent of the vibrator.

"Actually, the best product somebody could come out with right now," Saenz says, "would be a VR version of *How to Pick Up Girls*. It would be a sort of cyberspace primer for shy guys. They could practice their seductive techniques on virtual women who will reward them for saying the right things and dis them for saying stuff that turns women off."

Another visionary who has seen our cybersexual future is Timothy Leary, former Harvard researcher and psychedelic voyager who is now a frequent lecturer on the potentials and pitfalls of virtual reality. According to Leary, the dick sleeve is not so far off. "There's already a company in England that has developed a pneumatic bladder that can be inflated and deflated very quickly under computer control.

"The time lag on the thing is still awfully slow. It can't keep up with the computer commands. And, of course, that's not what sex is all about. Real sex can only be experienced between two humans.

"Ultimately," says Leary, "the most important purpose of virtual reality is human communication, for fun, for pleasure, for sociability and for family entertainment. Electronic sex will be a minor issue. In fact, the best thing you could do after visiting someone in cyberspace would be to hop into a cab and meet for the real thing."

—WALTER LOWE, JR.

virtual planet that can satisfy Western mankind's urge to conquer a frontier, without trashing the environment."

Of all the VR masters I've visited, Lanier is the only one who doesn't ask me what I thought of the experience—*his* experience, really.

Part of Lanier's reluctance to extol the virtues of his system is that like most brilliant inventors he tends to see his latest product as merely one step toward a new and improved version. For Lanier that means "improving the quality of the product and making it less expensive."

This past January, he and the VPL Research team made a major step in that direction by introducing MicroCosm, the first desktop VR system. Available for between a mere $51,000 (if you already own a top-of-the-line Quadra Mac II) and $58,000 (if you don't), MicroCosm includes an eyephone, built-in magnetic head-tracking device and Data Glove. It's also equipped with true 3-D audio.

For Lanier, the availability of desktop VR is the first prerequisite to the accomplishment of his ultimate dream, which is to have people worldwide plug into a communal cyberspace for a ritual gathering of the tribes. I can't decide whether Lanier's vision of a people immersed in virtual reality is ultimately healthy or dehumanizing. Either way, it's hard to state with conviction that it won't happen.

Before going to sleep, I make a note to myself: "Ask somebody who isn't an inventor about virtual reality."

•

Several days later, I put in a call to the Human Interface Technology Laboratory at the University of Washington. The HIT Lab was founded by Dr. Thomas Furness in 1989 after he ended a 23-year stint researching for the Air Force. Furness created the flight simulator that employed a 3-D head-mounted display to train jet pilots for combat situations. And, indirectly, it was the flight simulator that inspired Furness to escape the military. What triggered his departure was the public reaction to his research: Immediately after the airing of *Top Gun and Beyond*, an award-winning 1987 *Nova* documentary, he and his associates were besieged with calls and letters from civilians who hoped that virtual reality technology might solve some human problems.

There were, predictably, inquiries from engineers and architects, but more compelling were letters from parents of disabled children, from relatives of individuals who suffered severe visual impairment and from organizations devoted to improving the quality of life for shut-ins. Schoolteachers wrote, looking forward to a day when the technology that produced the flight simulators could help them make history, literature and biology come to life for today's generation of TV-oriented students.

The man I need to interview at the HIT Lab isn't Furness—who in his way is just as much a visionary as Lanier—but the lab's associate director Robert Jacobson. Jacobson, a Fulbright research scholar in technology policy with a Ph.D. in urban planning from UCLA, spent eight years as an information policy analyst for the California legislature before teaming up with Furness.

I ask him what the immediate future holds for virtual reality.

"Over the next ten years," Jacobson answers, "the technology will advance in five fields. The first is industrial. Major manufacturers will use virtual reality to design everything from automobiles to household appliances. The second is biomedicine, for making devices that offer virtual mobility for people in wheelchairs and visual enhancement for the near-blind. The third is in the arts and entertainment, with amusement-park displays and arcades being the primary source of growth. The fourth is in education. We're trying to get funding for the development of a virtual classroom in which a child can experience things that would otherwise be inaccessible or invisible—such as seeing an electron in an atom or seeing how galaxies are configured in space."

"And fifth?"

Jacobson's eyes light up. "Televirtual reality—the ability to share virtual realities across computer networks and, eventually, our telephone system. This could happen very quickly, depending on the interest and commitment of the telephone and computer industries to make it happen."

I tell Jacobson that what he's talking about sounds like Jaron Lanier's vision of a nation—a world—wired for VR.

"Jaron's projections aren't unrealistic, but they depend on some events that may be slow in coming. The telephone companies and the federal government must make a commitment to a fiber-optic telephone system. If they do, it is conceivable that by the end of the decade, everyone who has a telephone will have in their home something similar to a 3-D stereo eyephone. But this depends on public demand for universal fiber-optic wiring."

What will create the public demand in such a relatively short time? "Virtual reality entertainment centers will help," says Jacobson. "Once people have had fun with it there, they'll want it in their homes, too. But even more than that is the natural competitive nature of Americans. Japan's telephone system is in the process of being wired fiber-optically. The Japanese already have their government, academic institutions and corporations focused on creating a communications plan that they expect to be the most advanced in the world. An integral part of that plan is to have the country wired for virtual reality. And Americans invented that technology. I'm just hoping that Americans will say to our government and telephone companies, 'Hey, how come we don't have a communications system as sophisticated as the Japanese?' Because if they do, we will."

One obstacle to Americans' ready acceptance of virtual reality is the equipment, the fancy gloves with dangling wires and six-pound head-mounts.

"Right now we're developing a lightweight stereo eyephone that projects an image directly on your retina," Jacobson says. "We're working on a wand much like the one recently developed by the Swedes. It has buttons on it that enable you to do everything in VR that you can't do with the glove. You can send out a beam and attach it to things and move them. You can use it to draw paintings, position yourself in relation to other objects, make yourself larger or smaller. Amazing things.

"You remember that scene in *2001* in which the first tool the ape used was a big bone? He finally threw it up into the air and suddenly it was transformed into a space station. Well, that's an analogy that applies here, only in reverse. We're going to make virtual reality as easy to understand as possible. We're going back to the original tool, the bone."

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ONE NIGHT

(continued from page 78)

"There were those who had it in for Willie. The scuzzier the show, the more venomous was its bite."

sexual renegades . . . and that far more common are men with a normal sexual orientation who rape impulsively as the opportunity presents itself, often while on a date." On that very morning, as Lasch summed up, a party of Guardian Angels chanting "Shame! Shame! Shame!" outside the West Palm Beach courthouse were handing out leaflets demanding "Where is NOW and other woman's [*sic*] organizations? Their silence on this issue is deafening!"

What everyone but the Angels, and Lasch herself, seemed to grasp is that the prosecution's case had become a debacle. The men and women of the press—throughout the trial, a sort of antic Greek chorus providing a brand of no-holds-barred commentary that never found its way into print—considered Lasch a figure of derision, her every utterance likely to be greeted with gales of laughter. The prosecutor herself became that most tiresome of clichés: the feminist who doesn't get the joke.

Lasch's misfortune was that she embraced her role with such obvious relish. From the day she took on the case, she brought to it a grim self-righteousness that seemed right out of Feminist Central Casting. Literal-minded and monotonal, she bought every syllable out of Patricia Bowman's mouth, and it seemed inconceivable to her that anyone else would fail to do the same. In fact, as Bowman's version of events came under challenge, Lasch seemed so lost in the thicket of sexual politics as to be oblivious to the realities the rest of us live.

In the end, the prosecution asked the jury, and the entire world, to accept what seemed to be an intellectual shell game: that a strong and independent woman can, the morning after, declare herself helpless and vulnerable and be held accountable for nothing.

In contrast, the defense relied on common sense and common experience. For most in the vast viewing audience, comprising everyone from South American swingers to my aunt Rose in the Bronx, the central question was not whether the sex on the Kennedy lawn had been strictly consensual, but what the hell was Bowman doing there at 3:30 in the morning if she *didn't* expect something to happen?

In his summation, Smith's attorney Roy Black effectively laid waste to the state's case with a single, arch sentence: "[Lasch] keeps making the point that in spring break, in Florida, it's preposterous that a man and a woman would get together after knowing each other for a couple of hours and have sex."

Which is why, all these months afterward, Lasch remains the most memorable figure of the trial. Black was the stronger attorney. Willie Smith and Patty Bowman will one day be recalled merely as characters in a tawdry drama. But in Moira Lasch we found the embodiment of an argument that wouldn't wash.

•

By October 28, the day I arrived at the courthouse for the start of jury selection, the reporters who had been on the case from the start already had a pretty good fix on the prosecutor.

"What kind of underwear you think Moira wears?" called out one guy in the small room reserved for the print press, as we watched the battle over the admissibility of Bowman's scanties.

"Boxers," someone piped up.

"*Flannel*," added a woman from the wire services, "and battleship gray."

The mistake most of us made, however, was our assumption that the forbidding figure before us would soon begin throwing off star power. How many prosecutors outside the movies, after all, can boast of having nailed a character like Robert Spearman, who solicited hit men via *Soldier of Fortune* magazine to murder his wife and who then cultivated such a hatred of Lasch that, frustrated in his plan to escape prison to kill her, killed himself instead?

In fact, it should not have been so surprising that her performance was so at odds with her reputation. The standard south Florida felony prosecution tends to be such a slam-dunk affair that, as *Newsweek*'s Miami bureau chief Spencer Reiss puts it, "even defense lawyers like Roy Black tend to measure their success not in acquittals but in how long it takes the jury to bring in a guilty verdict. The prosecutor points at a bunch of sullen Colombian guys at the defense table, points at the pile of dope on the evidence table, brings on a couple of Customs guys as witnesses and gets a few co-conspirators to sing."

That wasn't going to happen this time. As Reiss says, "Lasch wasn't going to flip Jean Smith and get her to testify against her son." Although the press-room wisdom was running strongly against the prosecutor, almost all of the reporters had a vested interest in the prosecution at least making a game of it. There were those in TV and radio, in particular, who had it in for Willie. The scuzzier the show and the greater its demographic appeal among women, the more venomous was its bite. "Gentlemen, start your sewers," one of the *Hard Copy* guys joyously proclaimed at 8:30 that first morning, as Judge Mary Lupo called her court to order.

Which is hardly to suggest that the two dozen or so print reporters—almost

"Gentlemen, meet Erik—he'll be doing the choreography for our caper."

WHERE & HOW TO BUY

GETTING IT AT HOME

Pages 108–111: **Monitor-receiver** by *Mitsubishi*, for store locations, 800-527-8888. **TV** by *Sony*, for store locations, 800-222-SONY. **Amplifier** by *Yamaha*, for store locations, 800-4-YAMAHA. **VCR** by *RCA*, for store locations, RCA/Thomson Consumer Electronics, 800-336-1900. **Surround processor** by *Fosgate-Audionics*, for store locations, 800-343-9381. **Laser disc player** by *Pioneer*, for store locations, 800-421-1404. **Digital scanner** by *Panasonic*, for store locations, 800-524-0864.

FASHION FORECAST

Page 130: **Jacket** by *Bill Robinson*, for information, 212-972-7600. **Shirt** by *Bill Robinson*, at Saks Fifth Avenue. **Pants** by *Barry Bricken*, at Andrisen Morton, 740 17th St., Denver, 303-623-4411. **Belt** by *Giorgio Armani*, at Maraolo, 782 Lexington Ave., N.Y.C., 212-832-8182. **Shoes** by *J. M. Weston*, at J. M. Weston, 42 E. 57th St., N.Y.C., 212-308-5655. **Socks** by *Polo Ralph Lauren*, at Polo Ralph Lauren stores nationwide. Page 131: **Pants** and **belt** by *Joseph Abboud*, at Joseph Abboud Store, 37 Newbury St., Boston, 617-266-4200. **Shoes** by *J. M. Weston*, at J. M. Weston, 42 E. 57th St., N.Y.C., 212-308-5655. **Jacket** and **tie** by *Giorgio Armani Le Collezioni*, at Bergdorf Goodman Men, 745 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C., 212-753-7300. **Shirt** by *Giorgio Armani Le Collezioni*, at Saks Fifth Avenue. Page 132: **Shoes** by *Paraboot*, at Barneys New York, Seventh Ave. at 17th St., N.Y.C., 212-929-9000. **Socks** by *Gordon Walker*, at Saks Fifth Avenue. **Shirt** by *Wilke-Rodriguez*, at Saks Fifth Avenue. Page 133: **Striped shirt** by *Barry Bricken*, at Plainclothes, 1020 20th St. S., Birmingham, AL, 205-324-0078. **Short-sleeved shirt** by *Axis*, at the Gentry House, Independence Mall, Wilmington, NC, 919-392-6983. **Navy watch** by *Pulsar*, at May D&F, 16th St. & Tremont Place, Denver, 303-620-7674. **White watch** by *Hamilton*, for store locations, 800-234-8463. **Sweater** by *Joseph Abboud*, at Bloomingdale's, 1000 Third Ave., N.Y.C., 212-705-3030. **Shirt** by *Barnes Storm by Jhane Barnes*, at Vicary's, 526 Penn Ave., West Reading, PA, 215-373-5197. **Aviator sunglasses** by *Bausch & Lomb*, at SunGear–The Sunglass Co. nationwide. **Moccasin shoes** by *J. P. Tod's*, at Diego Della Valle, 462 W. Broadway, N.Y.C., 800-4-JP TODS. **Belt** by *Crookhorn Davis for Joseph Abboud*, at Pockets Menswear, 9669 N. Central Expy., Dallas,

214-368-1167. **Nub socks** by *E. G. Smith Socks*, at Macy's Herald Square and select stores. **Lace-up shoes** by *To Boot New York*, at Bergdorf Goodman Men, 745 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C., 212-753-7300. **Fair Isle socks** by *Royal Bermuda Knitting*, at G. B. Harb & Sons, 3359 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, 213-386-5496. **Tortoise-frame sunglasses** by *Cutler & Gross*, at Intoto, 3105 Hennepin S., Minneapolis, 612-822-2414. Page 134: **Shirt jacket** by *Joseph Abboud*, at Joseph Abboud Store, 37 Newbury St., Boston, 617-266-4200. **Sweater** by *Brunello Cucinelli*, at Tyrone, 76 Spruce St., Cedarhurst, NY, 516-569-3330. **Jeans** by *Wrangler*, at Cavender's Boot City, 3309 N. Central, Plano, TX, 214-881-2668. **Boots** by *Paraboot*, at Stonestreets, 1276 Massachusetts Ave., Cambridge, MA, 617-547-3245. **Watch** by *Gruen*, at Burdines Department Stores, Florida. **Bracelet** by *Robert Lee Morris*, at Robert Lee Morris, 409 W. Broadway, N.Y.C., 800-873-7747. Page 135: **Sweater** by *Andrew Fezza*, at Bloomingdale's, 1000 Third Ave., N.Y.C., 212-705-3030. **Jacket** by *BTU*, at Barneys New York, Seventh Ave. at 17th St., N.Y.C., 212-929-9000. **Sweater** by *Calvin Klein Sport for Men*, at Calvin Klein stores, Chestnut Hill, MA; Costa Mesa, CA; Dallas. Page 136: **Shirt** by *Giorgio Armani Le Collezioni*, at Charivari 57, 18 W. 57th St., N.Y.C., 212-333-4040. **Tie** by *Giorgio Armani Le Collezioni*, at Bloomingdale's, 1000 Third Ave., N.Y.C., 212-705-3030. **Suit** by *Mani*, in specialty stores nationwide. **Pocket square** by *Ashear Brothers*, at Saks Fifth Avenue. Page 137: **Shirt** by *Andrew Fezza*, at Lawrence Covell, 225 Steele St., Denver, 303-320-1023. Page 138: **Watch** by *Movado*, at Macy's Herald Square and select stores. Page 139: **Striped shirt** by *Andrew Fezza*, at Henry's, 1201 Town East Square, 7700 E. Kellogg, Wichita, KS, 316-687-7274. **Sun-face-print tie** by *Brian Bubb*, at Bubb, 138 E. 74th St., N.Y.C., 212-794-1717. **Abstract-print tie** by *Valentino*, at Barneys New York, Seventh Ave. at 17th St., N.Y.C., 212-929-9000. **Solid-color shirt** by *Bill Robinson*, at Macy's Herald Square and select stores. **Striped shirt** by *Bill Robinson*, at Saks Fifth Avenue. **Tie** by *Grays by Gary Wasserman*, at Mark Shale, 500 Joliet Rd., P.O. Box 9014, Willowbrook, IL, 708-789-0130. **Nubuck shoes** by *Charles Jourdan*, at Punch, 336 Plaza Real, Boca Raton, FL, 407-338-6448. **Socks** by *Polo Ralph Lauren*, at Polo Ralph Lauren stores nationwide. **Perforated shoes** by *Ralph Lauren*, at Bloomingdale's, 1000 Third Ave., N.Y.C., 212-705-3030. **Vertical-striped tie** by *Andrew Fezza*, at The Hitchin' Post, 333 N. 72nd St., Omaha, 402-556-0552. **Striped shirt** by *Hugo Boss*, at Cuzzi's Men Store, 539 Franklin Ave., Hartford, CT, 203-296-9490. **Sunglasses** by *Oliver Peoples*, at Robert Marc Opticians, Ltd., 1046 Madison Ave., N.Y.C., 212-988-9600. **Pocket square** by *Ferrell Reed*, at Ferrell Reed, for store locations, 800-421-6119. **Cuff links** by *Bradford*, at Bloomingdale's, 1000 Third Ave., N.Y.C., 212-705-3030. **Shirt** by *Gitman Bros.*, at Saks Fifth Avenue. **Tie** by *Bill Robinson*, at J. Bailey's, 2730 Frederica St., Owensboro, KY, 502-926-4391. Page 140: **Suit** by *Hugo Boss*, at Tobaldi, 83 Rivington St., N.Y.C., 212-260-4330. **Shirt** by *Gitman Bros.*, at Carl Sterr, 80 Kercheval, Grosse Pointe, MI, 313-882-3590. **Tie** and **pocket square** by *Ferrell Reed*, at Nordstrom nationwide, 800-925-4254. Page 141: **Suit** and **tie** by *Joseph Abboud*, at Joseph Abboud Store, 37 Newbury St., Boston, 617-266-4200. **Shirt** by *Hugo Boss*, at Tobaldi, 83 Rivington St., N.Y.C., 212-260-4330. **Pocket square** by *Ferrell Reed*, at Nordstrom nationwide, 800-925-4254. **Shoes** by *J. M. Weston*, at J. M. Weston, 42 E. 57th St., N.Y.C., 212-308-5655.

PLAYBOY ON THE SCENE

Page 173: **Camcorders:** By *Canon*, for store locations, 800-828-4040. By *Hitachi*, for store locations, 800-241-6558. By *Panasonic*, for store locations, Panasonic Consumer Affairs, 201-348-9090. By *Sony*, for store locations, 800-222-SONY. By *Magnavox*, contact your local Magnavox dealer.

every one of us at least a pretend cynic—brought any greater insight than the tabloid types. We just had a slightly better sense of decorum. But what many of the print people did have—especially those out of newsrooms where Anita Hill's version of things had been taken as gospel—was a slant on relations between the sexes that was more in sync with *Ms.* than with the mainstream.

It was evident even in casual conversation. "Can you believe her?" remarked one guy from a New York daily to a woman colleague after his first day's exposure to Lasch. "What a——" He mouthed something under his breath.

"Bitch?" she offered.

He nodded. "You're allowed to say it, I'm not."

For all the genuine camaraderie in the pressroom, there was a distinct difference in attitudes, on what have come to be called gender issues, between those working for the powerful papers of the Northeast and those representing the rest of the country.

"It really hit me during Hill–Thomas," noted Laura Berman, a *Detroit News* columnist. "There was this huge gap between what I was reading in *The New York Times*—the standard elitist–feminist line about Anita Hill being this great heroine, and how she reflected the experience of all women—and what I was hearing among women in my own office out there in middle America, which was a lot of skepticism and speculation about her motives."

It was impossible to guess how much skepticism and speculation there would be Out There this time around. Unless, that is, one spent some time listening to the locals. Palm Beach is the ultimate silly place—where else is there a plague of grown-ups called Buffy and Muffy, Sunny and Bunny, Hap and Mac? But there, as across the bridge in West Palm Beach—a sterile, run-down, largely black inner city extending out into malls and suburban homes—the doubts about Patty Bowman's reliability were already pervasive. From shoppers in thrift shops on West Palm's South Dixie Highway to those doing the boutiques on Worth Avenue in Palm Beach, from the elderly couples with whom I spent an evening at West Palm's Century Village to teenagers scooping Willie Vanilli and Lupo lemon sherbet at an ice cream parlor near Au Bar—almost everyone seemed to have at least as many doubts about the accuser as about the accused. Over lunch in the Courthouse Café, a building contractor accused of negligent homicide dismissed the whole case. "I mean, *come on*," he said, "you can always keep out of harm's way."

This all confirmed my own strong sense of things at the start: that Smith was getting a bum deal.

"Look," I insisted to the female lawyer, an old friend, sitting across the dinner table that first night, "most women just don't realize how tough it is to be a guy in a climate where male sexuality is under this kind of attack."

"Yeah," she smiled, "tell me about it. Let's put it this way: Would you allow your daughter to go out with Willie Smith?"

I snorted. "C'mon, my daughter's ten years old."

She tried again: "How will you feel about her going on dates at all, knowing that twenty-five percent of junior high school boys feel that, if they pay for dinner, they're entitled to sex?"

"I also have a little boy," I countered. "And frankly, I'm more worried about him being accused of something he didn't do."

Then again, the thing about this trial was how quickly almost everyone's preconceptions began to fray. By the close of the next day in court, I was already edging toward the understanding that neither sex was going to emerge from this case feeling vindicated.

•

From the start of the trial, the contrast between the prosecution and defense teams appeared to tell the story at a glance. On one side of the aisle, erect as nuns, sat Lasch and her even more forbidding sidekick, Ellen Roberts. On the other, flanking the defendant—himself looking like an eager and conscientious college kid—sat three of the easiest-going guys this side of the neighborhood sports bar, smiling as they whispered among themselves. At the end of their table sat jury selection expert Cat Bennett, perhaps the most vivid contrast to the women of the prosecution. Gravely ill with cancer—indeed, an almost spectral figure, with her alabaster skin and mass of bleached white-blonde hair—Bennett was as vulnerable as they come, a pretty, old-fashioned gal giving her all, and then some, for the guys.

Within five minutes, Roy Black felt like an old friend. Loose-limbed and amiable, a sort of Abe Lincoln in West Palm, he set the day's first prospective juror at ease with what sounded like an impromptu greeting. "I know you're probably a little nervous," he told her. "I guess we all are. Public speaking isn't easy for any of us." He paused briefly to introduce his client, "Will" (never again Willie) Smith, who, taken by surprise, stood up with a sudden, shy smile and nodded in the stranger's direction.

After five or six times watching Black go through this routine, the words practically verbatim, Willie's Jimmy Stewart reaction always right on cue, only a moron would be inclined to take the attorney at face value. This is the way it was going to be: Every move, every gesture carefully plotted and choreographed. And, too, when it got down to that, every word out of Willie's mouth.

The potential jurors, naturally, ate it up. Contrary to Black's evident fears, most were sympathetic toward his client. "If two people leave a bar together at ten in the evening," as a guy from Boynton Beach put it, expressing the common view, "it's different from two people who leave together at three in the morning."

"She sounds like a girl with at least one brain in her head," added a 57-year-old housewife, "but they tried to make it like she was completely innocent."

Not, of course, that Lasch was doing much to help her side. True to form—intellectually honest, as she undoubtedly saw it—she was coolly perfunctory with potential jurors, seeming not to give a good goddamn whether or not the citizens hated her guts.

Memorably, at least one clearly did. Florence Orbach, a 78-year-old former New Yorker, blew into the courtroom like a gust of salt air, chomping on a wad of gum and saying what the rest of us were thinking. That Kennedy men may be "smart, but when they get horny, their penises take over." That she herself never went to places like Au Bar "because at my age I don't need a gigolo." That the encounter in question "was an evening of utter stupidity."

Everyone present, from Black to Judge Lupo to the press, was vastly amused and relieved to have the diversion.

Everyone, that is, except the prosecutor. "You should smile," Orbach told her as she left the stand. "You have a pretty face." It was probably the best professional advice Lasch had ever gotten.

In response, the prosecutor called Orbach a "borderline incompetent."

Yet there was no sounder proof of Orbach's countercharge—that Lasch was "a horse's ass"—than something else that happened later in jury selection. Juror number 11, a prim, bespectacled blonde, told the court that her pocketbook had once been stolen from her car. But, she added, since she had been foolish enough to leave it there, "I asked for it."

This was what a cogent prosecutor should have known to avoid like poison: a juror who felt strongly about personal responsibility. Lasch let her slip by. The woman turned out to be Lea Haller, who would become Smith's most avid champion in the jury room. The night of the verdict, she took off her glasses, let down her tight blonde bun—"My God, Miss Jones, you're beautiful!"—and hung out with the celebrating lawyers at Au Bar.

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By December 2, the day the trial was to begin in earnest, the momentum was already so clearly going the defense's way that almost everyone seemed to be

using the term coined by *The Palm Beach Post*'s Frank Cerabino to describe the courthouse: Will's World. Incredibly, the accused rapist was emerging as a sex symbol. Granted, few of the women screaming Smith's name outside the courthouse and lingering in the courthouse corridors in hopes of spotting him were precisely the sort you'd want to bring home to mother. But, who knows? Your mother isn't Jean Smith.

There was absolutely no way to fathom what was going on in the Kennedy women's heads. Long-suffering doesn't begin to tell it. Before it was over, all Jean's sisters and one sister-in-law would be here—Pat, Eunice and Ethel, along with Jean, each looking unexpectedly older, in that monied, weather-beaten way, than the next. They heard some graphic and appalling characterizations of Willie's behavior that night, and of his treatment of women in general. Still, like Rose before them, they never showed a thing. More than once I found myself part of a group of reporters speculating on what they made of it.

"Nothing," was the oddly plausible explanation of a woman from one Florida paper, "nothing at all. These people are in deep denial. It's an old family trait."

Without question, all of them were on hand as props—on display for the jury and in service of an agenda that extended well beyond William Smith. This was never more apparent than immediately after Patty Bowman's initial afternoon of testimony when, at least briefly, things looked rocky for the defense. The family left the courtroom in silence, as usual; but this time, instead of slipping out the back hallway, they walked the gauntlet of reporters and then, as the cameras clicked away, stopped for a long, communal embrace.

"Roy Black strikes again," whispered the reporter next to me.

•

It has been widely observed that Black won his case that very first morning when Judge Lupo ruled that the testimony of three other accusing women was inadmissible. But that morning was also the emotional high-water mark for the prosecution. Arguing for the inclusion of the other women was not Lasch but her colleague with the drill-sergeant hair, Ellen Roberts.

Roberts looks like the sort of sourpuss who used to cause the Little Rascals to gasp when they found her substituting for Miss Crabtree. "Ever notice how Ellen's hair reminds you of Moira's personality?" one of my colleagues whispered to me in court.

As good as her argument was, of course, it was a loser. That's probably why Lasch had passed it on in the first place. According to Florida's Williams Rule, evidence of prior acts is admissible only if the prosecution can demonstrate a clear and unique modus operandi identical to the one in the case at hand. (The Williams in question was a rapist given to hiding in the backs of women's cars at crowded shopping malls; claiming, if confronted, that he thought they were relatives' cars; always terrorizing his victims with the same words and the same weapon.) What the prosecution had here were three women, each of whom claimed that, under markedly different circumstances, Willie Smith tried to overpower and sexually assault them.

But, at least for a little while, Roberts made us believe she might actually pull it off. Her voice is blue-collar Southern and, in striking contrast to her partner's, it has power and dramatic range. This woman was pissed and her words came in a rush. "The attacks, Judge, on all of these women were violent, sudden and without provocation. They were pinned down, and they were rough attacks. . . . He ordered each of them not to resist: 'Be quiet, Lisa, *shut up*!' Told Lynn there was nothing wrong with what he was doing, it was OK. Told Michele, 'Stop fighting.'" A millisecond pause and Roberts' blue-collar voice dropped. "And told Patricia, 'Stop it, *bitch*.'"

She went on to describe a predatory pattern in which Willie sought out "attractive young brunettes" at "a party, a picnic or a night spot" and "enticed them into his lair."

Roberts probably knew she had gone too far with this last bit, borrowing the language of the Victorian potboiler. That was the problem with the whole argument: The evidence did not meet the Williams Rule, and Black pounced. His voice ringing with incredulity, he made the point that of course Will met women in such places. Where else would he meet them? As she was bound to by law, Judge Lupo ruled it inadmissible.

Still, the questions about the defendant, always difficult to shrug away, had never been more insistent. In the disallowed depositions—snapped up by reporters at 50 bucks a pop at Sir Speedy, the copy shop that was growing rich at press expense—a medical school classmate describes Smith as aloof to the point of rudeness; a far cry from the gangly, good-natured guy we were seeing every day. None of the women saw the situation in which she found herself with him as remotely romantic. One moment, there would be innocuous chitchat, the next, the woman would find herself under physical assault and desperately fight back. Then, like a character of Stephen King's, Smith would flip right back again.

What made the transcripts all the more persuasive was that we began hearing stories about other women out there, dug up by assorted press people, who

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had reportedly undergone similarly unsettling experiences with the defendant. "We only officially know about the three," noted *Newsweek*'s Spencer Reiss, "but let's face it, lots of us know about lots more. So does Moira Lasch. She knows of at least sixteen others. That's part of the reason she's so venomous. She is convinced that she has a real, live rapist on her hands, and she can't fucking pin him."

•

Denied the Williams Rule women, the prosecution found itself in even bigger trouble. "Star witness" Anne Mercer quickly set the pace with her acknowledgment that she had received $40,000 from *A Current Affair* to tell Steve Dunleavy her tawdry tale. That was more than enough of an opening for Black. The woman was moral mincemeat in his hands. It was like Zorro dueling fat, stupid Sergeant García.

Watching Mercer, one had the inescapable sense that no one had ever made a single demand on this woman, intellectual or moral, in her entire life. If she had any regret at all about the whole thing, it was probably not that she had grabbed the money, but that she had waited so long to grab it, thus reducing her take by a full $110,000. Even that did not prevent her from leaving the courthouse at the side of Dunleavy, who was back a few minutes later, executing a victory lap around the pressroom.

Mercer's embarrassment was hardly hers alone; it instantly cast doubt on Bowman's own credibility. After all, who in the world would make a bosom buddy of a zero like Mercer?

In fact, it was understood by those who'd studied the Bowman–Mercer crowd that venality and opportunism were pretty much the norm. A collection of washouts and wanna-bes at the outer fringes of the Palm Beach social set, few seemed to feel any sense of responsibility to anything larger than themselves. "These are people who really just think they're beyond the rules," noted Lisa Ocker of the Fort Lauderdale *Sun-Sentinel*, "even when it comes to little things like paying parking tickets." Although almost all were regulars at Palm Beach's expensive night spots, few were on intimate terms with regular work. Many of them had problems with drugs or alcohol, and hardly anybody could do more than fleetingly sustain a relationship.

Patty Bowman's past suggested that she was not much different from the rest. From the statements she had given the police, plus a conversation with a polygraph expert released in transcript form, we knew that she, too, was a trust-funder. That she had been sexually abused as a child. That she seemed to have an abiding antipathy toward men, including the sporting-goods salesman who fathered her child. That—big surprise—she had a history of late-night partying and drug use.

Which is why Bowman's appearance in the courthouse proved such a stunner.

"Who's that?" someone in the pressroom said with sudden urgency as the hallway camera picked up a prim figure moving toward the courtroom door.

"Patty!" came three voices at once.

A half instant and she was gone.

"She looks fuckable," mused a woman near me who almost instantly put a hand to her lips and began to turn crimson. "I can't believe I said that."

In fact, for the next half hour, I had no better idea of what she looked like than did the rest of the world: In the pressroom, we got the blue dot, too.

But, by a stroke of good fortune, I happened to be next in the magazine pool to get the courtroom pass. So I was on hand for the headline-making stuff.

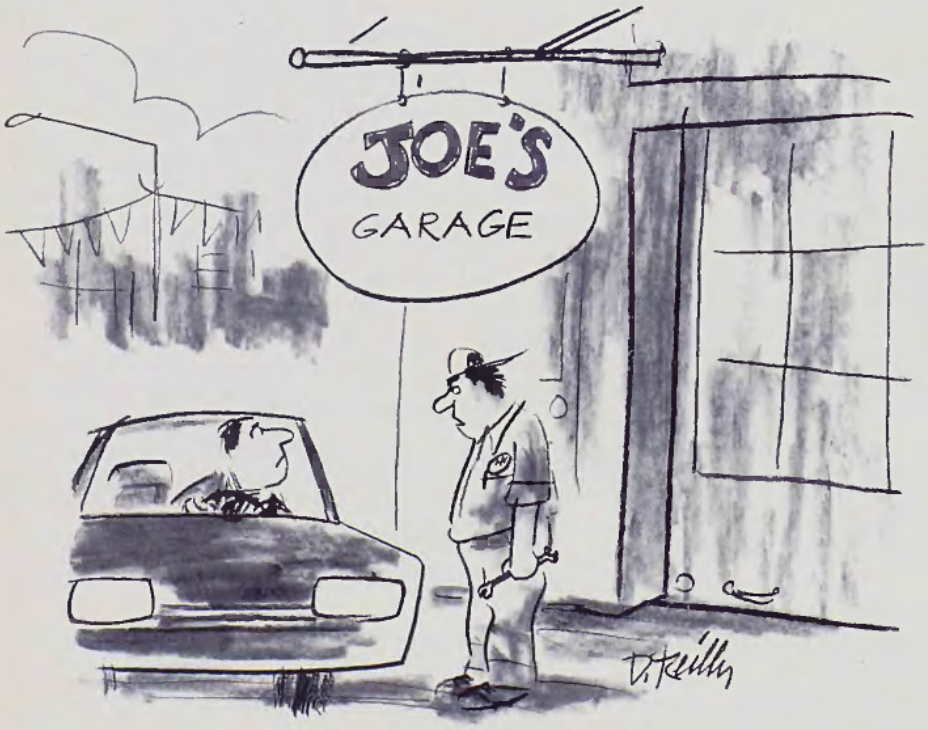
As she sat there in her gray suit and pearls, she was far more presentable than anyone had anticipated: better spoken and—how to put this?—since we'd sort of been expecting another Mercer, surprisingly respectable. Then again, for a mere 30-year-old, she looked to have a hell of a lot of miles on her. As a colleague observed, those millions seeing "the hair, the pearls and the blob are seeing her at her best."

He was speaking not just of her looks but of her demeanor. Bowman started off with a rush, describing her devotion to her young child, beset from birth with severe health problems, and the ways in which she herself had been remade by motherhood. It was a litany that cast her in the best imaginable light as sympathetic and responsible. For a few minutes, Smith's involuntary smirk looked pretty strained. But in a twist on the feminist construct, it was Lasch who just didn't get it. The impatient prosecutor moved her far too quickly to her account of the alleged crime.

Here, too, Bowman came across as credible—but, tellingly, much less so in person than behind the blur on TV. This was someone who exhibited emotion in an extremely disconcerting way. She seemed able to begin crying virtually at will, without warning. Just as suddenly, she would become composed again. This did not necessarily indicate untruthfulness, only oddness. But for someone interested in selling a story to a jury, oddness is likely to be almost as damaging as lying, especially when the story being told is as full of holes as this one.

Indeed, as the minutes passed and the initial surprise at Bowman's strength of character faded, the questions became more insistent. When did she take off those pantyhose? Why hadn't anyone heard her scream? And, most pointedly, were we really to believe that a single young woman, urged by her mother and her therapist to go out and have a good time, had no romantic interest in a personable young doctor who was also a Kennedy? Most of us, after all, live in a place a lot closer to Will's World than to Moira's.

By the following morning, with Black



"Sorry, we don't know how to fix American cars."

pressing his cross examination, most everyone in the pressroom who had experienced Bowman close up was saying the same kind of thing.

"You notice," someone remarked, as the blob met one of the defense attorney's gently skeptical queries with a sudden sob, "how she's now doing that, not just when she's describing the attack, but every time her credibility is questioned?"

"Hey," laughed *The Detroit News*'s Laura Berman, "sometimes crying is the best defense."

In fact, increasingly, as Black continued to hammer away at the memory lapses and the improbabilities, crying seemed to be her only defense, aside from the fierce indignation of the deeply wronged.

It was a role inherently filled with contradictions—anonymous victim as avenging angel—but she played it to the hilt. No, she insisted each time Black responded to one of her crying jags by calling for a recess, all she wanted was to get through this ordeal and get on with her life. And yet, somehow, I was not at all surprised when she turned up two weeks later on national TV with Diane Sawyer. In Bowman's own mind, there was evidently not even the appearance of hypocrisy.

As Bowman prepared to leave the stand, she fixed Black with a gaze worthy of Mistress Moira herself and closed with a flourish: "Your client raped me!"

It was hard to find anyone who doubted she meant it. But by now, even among those who wished her well, the doubts were about Patty herself, and they ran the gamut from her character to her sanity. *Time*'s Cathy Booth, who last year worked on a cover story on date rape, noted that we were seeing a classic high-risk candidate for such a situation. "There's often just this desperate seeking for connection with these women, and it creates a perception gap. You look at Patty—emotionally starved, hurting—and here she finds this 'nice' guy who's gonna disprove her theory that all men are mean and bad. And she gets so caught up in this illusion, she pays no attention to the signals she's putting out herself, let alone what the creep is really about."

When Smith launched into his testimony, he began with an echo of the refrain Black had earlier used to such effect with these same jurors—"I'm very nervous, but I remember what you said to me, 'Tell the truth and you'll be fine.'" Willie moved quickly to his account of his decision to have sex with a woman his defense team was portraying as psychologically unstable.

In a more rational time—which is to say, at just about any other moment in history—we might have regarded such a story as depraved, poignant, tragic. Indeed, it was particularly tragic for those of us who came of age fired by the hope and contagious idealism of the Kennedy years. How many of us could have imagined it would come to this?

"Camelot," someone said, shaking his head. "They should call it Come-a-lot."

We had just passed the part where Smith had, or might have had, his second orgasm in a half hour, this one on the compound lawn.

"Don't knock it," smirked a woman across the room, "I wouldn't mind meeting a guy like that."

"'Can I come in with you?'" Smith had Bowman asking him now. His response: "I said it was late, I'm tired, I'm going to go to bed."

"'And'"—*Time*'s Booth mockingly filled in what was unspoken—"'I've already gotten my rocks off.'"

Smith was relying on what might be called the asshole defense: no crime in being one of those. In his case, that defense was particularly plausible. Calculated as his story plainly was, in contrast to Bowman's version, it read as true as a sonnet by Shakespeare.

"Well," someone in the pressroom sarcastically summed up, "I guess it was just Willie's incredibly bad luck to get accused of rape."

"Right," nodded someone else. "But his incredibly good luck to get accused the one time he actually might not have done it."

Perhaps out of frustration, Lasch seemed to regard the defendant as fair game even for attacks not sanctioned by law. She so often made assertions unsupported by evidence, it became commonplace that she was angling for a mistrial. And she met any suggestion of fallibility on Patty's part, or her own, with almost biblical righteousness. Lasch apparently felt that, being by definition in the right, her side ought not to be held to the usual standards.

In no way was this more apparent than in her attitude toward the media. Over and over she complained to Judge Lupo about the ways in which the defense was using the press to portray Smith in a favorable light. This, after she herself had damned him to months of vicious publicity by releasing the statements of the three other accusers. Nothing at all seemed to drive Lasch crazier than Smith's characterization of the charge as "a damnable lie." "He tried to make sure," as she was still complaining in her summation, "that *nobody* would believe her!"

Well, yeah.

More than once, even Black, seemingly prepared for anything, was clearly stunned by things that came out of Lasch's mouth. In that same summation, almost off the cuff, the prosecutor asserted that the rape had occurred because "the defendant's ego can't take this rejection." While such a characterization may well resonate with countless female viewers, it was unsupported by a single word of testimony. "Have we gotten so far in this case," wondered the defense lawyer, incredulous, in his closing, "that you can ask the jury to convict somebody on evidence that's not on the record? You can just make up something out of whole cloth, and that's enough to send someone to prison?"

Lasch probably wouldn't go quite that far, at least not publicly. But that seemed to be precisely what she believed—as long as it was a woman doing the asserting and she bought it herself.

In the end, it was that attitude, rather than any lack of preparation, that led Lasch to so many strategic gaffes. (The most glaring was her tardiness in trying to arrange for the testimony of a rape-trauma expert who might have provided an explanation for Patty's many memory lapses. Judge Lupo disallowed the late witness and the prosecution's case suffered another devastating blow.) The prosecutor was so apparently rooted in her own worldview, she literally did not seem to have grasped that anyone, even the other side, would dare vigorously hold the accuser to account.

•

Along the way, even most of us in the pressroom who'd started on opposite sides moved to the same conclusion. During the 77 minutes that the jury was out, the guy from Court TV took a poll in the pressroom. Among the 48 souls responding, not one believed Willie would be convicted, but at least 30 thought he was guilty.

Guilty, that is, if not precisely as charged by his accuser and the state, of *something*. "The problem," as one guy summed up the prevailing view, "is that we're dealing with a pair of dysfunctional personalities. He's a rapist and she's a liar."

Such a view naturally infuriates the Moira Lasches in our midst who are so intent upon reading the world in black and white. But it stands as perhaps this trial's most meaningful legacy that this opinion was so remarkably widespread. Even before the verdict was in, a new consensus had begun to emerge, both in the press and in living rooms across the land: a visceral understanding that, whatever happened between Willie Smith and Patty Bowman, that night ought to be taken as a cautionary tale by men and women both. For, in an era of chronic confusion between the sexes, a time rife with misunderstanding, madness and malice, each of us must finally bear the burden of personal accountability. In the end, this has been Moira Lasch's legacy. The question is, does she get it even now?

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BABY ZOOMERS

Camcorders have come a long way since those days when most models looked like bazookas. Today's pint-sized shooters come in a variety of formats—VHS-C, Super VHS, 8mm and Hi-8—and they can be held, literally, in the palm of your hand. In fact, Panasonic's Palmcorder measures only four and one half inches high. VHS-C models come with an adapter that enables you to play the mini-VHS tapes in your VHS tape deck. Camcorders using the 8mm formats can be plugged directly into most TVs for playback. Otherwise, an 8mm deck must be purchased to view the tapes. With all formats, you can also get power zooms, low-light-shooting capability and other nifty features. What you don't get is a hernia from carrying your camera.

Below, clockwise from 12: Canon's model UC1 8mm camcorder is ultra slim and features a newly developed 8X internal focusing zoom lens, about $1500. Another 8mm model, the Hitachi VM-E25A, boasts an extraordinary 64X zoom ratio, $1300. Panasonic's VHS-C PV-41 features digital electronic image stabilization that eliminates a shaky picture, about $1300. Sony's tiny CCD-TR51 8mm includes a wireless remote control, $1200. And Magnavox's nifty CVM620 offers full-range digital autofocus with manual override, about $1300.

STEVE CONWAY

Where & How to Buy on page 167.

She's Getting Exposure

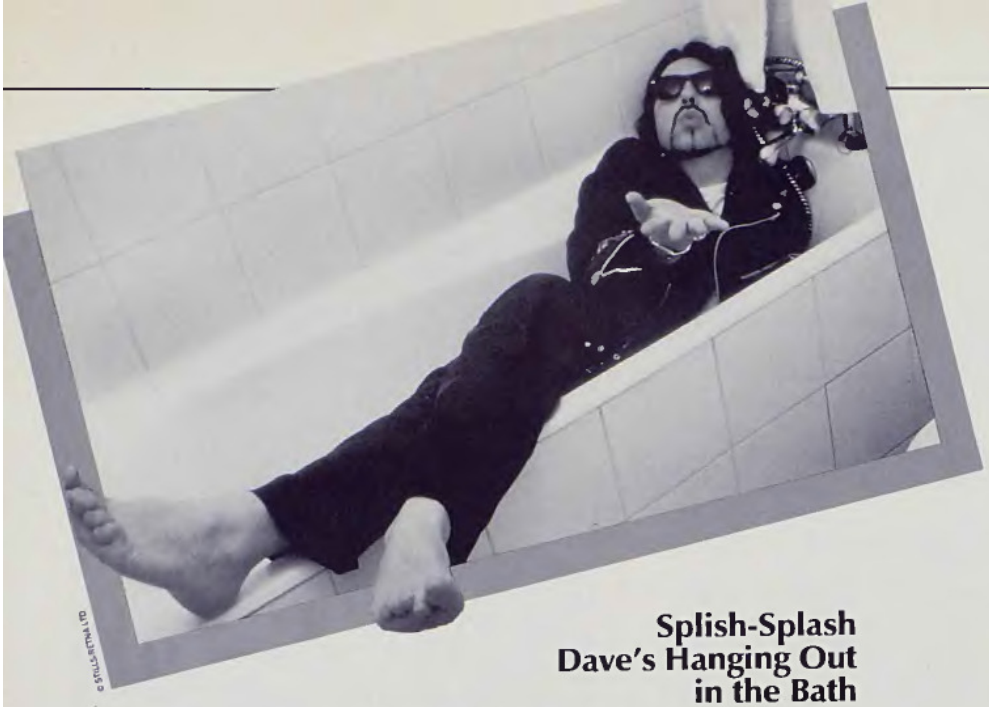
Performance artist and actress ANN MAGNUSON can be seen on TV in *Anything But Love*, but if you want to see more, check out her video, *Power of Pussy*, with Bongwater. Meow.

Just Call Us April's Fools

Model/actress APRIL JOHNSON is our salute to spring. She was spotted in *Body Parts* and *Vista Street* and has appeared in swimsuit videos and on The Playboy Channel. It's the right month for April.

This Guy's Got the Blues

Blues great BUDDY GUY is finally getting his propers, not only from critics but from fans. His LP *Damn Right I've Got the Blues* features Clapton, Beck and Knopfler. Hail, Buddy.



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Splish-Splash Dave's Hanging Out in the Bath

Singer/producer/arranger/guitarist DAVE STEWART is taking a break between playing in Europe with the Spiritual Cowboys tour and gearing up for another Eurythmics album next year. He's holding out on the bubbles.

Tough Steele

Have you heard CHRISSY STEELE? The album is called *Magnet to Steele*, the single is *Love You 'Til It Hurts*. Also listen for *Love Don't Last Forever*, while Chrissy keeps you abreast of the Nineties.

© KEN SETTLE

© DAN GOLDEN

A Ford for Your Future

Actress MARIA FORD looks totally innocent, but don't be fooled. The B-movie starlet's upcoming film, *Innocent Blood* (with Brad Dourif), is an erotic thriller.

Lisa's Busting Out All Over

There is always a chance you got a look at actress LISA BOYLE in such movies as *Earth Girls Are Easy*, *Beverly Hills Brats* and *She's Having a Baby*, but if you didn't, here's Lisa nearly unwrapped.

© MICHEL BECK

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For those of you baseball fans who don't have the $3500 it takes to attend a fantasy baseball camp, there's Grandstand Cards—personalized baseball cards that resemble the ones your mother threw away years ago. Only these have your picture on them along with pertinent information on the back of the card on how you bat and throw, your nickname, favorite team, hobbies and activities and more. Two hundred cards cost $42 sent to Grandstand Cards, 22647 Ventura Boulevard, Suite 192, Woodland Hills, California 91364. Grandstand will also need a good black-and-white or color photo of yourself—or whomever you want to appear on a card.

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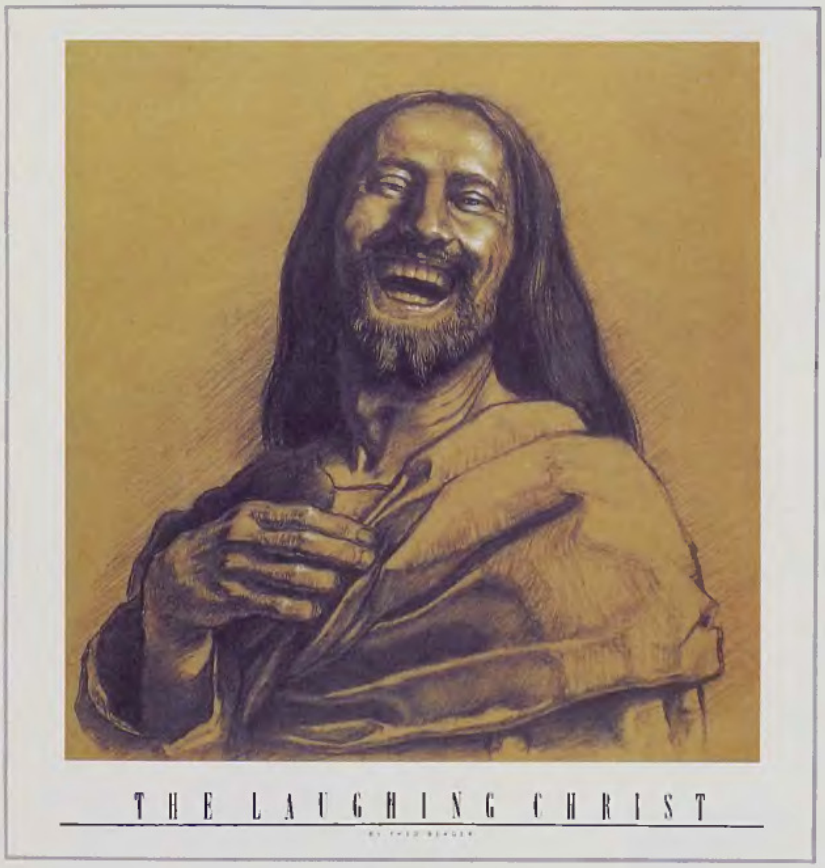
GLENN ARNESON



THE LAUGHING CHRIST

Back in January 1970, *Playboy* published an opinion piece by Harvey Cox in which he conjectured that Jesus was a joyous revolutionary rather than a melancholy ascetic. *For Christ's Sake* was illustrated by Chicago fine artist Fred Berger and reproductions of this painting, *The Laughing Christ*, have been one of our most requested works. Now a 21"x20" offset poster on heavy vellum paper is available for $28.50, postpaid, by calling 800-258-1995 (refer to order AAFB-122) or sending a check to Special Editions Ltd., P.O. Box 632, Elk Grove Village, Illinois 60009.

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HIGH ADVENTURE, HIGH FUN

Bowling Green State University has published *Dangerous Horizons*, by Robert Sampson, volume five in *Yesterday's Faces*, "a study of a series of characters in the early pulp magazines." *Horizons* focuses on Captain Blood, Sanders of the River, Hashknife Hartley and dozens of other fictional figures who adventured about the world in the pulps of 1903 to 1930. The price: just $19.95, postpaid, sent to Popular Press, Bowling Green, Ohio 43403.

BEAUTIFUL SCREAMER

Who would have thought when Edvard Munch painted *The Scream* many years ago that he would capture all the stress, tension and just plain *arrrgghh* that everyone feels now and then. At least that's the way Robert Fishbone sums things up, so he produced a 50-inch-tall inflatable version, also called The Scream, that may make you feel better just having it around. The price is also nothing to scream about: $29 when you call 800-788-4044.

YOU'RE IN THE MONEY

If you won $20,000,000 in the lottery, you would: A. faint; B. run out the door with a handful of your credit cards shouting, "Let the buying begin." That's the premise of You Just Became a Millionaire, a game for three to six people in which you bet on how other players will answer questions regarding their newfound wealth. The price is a paltry $28.50 from Games Partnership in San Francisco at 800-776-7662. Charge it!

JOHN SCHAELLER

A NOSE IS A NOSE IS A NOSE

Yes, funseekers, there is another way to celebrate April Fools' Day besides calling the drugstore and asking if it has Prince Albert in a can. It's to order a Great American Beauty red sponge clown's nose from The Great American Schnozzola Co., P.O. Box 1288, Champlain, New York 12919. Individual noses are just three dollars, but we like the company's best smeller—25 American Beauty Noses for $45.

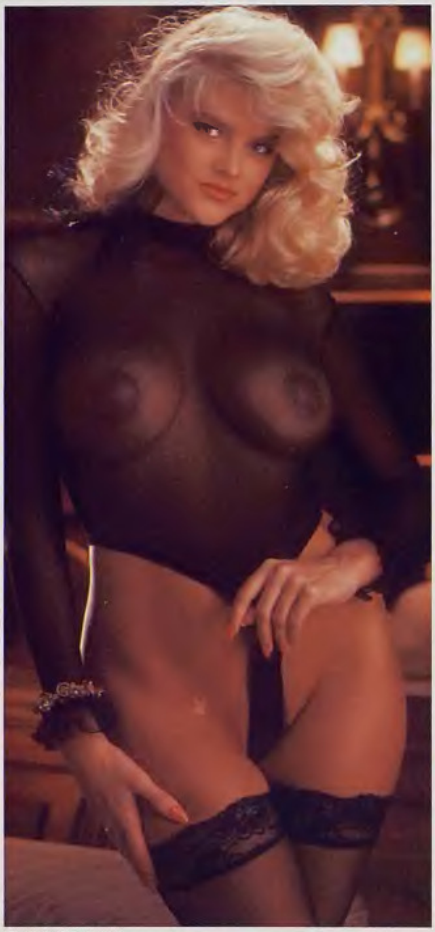
ELVIRA RIGNE

BIBBER'S BIBLE

When it comes to reporting on taste tests of fine distilled spirits, beers and fortified wines, it doesn't get much better than F. Paul Pacult's *Spirit Journal*. Scotch, grappa, cognac and other liquid assets are reviewed and rated by brand in a witty format that goes down as smoothly as a 15-year-old bourbon. The bimonthly journal costs $49 a year sent to P.O. Box 218, Lake Ariel, Pennsylvania 18436.

KREUTZMER

NEXT MONTH



TEXAS STUNNER

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